

Smith College



Library



THE SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



NOVEMBER
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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		3
LITTLE ST. JOHN'S	<i>Evelyn Hardy, 1924</i>	5
OUTSIDE OF THE LAW	<i>Adelaide Guion, 1922</i>	6
LITTLE BOY MOON	<i>Anne Walsh, 1922</i>	8
DO YOU KNOW?	<i>Diana Wertheim, 1924</i>	9
THE STUFF OF DREAMS	<i>Paulina Miller, 1924</i>	10
MY WINDOW	<i>Elizabeth Marshall, 1922-1925</i>	20
THE BACHELOR ERRANT	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	21
UNNEEDED	<i>Diana Wertheim, 1924</i>	28
PROMISE	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	29
FULFILLMENT	<i>Eleanor DeLamater, 1924</i>	30
THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER	<i>Alice Parker, 1923</i>	35
THE PERFECT DAUGHTER	<i>Julia Lincoln, 1922</i>	38
BOOK REVIEWS		47

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 1

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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ELIZABETH BOORUM, 1924

ANNA OTIS,

1924

Editorial

In an informal essay in the *New York Evening Post*, Henry Canby says: "The American public still faintly suggests the Fiji Islander who wears a silk hat and patent leathers on a tatooed naked body." He is speaking of the backwardness of the mind of the public compared with the more cultivated powers of discrimination of its eye and ear. But the analogy suggests somehow the one-sided progress of the college mind, which is, in some respects, as neglected as Mr. Canby's cannibal, though in others it may have got beyond the positive vulgarity of taste in reading, of which the public at large are accused. For I suppose there are some among us that such books as *The Sheik*, *Coquette* or *The Mysterious Rider* leave still intellectually unsatisfied. There is, however, a growing poverty of one trend of our minds that promises to be as incongruous a contrast with good taste and culture as is the tatooed naked body with resplendent patent leathers. We are being trained by certain clever writers to exalt appreciation of apt phrases, of quaint and cynical epigrams, to look primarily for aesthetic perfection of form, rather

than import. We are arriving at a generally understood belief that the "best books" are the most original,—"originality" in the literary sense meaning a refined satire and sophistication, a wilful cynicism extended to anything that bears the stigma of a traditional belief. This cult is flimsy and childish. It gives its followers nothing save a negative attitude of distrust. It classes all spirituality and idealism as "sentiment" or "sentimentality," for physical and tangible realities are all its egotistical followers will recognize.

"The Servant in the House", the play Walter Hampden gave a short time ago in Northampton, showed, rather startlingly, how far the recent weeding out of all such sentiment from the popular imagination has gone. It is an intensely earnest, sincere play, with little of the brilliant repartee and light, realistic touches that are the backbone of the majority of modern plays. The theme was the awakening of three materialists to a sense of spiritual obligation. Mr. Hampden's interpretation of the spirit of Christ in the form of the Bishop of Benares seemed an especially gracious and inspired conception of the subtle personality that was, at once, servant and master. It was a purposeful play, too, direct and simple in its effect, appealing to sympathy of a different sort from that aroused by the few other serious plays now attempted. Passion, a sense of the occult and mystic, are the elements we have grown accustomed to call strong or gripping in drama. No wonder that many of us who see easily and without annoyance the most daring and sophisticated presentations should be disconcerted and vaguely embarrassed by anything so persistently spiritual and personal in its emotional appeal.

"There was nothing at all 'original' about it. Awfully stale ideas, and poorly expressed ones, too, I thought," remarked one girl just afterwards—then: "I suppose the author thought bringing in that drain business would shock people!"

I could not decide whether she was simply unwilling to appear to be impressed by what she would doubtless have called its "sentimentality," or whether she, like many of us, had over-cultivated that habit of mind that can only see things by taking them to bits, can only judge them by the parts of which they are composed, which is like judging a masterpiece by the quality of oils used for it rather than the effect they have produced. Ignoring or disbelieving in that large side of us that craves a faith and a belief, is neither an original nor an intelligent point in our intellectual career. Let us be a little

more advanced and radical, and get beyond the pretense of atheism and short-sighted cynicism. Just as we now ridicule the Victorian age for its hypocritical prudery, so will this period be later marked as obstinately blind and narrow-minded in its denial of the spiritual side of human nature.

Little St. John's

(Northampton)

EVELYN HARDY

Little St. John's, in the morning-time
You look so cheerful and well content.
Your grey walls shimmer in the light,
Your red roofs smile at the open sky;
Your little gargoyles fairly climb
Off of their perches on your tower,
Satirical and impudent
They laugh at people down below!

Little St. John's, in the hours of night
You look so different, so sad, so old.
Something there is of Amiens,
Mélines or Rheims about you now.—
The stars are out above your tower,
But the shadows cling about your feet.
Your gargoyles hang there weary heads,
And seem to utter a piteous cry,
They are tired, and lonesome, and very cold,
Afraid of facing the empty street.

O little St John's, fear not, but sleep.

Outside of the Law

ADELAIDE GUION

At the age of twelve, I centered seven per cent of my interest on those things concerning girls, ninety-three per cent on those concerning boys. For dolls, I had not the slightest regard—for playing such games as “Lady Come to See” I had only sneers—but at climbing trees I was adept. I was the only girl on our baseball team—I could out-run any of “our gang” as we called ourselves—None of the “budding femininity” of which the poets write could be discerned in me. I was happiest when dressed in bloomers and a khaki middy blouse, heavy elkskin shoes and no hat.

During the summer when I was twelve we “collected.” The *quality* of what we collected was immaterial; it was *quantity* that counted. Labels from cigar boxes, chewing gun wrappers, miniature samples of toilet preparations, colored string, postal cards, all ran their course. Finally the postage stamp craze reached town, and like the others, spread like gossip from the Sewing Circle. Red and I (Red was my cousin—aged fourteen, christened Arthur by his parents, but due to a slip-up somewhere, there had been bestowed upon him a mop of hair that would never permit us to call him anything except Red)—Red and I were filled with desires for material gain. We formed a society—“The Colorado Postage Stamp Corporation”—and for a time our desires for profit were satisfied. By sending away for old stamps at five cents a dozen and selling them two for five cents, we could feel ourselves rapidly becoming wealthy. However, like all gamblers, we knew not where to stop. The fever was in us—“More!” we cried. One day seeing advertised a great bargain in stamps, Red sent for them. They arrived, an enormous box of them, just at a time when Red and I were forced to admit that the stamp craze was dying down. A few days later I was kept after school for some offense of which I feel sure I was innocent. Whenever there was any trouble and no offender could be found, it was I upon whom the blame fell. However, the teacher was in a hurry to leave (there was a new principal and Miss Marks

generally managed to leave the school building just as he was leaving. Result: he would offer to drive her home—*any* gentleman would have felt himself obliged to do that). So I was let out at ten minutes of four. It was as I had known it would be—Red was waiting for me on the steps. I knew at once that his face was shining for some reason other than that he had, since babyhood, used Life Buoy Soap. He could hardly wait to explain. “Lottery,” he said excitedly “Lottery.” It was a great idea. The next morning at school we sold a lot of tickets, five cents each. This was our explanation. “First prize is a big set of stamps and a green balloon. There are other prizes—sets of stamps given free, *if* you draw the right number,” The boy or girl has never lived, I believe, who is entirely immune to the charms of a lottery scheme. We sold great numbers of tickets. To some of the more opulent of our contemporaries we sold as many as six or seven. Afternoon came—Red and I were holding “office hours” on our porch, when the postman came up the steps. He was interested so we told him our plan. For a moment he looked sober. “When the parents hear about this, they’ll likely have you pinched. Don’t you know you are violating a state law?” I felt queer inside—sort of as though I were going up and down in the elevator in Stearn’s store in Boston. Red later confessed he felt queer too. We hid the stamps under my bed and talked of jail. We wondered if we’d be sent to Sing Sing. Supper time came and Red went home. I couldn’t eat—everything choked me. Mother was plainly worried. She felt my forehead and remarked to Father that my eyes looked queer. I was sorry for her—it would be a blow—the disgrace of it all. After supper I sat in the window-seat in the parlor, with a book in my hands. It was some time before I discovered that I was reading it upside down—that shows how I felt! About quarter past seven I heard someone coming up the walk—yes it was—a policeman.

I opened the side window, climbed out and slid down the gutter pipe. Red’s house was next door. “He’s come,” I gulped, “he’ll be here next.” The “he” needed no explanation—Red said nothing—he sat quietly.—It was only a few minutes before we heard someone on the front porch—the door-bell rang. Red looked at me, I looked at Red. Our faces were so white that they would have made the ghost of Hamlet’s father look black by contrast.—We heard the maid go to the door—then she came in to the room where we were.

I felt sick. There has only been one time since then that I have had the same feeling inside me—that was when I went, for the first time in my life, on the “largest roller coaster on the Atlantic coast.” I regretted having spent my Sunday school nickel for candy, some two or three Sundays earlier. I regretted the times I had been “sassy” to my mother. I swallowed hard—it felt as though I were trying to swallow castor oil. Red looked up at the maid with defiance in his eyes.—His hair looked redder than ever.

“Ask your father,” she said slowly, “ask your father if he wants a ticket to the Policeman’s Ball.”

Little Boy Moon

ANNE WALSH

U p—u p—u p—u p—
One step—two steps—three steps—four.
The moon climbs high to the silver door.

U p—u p—u p—u p—
Up the steep stairs in a swimming blue light,
The round legs clamber, sturdy and white.
The little legs strain; the little boy cries.
“Mother, Lady Mother! I can’t reach quite,
Quite to the top of the garret stairs.”

Five steps—six steps—seven steps—eight.
His breath comes short; the distance seems great
To the magic blue room in the top of the skies
Where the sun, his mother, sleeps so late,
Up—up—and up, and up.

There her gown lies ready, a strawberry pink,
And her tight-shut eyes wink, wink.
Her small son puffs; his face turns red,
And red—and red—
Till suddenly his mother bursts out of her bed,
Throws off her silver wrappings, and opens glad the door.
One step—two steps—three steps—four.

Do You Know?

DIANA HUNT WERTHEIM

Do you know when the loneliness comes? When there are great things to be done and no one comes to do! You would have done them, I know. When there is a lack and a hungry need, I cannot help feeling, it is the hollow you once filled, left gaping at your going. Then it comes—the shadow of loneliness.

Again, perhaps, some all-too-little thing can make my young blood suddenly leap up—a bit of success I have striven for, come true. And in the thrill I turn, forgetting, to run to you, that you may tell me I've done well or how I had done better; and almost calling on your name—I remember. If you are to know, it has to be without my telling. That is when it comes, surging, in a towering wave, and sweeps me in it, tosses me, and flings me out at last—dulled.

Some days I have been joyous and glad among the others, when all at once around our laughing creeps a solemn tone, come of the rapture of a winter land. And it is as though an old familiar look of yours were on me, though I do not see the eyes. Or, at the dipping of a frosty sun, one time, the bells flashed out and rolled over the snow and far away; and some clear-soaring chime had in it, you. And then it came, another sort, the deep, dumb, yearning ache—a hopeless, dry-eyed missing. I do not know how these things are: and still they are.

Do you know when the shadow comes? Not at any time by clock or sun, not in one place more than in another, not in what you did, or where you stayed, or any of the spots where memories should hover waiting for a chance. But in little things and sudden moments that slip through where there is no reason and no warning. Times that start to be quite commonplace and suddenly will lurch against the hidden spring. Moments that never come alike; for nothing big is big enough to hold more than just one tiny spark. I turn and find it there, wearing a tinge of something that you had. Some days it is hard to come smiling at the morning—for I can only cry in the night. And it hurts to face a world that pries and laughs when I want you. And then I can go on and through only because you said once near the end: "I know that you will make your way, and I, too, shall be glad."

The Stuff of Dreams

PAULINA MILLER

Cast of Characters

A BACCHANTE.

A POET.

PETER, A VERY LITTLE BOY.

A TROOP OF BABY BACCHANALS.

FIRST BACCHANAL.

SECOND BACCHANAL.

BACCHIA THE LITTLEST BACCHANAL.

(The woods around are thick and friendly, but here close at hand is a clearing, where the tangled grass is flecked with sunshine and quivers under a cool little breeze, and where a leaf-brown brook goes talkatively along its shallow way. At one side stones have been heaped together, sometime, somehow, by unknown careful hands, and now a tiny green lizard is sunning himself on one of the warmest and flattest of these. There are many holes and hiding places among the furzy bushes and about a great decaying log lying half across the brook, and sometimes little pointed faces seem to peep from them. Now and again there is the scurrying of small feet in the woods beyond, and a rustling among the leaves. A busy timorous rabbit scuttles across the heap of stones and halts quiveringly, to hasten on again, at the sound of far-off elfish laughter in the woods.)

Near the heap of stones, half-hidden in the wind-swayed grass, a Poet is lying asleep. His out-thrown hand is over the edge of the brook, and his fingers are cool with the lip-lap-lipping against them of the inquisitive water. He is tanned and young and boyishly relaxed, and there is an air of whimsicality about him even in his sleep. At his side lies a gnarled stick and a traveler's bundle tied in a great flame-colored handkerchief.

Off stage beyond the brook there is the sound of a child's voice lifted in a brave tired little song:

*"Oh the way is rough, and the way is long,
But it's ho! for the open sea, lads!"*

It ends in a gasp of relief as Peter stumbles on to the stage and

sees the sleeping Poet. He is very grave, very independent, very small, with a miniature edition of the Poet's bundle slung over his shoulder, and his stubby little shoes worn with travel.)

PETER—Well!—He has come a long way to follow, and now here he has gone to sleep before I could catch up, after all!

(He crawls up on to the heap of stones near the Poet, to wait there, a patient little figure, for him to waken.)

Well, I'm glad we've come to the end of this piece of wood anyway. It's a place where anything might happen, you know.

(He addresses the lizard, who flicks his tail and slides down into the grass. Peter looks at the Poet with the eyes of a faithful puppy, and re-arranges his little bundle like that of the sleeping man's. Now and then he croons snatches of his little song encouragingly.)

“But it's ho! for the open sea!

Pull on the oars, and pull them strong,

——the sailor's song!”

—P'raps now he won't get so far ahead of me when we start again. —“Ho! for the open sea!”

(His voice trails off into silence, and the small waiting figure grows suddenly tense. Since his entrance the pointed faces peeping from among the bushes, and the queer faint rustlings and far-off Pan-like laughter have been increasing and growing nearer, and now suddenly from all sides come dancing out gay little troops of baby Bacchanals, who have been following him in his journey through the woods. They are slim beautiful children, heartless and sweet, with the irresponsible gaiety of all little young wood-creatures, and highly entertained with this new find.)

BACCHANAL—Here he is, the little fat boy with shoes and stockings! Come take them off, little boy, and play with us!

(Then run shouting and laughing towards him.)

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS—Yes, here he is! We have been following and following you, little fat boy. Why did you never turn around and stay with us?

SECOND BACCHANAL—We are going to play with you now that we have found you. You must take off your heavy shoes and stockings first though.

CHORUS—Yes, he is to take them off.

PETER—(who has stood up determinedly.) No, I do not take them off.

BACCHANAL—We will take them off for you then, and throw them into the tree tops.

(They shout with laughter.)

PETER—My shoes and stockings are to stay on. Be quiet too, or you will wake him up.

BACCHANAL—Whom?

(They see the Poet, and instantly all their interest turns to him.)

Oh—it is a *man*! What is he doing here in our woods?

BACCHIA—*(stealing toward him.)* He is very beautiful.

BACCHANAL—He is not. I do not like his hair, and why should he wear all those clothes?

(They themselves wear wood-brown tattered smocks, and their feet are bare and sun-tanned.)

BACCHIA—He is very strong too. I think I like him.

(She gathers some scarlet berries and twines them in her hair, then sees the Poet's flame-colored bundle.)

Oh—oh—see! Where did all that color come from? There has never been color like that here before. I love it—I want it!

(She runs to seize it.)

PETER—You can't have it. It belongs to him.

BACCHIA—I want it—I must have it.

BACCHANAL—*(aggressively.)* She is to have it.

PETER—No. It is his. But maybe he will give you a piece of it when he wakes up. He is very nice, and gives things to people. He gave a great lot of his bread to a brown dog back there. I saw him.

BACCHANAL—She is not a brown dog to be given bread to. She shall have it all, and now, this minute.

PETER—She shall not.

SECOND BACCHANAL—He is asleep and will never know. Who are you, anyway, to keep it for him?

PETER—I belong to him. He talks to me sometimes, and he told me not to follow him, but I did. And he knows all the things there are to know, whether he is asleep or not, so you had better be careful.

BACCHANAL—I am not afraid. And I am going to hit you, and take away all the color and give it to her.

BACCHIA—*(keeping the peace.)* Let us wake him up first, and then perhaps he will give it to me.

SECOND BACCHANAL—What if he won't?

BACCHANAL—Then I will hit him.

BACCHIA—Yes.

BACCHANAL—I have never hit anyone yet.

PETER—I have. I hit a boy once. (*Truthfully.*) Only I missed him because he was too far away. Besides, he was bigger.

BACCHANAL—(*not to be outdone.*) I have tweaked noses a great deal. Once I tweaked your nose, didn't I?

THIRD BACCHANAL—(*who is very little.*) Yes, only I ran away so fast that I didn't feel it.

BACCHIA—Wake him up now. I want the color, here, to hold.

(*The Poet has been awake for a long time, and watching them. He has a slow little half-smile, and his eyes show that he loves the beauty of the children. Now he hastily closes them again.*)

BACCHANAL—Yes, I will—How shall I do it?

PETER—You'd better not do it. He might—

(*He is interrupted by a lilting call from the woods beyond the brook. It is long and clear and soars unbelievably, to break up into little descending gurgles of mirth. The Poet opens his eyes. The Bacchanals turn toward the voice.*)

LITTLEST BACCHANAL—(*delightedly.*) It is the Bacchante! I want to see her! I will go and meet her!

BACCHIA—You always go and meet her. I will be first this time.

(*They run toward the woods. The Bacchante comes dancing to meet them, whirling the rags of her leaf-brown, leaf-green dress around her. She brings in breath of the hills, and the sea-tang is in her eyes. The small Bacchanals gather joyously about her, and the eyes of the Poet and Peter never leaves her.*)

BACCHANTE—Oh babies, babies, why do you stay in the woods? Some day I shall take you away with me, away and away and away, to the hills and the wind and the sea!

BACCHIA—There is a man here, Bacchante, and he has a color with him. I think it is the color of the wind.

BACCHANTE—How did you know that the wind has a color, little wood-child?

BACCHIA—Why, because the wind must be very beautiful, I think—you love it so—and there is nothing so beautiful as color.

BACCHANTE—You are right, Bacchia, but the wind is not any one color; it is all the living colors that there are. Is this color alive, or is it a dead color?

BACCHIA—Oh, it is alive, it is alive!

PETER—But it belongs to him. She is not to have it. (*The Bacchante sees him for the first time, and stares at him with her great shallow eyes.*)

(*Irresolutely.*) You must not ask me to get it for you.

BACCHANTE—Why— you are a little mortal child! Where have you come from, little boy, and why are you here in these deep woods?

PETER—I followed him.

(*He points to the Poet, who slowly rises, still looking at the Bacchante.*)

BACCHANTE—(*glancing at the Poet, then back to Peter.*) Who is he, little child?

POET—I am a Poet, Bacchante.

BACCHANTE—Oh. Come here to me, little boy, and let me look at you and touch you. You are very different from these other children.

PETER—(*disapprovingly.*) I do not take off my shoes and stockings. I am too busy. I have to go where he goes.

POET—Do you know what a Poet is, Bacchante?

BACCHANTE—(*Indifferently.*) No. What is your name, little child?

POET—His name is Peter, and he is a nice little boy, but he will never be a Poet.

PETER—I am going to carry all his bundles when I grow up.

BACCHANTE—Ah, no, little Peter, why should you carry his bundles? There is no need of bundles—even bundles hidden in color, like his. I think I want you to stay with me—you are lovelier than any of my children.

(*She has been looking deep into his serious baby eyes; now she swoops down, half-laughing, to kiss his soft tanned cheek.*)

I am glad you came, little boy! You shall stay now, and teach my children the secrets back of your eyes.

POET—If you keep him you must keep me too, Bacchante, for how can I go unless there is someone to follow me? Do not forget that I am a Poet.

BACCHANTE—I do not want you. You are not little and sweet the way he is. (*But she looks at the Poet for the first time with interest.*) Perhaps there is something behind your eyes too, Poet. But I think it might hurt to find it out. Little boy, forget him, and stay here with me. I will give you the wind to play with, and bring you the stars at night. I will teach you to call to the birds, and find

you strange flowers, and give you soft baby animals to hold. Sometimes I will show you how to dance, and you shall tell me what it is that makes your child eyes so still and deep.

POET—His eyes are too full of dreams and sunshine to even see your beauty, Bacchante. They can hurt you more than the poems back of mine. And you are offering him the things I am in search of.

BACCHANTE—Is it dreams in your eyes, little child? But Poet, what are dreams?

POET—Dreams are the shadows of all the beautiful things that pass, Bacchante. They are always changing, and they drift off into nothingness when you try to touch them. Be careful of his eyes, I warn you, for you are too perfect a dream yourself to try to find their substance. Beware the stuff of dreams!

(He laughs low, half-mockingly. The Bacchante is standing still, listening to him as though reluctantly, and watching Peter. The little Bacchanals are quietly playing together now, and Bacchia is holding the Poet's flame-colored bundle in her arms.)

BACCHANTE—He is more perfect than these others. How could his dreams hurt me?

POET—They could make you think. It hurts to think.

BACCHANTE—Does it? I have never been hurt.

POET—That is because you have never known Life; you do not know even that there is a World, I think; and I am afraid you are never going to know Death.

BACCHANTE—Why should I know Death?

POET—Because it is the perfection and reason of Life.

BACCHANTE—But what is there to do but live, and be happy?

POET—I do not know. But the reason Life is so happy is that there is Death to end it, to end it when it is filled full, full, when it is brimming over, with Love and Beauty and Joy, to end it at its height, and make it a golden perfect ball.

BACCHANTE—But then how can it hurt, if it is so lovely as that? I think you are wrong, Poet. For I see Beauty all around me, but it does not hurt, and all my days are full of Joy, but it does not hurt.

POET—Has Joy never hurt you, Bacchante?

BACCHANTE—N-o-o. Except sometimes when I run over the hills and the wind blows sharp against me—there is an aching—somewhere—. But then I come back to my woods, and the aching stops, and I dance, and I am happy.

(She is dancing now, alight with the zest of living, and as start-ling lovely as wind-blown thistledown.)

POET—*(Catching his breath.)* Dance on hill-tops, Bacchante, and reach out and lift up your arms, and sometime you will dance yourself a soul, and a greater joy than even the joy of your beauty!

(She wavers and flutters to a stop beside him.)

BACCHANTE—Will it hurt, your greater joy?

POET—Yes.

BACCHANTE—Would Love hurt me too?

POET—Have you never known Love either, Bacchante?

BACCHANTE—No. Poet, what is Love?

POET—Sometime I will teach you what it is, little Bacchante, but you can never learn until you have a soul.

BACCHANTE—*(undecidedly.)* I think I would like to learn. But I would rather have Peter. Could he teach me?

POET—We would teach you differently, Bacchante.

BACCHANTE—I think you may go away, Poet, and I will keep Peter for my own.

POET—But you cannot take care of him unless you have a soul.

BACCHANTE—Then give me a soul. I am weary of these teasing children who stay always in the woods. I want a mortal child to take with me to the hill tops.

POET—Peter cries sometimes, Bacchante, and he has to have bread and milk every night at five. And you would find that he gets cross when he is up too late at night.

BACCHANTE—*(triumphantly solving it.)* Then I would go away, and come back when he wanted to play again!

POET—But what would he do while you were away, alone in the woods?

BACCHANTE—*(after deliberation.)* I do not know. Would I have to stay with him?

POET—Yes.

BACCHANTE—But I leave these other children when I wish. They never cry.

POET—That is because they have no souls, and there are no dreams back of their eyes. Dreams have to be veiled with tears, and tears have to be dried.

(The Bacchante is losing her carelessness and exulting thoughtlessness while she is listening to him. Before she began to want a

soul she was always dancing; now even her expressive hands are still. She has had a delightful little way of curling up her bare rose-pink toes when she is politely trying not to dance; now her slender feet are quiet, hiding in the soft grass, tired for the first time. Her forehead is wrinkled with thought, and in her shallow eyes a puzzled struggle is dawning.)

BACCHANTE—But if I have a soul will Peter stay with me always, Poet?

POET—I do not know. I think so. If he were going to be a Poet I know he would, but I am afraid he may be a little practical.

BACCHANTE—Then what would it mean, Poet, to have a soul?

POET—It would mean Peter for your own, and pain and tears and joy. It would mean taking care of him when you would like to be dancing, and listening to my poems when you would rather sing. For there would also be Love, and I, for all your life, and death hand-in-hand with me.

BACCHANTE—It is enough?

POET—Is it not more than dancing in the wind, and dabbling in a brook, and singing on the hill tops?

BACCHANTE—I do not know.

POET—No more do I.

BACCHANTE—(suddenly.) Where is he? He has gone away!

(For Peter, losing interest alike in beauty and philosophy, has joined the Bacchanalian children in their games. He has impressed them with his jack-knife, and entranced them with the loan of it, being a guileless child. But they, heartless and unknowingly malicious, are refusing to return it. Peter, who becomes aggressive when the cause is that of the Right, has gone after his property, following the others into the woods. Now the elfish laughter rises mingled with a little-boy wail that turns the Bacchante grey with fear.)

POET—It is Peter, Bacchante. Be careful! I am pitying you now. I do not know whether I am going to love you or not. Be very careful. I think if I love you it may spoil my poetry.

BACCHANTE—(who has been standing very still and wide-eyed.) It is not your poetry that matters. It is Peter.

(Peter comes running in, dripping tears and blood. The knife has been retrieved and his malicious playmates scattered, but a bleeding cut on his small arm is the price. He is a victor but more than that, a frightened woeful child.)

Poet, I think I am to have a soul!

PETER—(*sobbing.*) I am all red and I hurt. Help me!

(*The Bacchante, with worried tender lines coming in her face and her unaccustomed fingers shaking, tries to staunch the wound and soothe the little boy.*)

PETER—(*dolefully.*) Where is my mother? She knows more than you do about fixing me.

BACCHANTE—(*near to tears.*) Little boy, be kind to me! See, it is stopping, all the blood! Oh-h-h. (*in a frightened moan.*)

POET—It often does.

It is going all over my leaf-colored dress!

BACCHANTE—Little Peter, stop crying, please! See, I will hold you in my arms, and sing to you.

PETER—Sing me "Little Tommy Tucker."

BACCHANTE—I—I do not know it.

(*Peter begins to cry again. He is a very tired little boy.*)

BACCHANTE—I will sing you the song of the brook when it is stirring through the violet leaves, shall I?

PETER—No. I want to hear the song about "Little Tommy Tucker."

POET—(*softly.*) Poor Bacchante!

PETER—(*whimperingly.*) You were pretty when you danced. Why aren't you pretty now?

BACCHANTE—(*suddenly wide-eyed and tense with an unreasoning fear.*) I can't dance! My feet have stopped! And all my face hurts! Poet, is this Love?

POET—If it is, Bacchante, both my poems and your dancing are ruined.

(*The Bacchante has become entirely oblivious of the child, and immersed in her own terror. But she puts him down in the grass with instinctive, unseeing gentleness.*)

BACCHANTE—This ache is much worse than my wind-ache. I am afraid!

(*She goes with the timorous run of a grown woman to the brook, and peers anxiously into it.*)

POET—You gave all your beauty to Peter, Bacchante.

BACCHANTE—Oh, I want it back—I want it back—all my dear beauty! Where did all these lines come from?—why do I look so old? Oh, I want the coolness and smoothness of water and of the wind, I

want to dance on my toes again! Oh, give me back all my freeness and youth once more!

POET—Why not wash away Peter's blood, Bacchante, and forget his cut?

(She feverishly splashes the cool brook water over her clothes, and up over her bare arms and feet. She plunges her frightened face into the rippling water, and then rises slim and dripping and sweet, to fling out her arms, and brush back her flaming hair, and poise, light and frail as thistledown once more, on the very tips of her toes.)

BACCHANTE—*(shaking off the last vestige of fear.)* Oh, it was a dream! It was a dream! I must never dream again, nor be afraid!

POET—You caught a glimpse of the life back of our eyes, Bacchante, and of mortality.

BACCHANTE—You think it is Life, Poet, but this is Life. I know—I feel it!

(The voices of the Bacchanalian children rise in the woods calling her, half-mocking, wholly gay.)

POET—Bacchante!

PETER—You are pretty again! Stay with me!

BACCHANTE—*(irresolutely.)* They are calling me to dance with them! I think perhaps they want me to take them to the hills.

POET—Bacchante!

BACCHANTE—I will dance for you—and then I will forget you.

POET—But Peter?

BACCHANTE—But Peter—who is so little—and so sweet! I do not know—

(The Bacchanalian voices rise again, this time in faint rhythmic song.)

Ah, I cannot wait—to dance!

(She dances away to the voices, with only one back-thrown glance for Peter. Even it turns to a lilting laugh. The Poet and Peter look at each other.)

PETER—*(manfully.)* I was always going to follow you anyway.

(The Poet draws a long breath which comes out again in a whimsical sigh, half-content, half-wistful.)

POET—Come along then, Peter!

(He lifts up his bundle and starts off.)

PETER—(*sturdily picking up himself and his smaller bundle.*)

Maybe this time I can keep up with you, now you know I'm coming.

(*The Poet halts irresolutely, then with a half-laugh comes back and picks up the tired little boy, and carries him very gently off.*)

CURTAIN

My Window

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

My window's like a checkerboard
With tiny squares of glass—
The leaded panes are set just right
And so as people pass
I like to think they make my "men"
I move them up and down.
I always make poor people "kings"
And give them each a crown.
The ladies in their furs and silks
Ride by in great disdain
And so I never let them play
Upon my window pane.

The Bachelor Errand

ADELAIDE COZZENS

Mr. Eddy Parsons, still called Mr. Eddy in the manner of Virginia, despite his fifty-five years, ambled across the footbridge that swung saggingly over the creek. In the middle, where it sagged most, he paused to speculate upon the buggy coming toward him. The moonlight enhanced the old grey horse that drew it, to a giant silver steed. But to Mr. Eddy, as he dangled his ivory-headed cane over the birch stripling that served as a hand rail, his peculiar method of procedure downhill was alone significant. For, by the way in which he leaned against the britchen every few steps, in an apparent endeavor to sit down and slide into the water, he proclaimed not only his identity to Mr. Eddy, but his driver's, and thereby, his driver's errand.

"Hello, Jimmie Hughes, guess I know where you've been;" Mr. Eddy made haste to impart his knowledge to the startled occupant of the buggy.

"Reckon you do, Mr. Eddy," he acknowledged, chuckling at the effective calculation of the challenge. Then with a gleam of mischief, "I been sparkin' Sally Pemberton yonder ,but I ain' afraid to go home! There ain' no one waitin' up for me, Mr. Eddy, but SHE'S got a light in her room!" he murmured insinuatingly.

"I ain' been sparkin' any girl, Jimmie, you know that. I been over to Steve Faulkner's to see about goin' squirrel huntin' in the mornin'." He was quick to defend his unwooerly bachelorhood. The second remark he feigned to misunderstand.

"Waitin' up for me?" he repeated, as though the possibility utterly bewildered him. "Who?" he asked, but he repented of the question before it had crystallized on his lips.

"Oh Ho! Gwan, Amphibius, you don't mind this yere water," Jimmie chirped to the horse, "Oh you know all right, Mr. Eddy. Miss Bessie of course!"

Know? He had known it all along. Furthermore, he had never been allowed to forget it, during the seven years that Miss Bessie had been living in Orchard City. Except for moments when he was com-

pletely absorbed in his hobby, squirrel hunting, she was never out of his mind. Oh yes—he knew—and the male in him resented being watched; the bachelor in him doubly resented it.

“That fusty old maid!” he exclaimed, unable to keep the dismay out of his voice. “Pshaw, boy, pshaw!”

“Ha, ha,” came back to him as he watched the horse shambling up hill in the moonlight.

Mr. Eddy sighed. Seven years of being laughed at had imparted a certain wistfulness in his outlook upon life, but his attitude toward Miss Bessie had never altered during that time.

“Fusty old maid!” he repeated to himself, as he took his way up the hill in the direction from which the buggy had come.

Being a Virginia gentleman, he would not slander a lady, not even Miss Bessie Winten, but he might be as sarcastic as his wit permitted without betraying his chivalry. He never failed to remind her that her fifty-five years of spinsterhood were imposed upon her; while he regarded his own two score and eleven in the light of a successful choice. He was fond of boasting to himself that he had so far, cleverly dodged all efforts to slip the matrimonial noose over his head—but only to himself; for public opinion was strong against his state.

In a community in which marriage was considered the sole purpose of life, his timid stand for celibacy was jeered to scorn. Matrimony was held up to boys as well as girls as the ultimate goal of living. In this atmosphere, he had struggled to maintain his bachelorhood against the sometimes resentful, sometimes mocking jibes of his neighbors. It is true that his resistance had been more in the direction of remaining inconspicuous than in exerting any self-restraint in regard to coquettish eyelashes or county-famous curls.

For Mr. Eddy had not been sought after by weary spinsters or provident mammas. His name had never been whispered as a candidate for the charms of any belle or demure little lady until the advent of Miss Bessie.

Seven years before, she had come to stay in Orchard City. She stayed for a consideration with the same lady with whom Mr. Eddy made his home. Mis’ Hattie was a widow who took “guests.” She still occupied the parlor floor bedroom, which had been her bridal chamber. Miss Bessie presided over the second-story front, the best room, from which she could see everybody passing up or down hill, or

through the rickety front gate. It is safe to add that no one, man, woman, child, or Mr. Eddy escaped her vigilant eye. The latter was entirely conscious of it on the other side of her door, when he retreated tiptoeing to his room in the rear.

Her coming had been rumored, speculated upon, confirmed, and discussed from every angle, especially had her matrimonial prospects been weighed and re-weighed. Even before Miss Bessie had arrived, Mr. Eddy had been congratulated upon his good fortune in having won her hand. To the general satisfaction of everyone, except the innocent parties concerned, a match was considered the logical solution of the situation. Everyone agreed that Romance had at last come into Mr. Eddy's life, everyone but Mr. Eddy himself. He was miserable.

On finding that he was sensitive about his choice of a life devoid of conjugal happiness, his friends of the post-office hitching rail, when they had gathered twice a day to wait for the mail, teased him unmercifully. His shyness had suffered many a poke in the ribs. Stories about Miss Bessie's girlhood visits to Orchard City had been recalled, burnished, and repeated, to Mr. Eddy's increased pain.

One morning, when the anecdotes had all turned upon her uncommon pride, Mr. Eddy eager to end his ostracism from their fun, had ventured to relate his experience of Miss Bessie's scorn.

Amid a silence of winks and nods that he failed to notice, Mr. Eddy had begun his story. He had met her at a Christmas eve masquerade years ago. Being a bashful lad, he had watched her bright hair, from his refuge in the doorway, for half the evening before he darted toward her. He had invited her to dance with.

"I'd know you anywhere, Miss Bessie! My, that mask sure is becoming to you!"

The remark had proved ill-chosen once. Repetition of it caused the trouble that ensued. No sooner had the words left his lips than a roar of laughter and a slapping of thighs silenced him before he had had time to repeat her scathing retort. He had been embarrassed at the reception of his story. His chagrin so confused him that he began to bluster in order to cover his feelings.

"Well, if you think I care what that fusty young gal said to me, I'll show you—" he paused for breath.

"Guess she made you feel pretty flat, just the same! Ha ha, don't care what she did say to you, do you? Man, alive, wait until

you hear what she'll let fly, if you try shinin' up to her. She'll be a heap sharper, now that she's an old maid,"—they had replied to a man to Mr. Eddy's boast.

"Well, if you think I care what that fusty old maid—well,—well—I ain' goin' to shine up to her!" Mr. Eddy's confusion had turned to wrath. "I'll show you—I won't speak a word to her," he had announced.

"Swear to it?" someone who had not heard the determination in his voice had inquired with a twinkle.

"Yes, suh, I swear it befo' all you gentlemen, I swear it befo' you all, I most certainly do! I'll never speak a word to her." Thus Mr. Eddy had put himself under bond for a life-time; and the men had dispersed for the morning.

When he had reached home that evening, after having spent the day roaming the back roads to the mountains, news of his decisive stand against the invasion of Miss Bessie had preceded him. Mis' Hattie, with entreaty on her lips had been waiting on the steps to beseech his civility toward her other guest. To her appeal to his gentility, he had but shut his Parsons' lips the more tightly, stuck out his Parsons' chin the more stubbornly, reminded her that a Parsons, the son of a Parsons who had fought with Longstreet never broke his word, and, as Mis' Hattie tearfully put it, had refused to "listen to reason."

"No, ma'am, I'll have nothin' to do with such a fusty ole maid," he had concluded, when the door was flung open, and out strode Miss Bessie.

With a straight front and a stiff back, to the rustle of starched skirts, and something that sounded like a snort, she had stalked the length of the porch away from Mr. Eddy, and sat down with her head thrown back.

"Oh don't trouble about introducin' Mr. Eddy to me," she had snorted, "Bachelors are always a trifle peculiar—especially after they begin to get on," with unmistakeable emphasis upon the "on."

His grey eyes had opened with surprise at the curtness of her remark. The many tiny wrinkles that laughter with her mellowing hand had engraved in their corners were dispelled. He had tried to think of a reply equally scathing but he had only succeeded in clicking his teeth together without uttering a word. He had not been inspired to retort until after he had gained his own room.

From that moment, he had tried to think of answers that would "spite her," should he ever have an opportunity to address her. At meals, he had talked in buttery tones to Mis' Hattie; but, as she was absent-minded, and hard of hearing, he kept the word of his oath rather than the spirit. Womanlike, Miss Bessie knew exactly how to annoy him. She had goaded him by the way in which she asked Mis' Hattie to pass the bread when it was immediately in front of Mr. Eddy. She had always forced him to do something against his inclination, yet necessary to his sense of chivalry. So clever had she become in gaining the upper hand of him, that he had begun to scheme means of "spitin' her." Although he had not realized it, they had supplied a certain variety to the monotony of his days.

When awake, he had plotted to level her pride to humility. Asleep he had dreamed that he had actually brought her to cringing offers of serving him. In the morning, while he tied his necktie, he had formed the habit of picturing to himself scenes in which she came to him, begging to darn his socks or remove the spots from his clothes.

At night, he had heard her brisk step tapping the floor of her room. Through the thin partition of the doors, he had been able to know the moment when she blew out her lamp. Once or twice, he had gone so far as to conjure an image of her in a high-necked nightgown, such as he had seen his mother wear, and curlers. He had even listened to the crisp rustling and swishing that accompanied the preparations of her virginal repose, but they had neither piqued his curiosity nor caused him to wonder about her as a woman. She remained in the abstract for Mr. Eddy.

Although, every inflection of her voice had become familiar to him, if he had been asked to describe her looks, he could not have told either the color of her eyes, or the shape of her mouth. But he would have been only too glad to elaborate upon how thoroughly he detested her. He never missed an opportunity to express his feeling toward her, yet he was never allowed to proceed for without a jeering interruption that always made him wince. Someone had always asked, with a twinkle, whether Miss Bessie had jilted him yet; or how was he gettin' on with his courtin'.

As he picked his way through the moonlit dusk, his mind pendulumed from squirrel-hunting in the morning, to getting even with Miss Bessie. His old-fashioned cane pointed off his conclusions. Every

now and then, he brought it down with a thud in the dust, as he murmured, "Guess that'll fix her yonder!" or "That'll spite her!"

Reaching the top of the hill, the light in her window, he shook his cane at. From past experience, he knew that she was waiting only to learn what time he would come home, so that at breakfast, she could turn to Miss Hattie and ask with her old-maid air, what time she considered respectable for a bachelor to "get in." Upon Mis' Hattie's mumbled reply, she would remark apparently to the space of wall behind Mr. Eddy's shoulder that she didn't see what a bachelor could be doin' out so late, pause, especially what could an old bachelor find to keep him busy until that hour.

And gentle Mr. Eddy, who had a catlike antipathy toward having his goings and comings numbered, would sputter, and clear his throat, and suddenly grow tongue-tied, while Miss Bessie would continue her usual sprightly breakfast-table remarks to Mis' Hattie.

This evening, however, before he lifted the gate latch, Miss Bessie's light went out. Mr. Eddy suddenly confronted with finding the path in the dark, gasped, "Well now—well now—wonder what she means by that?" Very carefully, so to avoid dust on his Sunday trousers, he found his way to the porch. Then stamping as hard as he could to shake off any particles that might have adhered to him, his kind pinched face wrinkled into a gleeful smile. Miss Bessie hated noise, he knew. He looked like a schoolboy who has smuggled a mouse into the girls' cloak room, when Mis' Hattie appeared abruptly with a lamp in her hand.

"That you, Mr. Eddy?" she fluttered in the high-pitched voice which is characteristic of elderly deaf ladies when they are excited. "My, I'm glad you've come home. Miss Bessie's had a telegram. Her great Aunt Bessie, the one she's named for, is dead, and left her her house and money. She's goin' right away tonight on the sleepin' car," Mis' Hattie rushed on breathlessly, "and there ain' no one to carry her bag to the station except you, suh!"

Mr. Eddy caught his breath. At last Mis' Hattie was asking a favor. Then he sighed ruefully, for this was an occasion on which a gentleman had no choice but to obey the lady's request. Although Miss Bessie had often taken advantage of her sex to belittle him, his courtesy had never failed in those moments which reveal one's breeding. "Why, I'd be delighted to assist Miss Bessie," he was replying to Mis' Hattie, within earshot of Miss Bessie who was descending the

stairs with precision. She was in bristling array for travel, and Miss Hattie's perturbation merely heightened her calmness.

"I don't wish anything of the kind, Mis' Hattie. I'm a perfectly able-bodied woman; I wouldn't think of askin' favors of an old—" she began, but Mr. Eddy picked up her bag and held the door open for her to preceed him.

Mis' Hattie kissed her whimperingly, and she sailed out with Mr. Eddy in her wake. Once outside, he felt a sense of importance in beauing her to the train. Was he not escorting a lady who had received a telegram and become an heiress that very evening? He was glad the telegram had arrived so late that no one would be abroad to see them. It was almost with elation that he gallantly pointed out the less dusty path for her, as they went down hill. He could spite her now if he chose, he reminded himself. A hundred mean remarks trembled on his lips; he felt a sense of mastery over her. He could have carried out any of the humiliating measures that he had planned, while he was ascending that same ground a few minutes ago. The situation was nominally his, but her silence awed him. However, he was loath to start her "rampin'", as he termed her outbursts.

By nature, peace-loving, kind, and almost sentimentally sympathetic with anyone in trouble, he had often been tired of hating Miss Bessie. The emotional strain of the past seven years was wearing upon him. His ill-feeling toward her had at times fatigued him like an unpleasant task. As they continued on their way, he was tempted to apologize for the attitude he had adopted toward her, but he was reminded of his word, and restrained the impulse. He took her arm over the bridge. When they reached the station platform neither had spoken, although Mr. Eddy was satisfied that her silence was thoughtful, rather than hostile. It began to be disconcerting to him. He removed his hat, and twirled it round and round on the top of his cane. He longed for the train to come, yet—he wished heartily that it might not.

"There it is!" cried Miss Bessie, as the little engine wheezed to a standstill.

She turned to Mr. Eddy with customary decision, hesitated, and flounced up the steps of the car. He followed with her bag, set it down, paused a moment as though he were going to speak, then shut his lips tight. To both her thanks and her crumty good-byes, he returned an old-fashioned bow, and descended to the platform with a

sense of relief. Very shortly the train pulled out, leaving him to trudge homeward alone. As he made his way up the hill, he was glad that no one would be watching for him, he would not be questioned, he might answer whomever he would, he was eager to start early for the squirrel-hunt in the morning. That was all he felt; and perhaps that is why he was so wistful a figure, for the blind are always wistful. Whether it be the eye, or the mind, or the heart that does not see.

Unneeded

DIANA HUNT WERTHEIM

Where the poet's moon hangs, riding
Down a happy-children's park,
A creeping human swarm is gliding,
Huddled from the wind-slashed dark.
Like the ghost of some old nation
Doomed to walk remembered haunts,
They pass—perhaps God's miscreation:
The workers no man wants.

Promise

ELEANOR CHILTON

I'll love you if you'll hurt my heart
Each time we meet, and make me ill
With joy again before we part.
I'll love you if you'll carry fire,
And let me burn myself at will,
So you may heal at my desire.
I'll love you if my finger-tips
Can feel the kiss you give my lips;
And if you'll often stay away;
And if I've always more to say;
And if my eyes would rather take
Their gage of beauty from your eyes
Than gather it from star-locked skies.

Or poppies flaring in the wheat.
I'll love you if you'll find the three
Who make me I—and rule the child,
And play philanderer to the girl,
And love the woman silently;
And if you'll seldom be discreet,
And sometimes (watch my eyes!) be wild
And tell me things you couldn't mean.
And if, on every moon-crossed night,
You'll lift the shades, and dim the light,
And turn sardonically polite,
And help me act a tragic scene——
——Oh, if you act it very well
I'll love you.
Maybe.
Who can tell?

Fulfillment

ELEANOR PRICE DELAMATER

Marie held firmly to a branch and tried again. The sun leaked in through the leaves of the little wood and shone brightly on her earnest, golden head, so that if some rich burgher had chanced to see it as he rode by towards the castle, he must surely have thought it was a pot of gold come to him from heaven. But no one saw Marie toiling earnestly in the woods.

The moss on the side of the big rock was thick and soft—but it was very slippery. One had to take off the clumsy sabots and the stout woolen hose which Maman had fashioned, if one wished to climb it. Even then it was very difficult.

The rock rose straight up for eight feet. Midway up its side, a tiny tree grew in a crevice. That was the goal. Twice she had almost reached it, but each time the little arms had given out, and she had slipped back. So—Marie held firmly to a branch and tried again.

One clutched the limb of the big oak tree which grew on the other side of the rock and spread itself protectingly over it—one clutched the limb—so. Then one placed a little bare foot on the mossy ledge at the foot of the rock—so. Then one scrabbled and scrambled and pulled, and breathed very hard, and—there! at last!

Marie let go and sat down very suddenly on the soft ground below. She remained for a few minutes with her little legs stretched straight out before her, and her round blue eyes full of surprise, gazing up at the rock. Had she really succeeded? She really had. It was hanging there, where she had flung it over the tiny tree in the crevice—her rosary of black beads with the fine silver crucifix at its end.

Quite carefully and solemnly she drew on the stout hose and the wooden sabots she wore on the Sabbaths and on Feast Days. It was a gentle warm November, even for that sunny part of France, but Maman had said that if one went without the hose and the sabots, one would surely catch a chill and die. It was better to put them on.

It was quiet under the big tree. The warm air and the bright autumn colors brought again to Marie her wonderful dreams. Always,

when it was calm and still and she was alone, they came, those fine dreams of what she would do for France, and of what she would do for Pierre.

She was so little—chubby Marie, dreaming in the wood. She knew nothing of France's sore need. War had not come to Domremy to ravage the peace of the November which was so warm, even for that sunny part of France. Marie only dreamed of a golden future. She had no vision of richly caparisoned horses—and dust—and sweat—and blood.

There was Pierre. He was Marie's god. Never had *le bon Dieu* fashioned so handsome, so noble, so excellent a big brother. Her little heart swelled with love and admiration, as she thought of Pierre. To do something for him, in return for the magnificent sabots he had carved her, the wild rides he had given her on his back, his tenderness of her when she had the fever—! Marie throbbed with the desire. Someday—!

And now all was arranged. Her dreams would surely come true. Marie hugged her little round self as she sat on the ground.

She thought of Jeanne—Jeanne who tended the sheep, and whose face was always so white, though she sat in the sun all day. Marie remembered very well the day Papa Jacques had taken her with him out onto the hills to see the sheep. That day they had met Jeanne sitting under a tree. At first Marie had been afraid of her, her eyes were so very black, and the villagers said there was a Voice which spoke to her from Heaven. But there was nothing to fear. Jeanne was very kind. She gave Marie some bread and cheese, and talked to her. And presently Marie spoke of her dreams for France and for Pierre. Jeanne did not smile; she said, "Marie, *Le Bon Dieu* will hear your prayers. Ask Him." Surely *she* knew—Jeanne whose face was so pure, for was there not the Voice which spoke to her at night, telling her of these things? Marie thought much about what she had said.

So now she had chosen this little green place for her chapel, and here she had hung her fine silver crucifix, so that *Le Bon Dieu* might listen to the prayers, even of a so-little girl. She was very little and she only half understood—rosy, blue-kerchiefed Marie, who crossed her plump self as she knelt before the crucifix—but there were her dreams for France—and for Pierre. Now that she had made for herself a chapel, all was arranged.

The little village of Domremy slept in the late November sun. Out on the hills, flocks cropped the last grass of the season, and herdsmen blessed the tardy winter. In the village street, peasants in sabots and bright jerkins drove their carts, while here and there a stout burgher stepped carefully in the mire of the road, so as not to soil his fine red shoes. Pigeons bathed their flashing feathers in the dust, and at the foot of the street, urchins in stained doublets splashed and shouted in the ford.

Beyond the ford a little patch of woodland shadowed the white road which wound up and over to the castle of my lord on the highest hill. Marie sat at the foot of the great tree, a little aside from the road and rejoiced in her chapel. The shadows were coming down with the flocks across the hills, when she trotted up the street.

At the door of the cottage stood Pierre. He was talking to Jeanne who tended the sheep. Jeanne's eyes looked bigger and more black than before, and she seemed troubled, she who was always so calm, and white and good. But Pierre was smiling. He looked very handsome in his rough peasant's jerkin and stout hose. His strong brown face was young, and eager, and his eyes sparkled as he threw back his head and laughed. Marie loved him very much.

Presently there was the evening meal, and Marie told Pierre of what she would some day do for France, and—perhaps—for him.

Pierre did not laugh. He said, "Pray hard for France, little one. She has surely need of it."

So Marie ate her black bread and drank her goat's milk, and went happily to bed. All was arranged.

For Pierre, he sat a long time before the door of the little cottage, a fine big lad of twenty years. He smiled. He was thinking of Jeanne. When it was quite dark and a moon looked out now and then from the clouds, he got up and went away.

Down in the little wood below the ford, the moon came in only a little, and Pierre sat at the foot of a tree. He was very happy. He wanted to be alone, to look at his new happiness, and be sure of it. After a long time, the moon found the way to come in, and when it lightened a bit of ground for a minute, Jeanne was there.

She looked very young and slim, with her short black hair, and her pale face, and her eyes of a saint. She was only a little girl for all her seventeen years. Pierre worshipped her.

There was no talk of this shy, beautiful boy-and-girl thing which was between them. Only, presently, Pierre touched her. Afterwards, they kissed each other fearfully. And then fear went away. They spoke tenderly of this great happiness, and of a bright future, and shyly of perhaps a little Pierre or a little Jeanne.

Jeanne seemed so different, there in the wood. She was real, and sweet and warm, and the trouble and puzzle had gone out of her eyes, though in the dark he could not see them. Presently, after a long time, she kissed Pierre, standing straight and slim before him, and she was so sweet that something hurt him—inside.

Then the moon found the way to come in again. It shone on the great, green rock behind Pierre—and Jeanne started back with a little whimpering cry, like a child that has been hurt. The light struck a gleam of silver, and picked it out of the blackness—a crucifix.

Pierre crossed himself, but Jeanne stood quite still, and the trouble and puzzle came back to her face. Memory put out the light in her eyes. Pierre looked at her, and her face gleamed in the moon light like the silver of the cross, and fear came back to him again. They stood side by side, very still, and a Presence seemed to come and stand between them.

After a while, Jeanne began to pray. Her voice was thin, like the sharp point of a little knife, pricking the blackness. She said over and over, in a small uneven mumble, “Holy Saint Michael forgive me. Holy Saint Michael help me.”

Then the moon went out again, and Jeanne went away very quickly into the wood.

* * * * *

Afterwards in the still days that followed, she was the same Jeanne, but a growing radiance seemed to shine through her and in a little while she went away from Domremy.

After many months, Pierre packed his other hose and some clean shirts, and the little sampler which Marie’s chubby fingers had soiled so in the making—Pierre packed a neat bundle and set off for where France’s last desperate hope was knocking at the gate of Orleans. And in Orleans, with the dust and the sweat and the blood of battle still upon him, Pierre saw Jeanne again.

She rode through the streets on her white horse, clad from head to heel in shining mail. Her helmet was at the saddle bow, and her face, a little whiter and thinner, seemed still the face of a little girl.

She looked tired, and the shouts and acclaim, the cries of "The Maid! The Maid!" and the tearful joy of the populace, did not make her smile.

A shadow seemed to spread over her, cast by the Lilies of France, which waved above her—a shadow that threatened. Her eyes were wide and dark—and afraid. She was so very young. She did not see Pierre, standing there at salute. She rode on to Paris.

Pierre saw her only once again. Her armour was gone, and she was dressed once more like a maid. She walked straightly between her guards. The shadow had deepened.

* * * * *

In November, a gentle warm November, even for that sunny part of France, Pierre came home to Domremy with a half-healed sword wound. Marie was there to rejoice at his coming. She hardly recognized this thin, haggard man with the eyes so full of pain. She could scarcely believe that he was her young, strong, happy big brother. Her little heart ached with pity for him.

After a little, when the sun and air had given him back some of his strength, Marie came to Pierre, sitting before the cottage door, and said, "Pierre, mon vieux, will you come and see my chapel?"

"Eh, little sister," said Pierre, and for a moment he looked more like the old Pierre, "have you turned builder in your old age? Surely, take me to your chapel."

So Marie took his hand, and led him down through the twilit street, across the ford, and into the little wood, where the evening light seemed even dimmer. The crucifix gleamed dully against the soft green of the moss-covered rock.

"This is my chapel," said Marie. Blackness came in upon Pierre—Pierre who knew that he must live his life, even while the picture of flames rising about a face with dark puzzled, unbearable eyes tortured him. Blackness flowed in, and after a long time, his mind came wearily back.

Marie was speaking to him in her gentle, little treble. She was telling him softly, comfortingly, of those fine dreams of hers—of what she would do for France, and of what she would do for Pierre.

The Truth of the Matter

ALICE PARKER

We have all, doubtless, been to the movies. We have most of us probably, been to "Wm. S. Hart" movies. And there are few of us who would not recognize an old acquaintance in the Western small-town dance-hall. The swinging slatted doors, admitting demigods and ejecting derelicts; the bar within, where Saw-Tooth Pete set up the drinks; the barred-shirted cowpunchers, clutching their ladies in grotesque and unholy embrace; the sudden shot, the falling body, blood, detectives the heroine snatched from destruction,—are not these indelibly the trademarks of such resorts of sin? So I thought until I made my debut in our own dance hall at the mature age of thirteen; so, I have found, do many think who have advanced beyond the age of thirteen—I leave it to you,—shall we breathe a sigh of relief or of disillusion when we learn the truth?

Stowe's Hall, in Janesburg, Colorado, was by nature a livery stable. But when old Bess's day was on the wane, and the team of brown mules stood idle, day after day, Stowe brothers, being enterprising gentlemen, decided that the time had come for a change. So they dispensed with the stalls and the hayloft, installed an oak floor and a box office, and painted out the horse's head above the front door. The next Saturday the first dance was held, to the strains of a local three-piece orchestra. The floor was crowded. According to the next issue of the *Weekly Clarions* "Over eighty couples thronged the new-laid floor, tripping the light fantastic until the unwelcome cadence of "*Home Sweet Home*" brought the festivities to a close in the wee small hours of the morning. Great credit is due to Messrs. Stowe Brothers for the opening of this high-class place of amusement for the citizens of Janesburg and the surrounding territory."

But the "place of amusement" did not always fare so well at the hands of the doughty editor. At times, especially when Reverend Lawson's annual revival meetings were in full sway, it was regarded as an eye-sore to the town, and many were the prayers offered for

the brethren who departed thither. Then the tide of opinion would change, and again the town's élite would consort with the beet-growers and restaurant help who were the hall's regular patrons.

At the time of its glory—which was the period of mine as well, as far as dance halls are concerned,—the entertainment offered by the Messrs Stowe had progressed far beyond the local three-piece orchestra. Now the “Syncopated Six” from Denver or the Omaha Rag-a-Jazz emitted the regular metropolitan brand of music. They sat on the stage at one end of the hall in company with a weebegone rubber tree, surrounded by the “Flour and Feed” or “Everything for the Home” advertisements of local merchants. Before them whirled in the spasms of the dance, or the attempted dance, a motley crowd. Young “men-about-town” who were favored by society, notwithstanding certain whispered dealings with “hashers” from the café, swung long-legged high school girls around with patronizing ease. Bulging matrons, not content to join the ranks of less-ambitious sisters on the side lines, were trotted about by their long-suffering spouses. There were young farmers in their shirt-sleeves, in an agony of clumsiness and perspiration. There were those whom Zane Gray has immortalized,—the cowboys, but cowboys with pomaded hair, quite without spurs and holsters full of menace. And there were a few girls who had been away to school, dancing exclusively with young doctors and bank clerks, and sitting always at the upper end of the hall.

Taken in all, they were a very prosaic crowd of people, these who had usurped the places of the naughty vampires and noble heroes of the cinema. Here was no setting for primal love and hate, for murders done and maidens saved amid fast-flowing shots and whiskey. To be sure, the Janesburgites were often drunk, when they came for their Saturday-night shimmy, but what of that? Stowe Brothers took care that none who were more unsteady than the occasion called for should have the freedom of the floor; as for flushed faces and loosened tongues, do they differ from those of the more veneered ranks of society? In truth, the dancing was not that authorized by the official amusement committee of Church Welfare workers, but neither was it that of Devil's Gap and Skunk Hollow. And the habitués were very mediocre small-townpeople, most of them being quite disgustingly moral and well-behaved.

Yet I can remember when the feeble light over the door of Stowe's Hall marked the entrance to my ideal Place of Pleasure. I can remember the time,—and it's not so very long ago,—when a triumph there would have realized for the moment my idea of perfect happiness. To have dances up to the ninth and tenth ahead; to be surrounded at each intermission by a swarm of eager admirers,—drugstore clerks and creamery men and travelling drummers; to humble the blasé Doctor Gilbert in the dust; above all to attract the interest, or even the attention of some “awfully cute” saxophone player of the evening,—how many times I have dreamed of that! It was my sixteen-year-old vision of pure delight. . . . Well, what matter? it isn't any more.

The Perfect Daughter

JULIA LINCOLN

An exquisite creature with golden-glinty hair, black-lashed blue eyes, the complexion often spoken of, but rarely seen, slight boyish figure—all the physical perfections for which one could ask—sat back in the corner of her room, and surveyed her companions with a serious, puzzled air. The atmosphere was distinctly that of a “finishing school.” The room was furnished in the quietest possible taste; the girls were fresh, young, with the saucy sophistication of the sub-debutanté. Among them, the girl described seemed to typify their ideal and aim—beauty and cultivation—the attributes each would like to apply to herself.

Thoughtfully, oh! very thoughtfully, this group had been discussing world affairs; and well they knew the world into which they were born.

“You know—” one of them burst forth in grave candor, “Just what is a ‘best family’? Here we are—” She surveyed the group hastily, “and any newspaper report would have any one of us as ‘a member of one of our oldest and best families.’ I’m willing to bet there’s not one of us without some sort of ‘family skeleton.’ We have several, I know—of course, everyone knows that my parents are divorced . . . We are called the ‘privileged class’—and all that sort of rot. Oh! I’m getting all jumbled. But—what are ‘privileges’? I know you, Jane! You’ll answer that it’s our privilege to use our time, education, and money for the betterment of the less fortunate. We may in one sense—we give money to charities—and all that; but we certainly are no *moral* uplift—are we? I challenge any one of you to show me a perfect family record.”

Some laughed at her seriousness; but no one answered her charge for a long minute.

“Perhaps I don’t know what I’m talking about, but I think I can offer you a fairly perfect record.” The golden voice of the golden girl spoke.

“I can believe it of you, Harriet Woodnorth, if of anyone! Because—well, besides being perfect to look at, you don’t seem to have

any evil tendencies. You raise your eyebrows when we smoke, and you refuse to consider drinking as anything but a vice. You rage when we talk of 'accidents' in the scandal world; and your family life has really been without stain, as far as any of us know."

"I'll tell you. It's true that my family has a good record. Please don't think I'm telling you this to brag, because in some ways I'm rather ashamed of the record. It's so uninteresting! We have several ministers, all Episcopalians—several lawyers and doctors; no criminals, drunkards, or immoral persons of any sort; none that even had more than one wife. I had a great-great-aunt Susan, who actually smoked a pipe, and horrified her husband and children. But, that's the most I can offer by way of a 'family skeleton.' You all know my upright father!"

"I wonder," drawled her friend, "if you will be the product you should be. You are very beautiful, and the wise older people say that beauty rarely stays good. . ."

* * * *

Four years later. The Perfect Daughter sat quite alone, thinking thinking. On her left hand a brilliant diamond sparkled and gleamed in the deepening dusk of the room. The girl's thoughts wandered far and wide, interesting perhaps, to trace their psychology. She pictured again the little group of school friends; their lives since then—many had followed the easiest way, the scandalous way of their family skeletons, and had led not evil lives, as the term is used today, but certainly, useless lives. In her secret mind, the girl shuddered and smiled. She had called her family record perfect; and so it had been, compared to theirs, then. She remembered how she had thought tolerantly of a distant cousin who had married a poor boy of Catholic faith. She had decided to be democratic, and had sent a handsome gift; but somehow, she had never had time to call. Another cousin had married a Jewish boy—very poor judgment to try to combine religious faiths—but then, her name was not actually Woodnorth. It never pays to try to arrange everyone's life! People are never grateful for interference.

Later, an uncle, (by marriage, of course), was accused of profiteering. His only daughter suddenly became subject to epilepsy. Lectures at school had dwelt on such. Too bad; indeed, something to be disclaimed, in fact. A cousin, a real cousin had been expelled

from college for drinking, and it was now rumored that he was habitually in an unspeakable condition.

The Perfect Daughter leaned forward and took a cigarette from the table, still reflecting soberly. It was really too bad; but the people were not to be pitied. They were weak, frightfully weak; each person must set his own code, and live or die thereby. They couldn't have clung very steadfastly to their ideals. They certainly had no precedent, nor innate tendencies.

Her thoughts wandered back to the sparkling diamond. Her engagement had been rumored many times; but the morning papers were the first to publish the truth. Even her best friends at the announcement party, the night before had been very much surprised. One had had the indelicacy to shriek—"But, Harriet,—I thought you were engaged to Jimmie!" Yes, Harriet reflected to herself, rather proudly, Jimmie had thought so, too. He had recently gone after telling her so in a very unpleasant fashion. . . He had called her all sorts of abusive names, which she had forgotten. She had exonerated herself in her own eyes by saying that she must have had a little too much wine the night she accepted him—and of course wasn't responsible. . .

Leaning slightly on his cane, a tall, white-haired man, still of commanding dignity, came into the room. His face, quiet in deep reflection was that of a scholar. A little irritated at the interruption, the Perfect Daughter snapped on the table lights. "Well, Father, I didn't expect to see you! Where are you bound for?"

"For you, my daughter, now that you're here. Harriet dear, have you been smoking?" She felt uncomfortable under his close scrutiny. "Ah, well—what you do is 'up to you,' of course; and don't think I am scolding you. I am not in the least worried that you will let such a thing become more than an occasional happening. In our lives, we all face temptations, and the way we respond to them is the way we form our characters. *You* will never have severe temptations, thank God! Life has placed you on a pedestal—and the little devils that will stretch their eager hands to you, will be so small, that you will scarcely hear their whispering at the foot of your pedestal. I am happy in your life. It would have been a sore trial, indeed, to have to see you suffer. You remember your mother, of course,—but perhaps you were too young to know that she had dedicated her beautiful life to you—and died in that service. You are her daughter,

and whatever you may do, I know will be right. If the customs of your generation are acceptable to you, then will I accept them gladly. I rely on your judgment always. My faith in you is as strong as my trust in God. You and my religion are one." The father's lips trembled as he turned away, belieing his words, and revealing his deeply-rooted anxiety.

"Father," the girl spoke slowly. "You have always spoken as you did just now. You have always let me choose my own way. I realize, perhaps more than you do—how disappointed you have been in me." (She had been unconscious of his struggle for control) "I cannot explain to you how I feel, but I will try—I see the girl you want me to be—she has a beautiful, honest soul. She is kind and generous in every way. She is never puzzled about 'wrong' and 'right.' She knows that instinctively. Above all, she is unselfish. Oh, I see her, clearly! But—I can not *feel* her, Father. Goodness knows, there should be no hesitation on my part to be that girl. You and Mother couldn't have been more righteous, couldn't have been happier. You have taught me all that is good, and shut out all the evil. But Father, Daddy—forgive me. I am young,—*young!*—and I don't want to grow up, to become serious, and have to—think. Like all youthful persons, I have curiosity." She paused and her voice softened. "I realize that I have made you suffer by my thoughtlessness—and I shall probably continue to. Perhaps some day the change will come, and I will want to be the girl you faithfully believe I am, Daddy—don't be disappointed if I play a little while—."

"God knows I love my dear, and trust her. Laugh while you may; but laugh for heartfelt joy—and not for false. But come—I see young Richard. He is a fine lad, daughter—" his tone lightened. "Happiness is awaiting you. Ah, Richard my boy, such a joy to greet you as my son-to-be. You are staying in to dinner, you two?"

"No, Father, but we'll come say 'good-night' to you." She turned to Richard as her father left the room.

"Richard, my love, is 'Life' so serious? Must I cease my girlish chatter, and—shall we say—snatches at fun? My poor, deluded father seems to believe that a single drop of liquor has never passed my lips. He 'jazzed' in as I was finishing a cigarette—and we had a lengthy moral discussion. There's a hitch somewhere—I'm not my father's daughter!" She picked up another cigarette. Richard had been

watching her intently. He came up to her, deprived her of it and took her hands. He smiled diffidently down at her.

“Could you stand another moral lecture, Big-Girl? —You say you love me—but you don’t—yet. You will, I am confident of that, because we are made for each other.” He laughed a little. “Sounds trite, doesn’t it? To make you notice me at all, I’ve done all sorts of things. I put aside my serious-minded self, my home-loving habits, and—you won’t like this—my dislike to see women drink and smoke. Beautiful Girl, anyone can be the popular butterfly. But I saw in you, those qualities which make your father the most loved man in the community. Your face holds more than mere beauty; it holds a soul. But, Harriet, that soul is still asleep. It should have awakened long ago. Aren’t you going to give it a chance?” He paused, and waited.

Rebellion—selfish rebellion against these men who would take away her light superficial happiness, her undisturbed peace of mind, rose in the girl’s heart. It was as though two persons tried to speak. Her mind and her heart spoke together. “He is right. I should give up this useless life. It would hurt him deeply if I scoffed.” Then selfish habit triumphed. “Why should I give up my good times for this man? He will love me anyway; if not, there are others, anxious for the chance. Ideals? Bah! The cry of questioning, jealous children. My life, my thought, my everything, for one man! He would expect me to sympathize with Chinese missions, ragged dirty Italians, fallen women. . . Ugh.” Aloud, she said, “Richard, I see what you’re trying to say. You are not engaged to me—you are engaged to a little tinsel idol that vaguely resembles me. It would be rather a scandal to break the engagement the day after the announcement, wouldn’t it? Oh, well! I can stand it.” She drew off her ring. “Yes, I love you—but I have loved before, and will again. I suppose I can’t deny you the privilege of waiting all your life to see whether or not the Perfect Daughter will break forth. Besides, such a thing would be intensely flattering! I shall miss—”

“Be still! Harriet! Don’t make us both sorry for what we say! Please, please! don’t break everything off—. Our engagement hasn’t been given a fair trial. This will *harm* you—.” He became calm. “For me, yes—I am willing to wait. I love you, and I have faith.”

She held the ring out to him, his fingers took it, slowly. “There, my friend,” she smiled at him radiantly, “Kiss me now, and go, I need

rest after this afternoon of mental strain." His calmness piqued her, his seriousness irritated.

"Harriet, my dear, laugh now if you like, but remember—I *will* be waiting, not for you as you are today—but for the golden girl I love."

He left, and the girl stared at her outstretched hand that he had passed by, untouched.

* * * *

"Wine, *men* and song! Why isn't there such a quotation?" Harriet laughed crazily. "Oh, Jimmie, surely you don't want to renew our engagement? You forget that the scandal mongers hint at my fickleness. No, No, Jimmie I couldn't marry one—when it takes so many to make me happy, and then, Jimmie, I don't trust you—much! 'Are not gold and gorgeousness for joy?' I heard that somewhere, Jimmie, and am conceitedly applying it to myself. Jimmie, you're muttering! I can't hear distinctly, but I feel black curses. There," she kissed him, "Now laugh, my pretty, and take me in to dance. A year ago tonight I broke my engagement to Dick—You remember? Not the first, you say? Well, no, you're right! But oh! What is my fickleness compared to men who swear 'Till death do us part.' Just give them their freedom, and watch them run for protection!"

A maid sought Harriet. "Mrs. Brockway calling, says it's urgent."

"Pardon, Jimmie. Don't take me seriously,—ever. I'll be back when I see what Auntie wants." She passed from the moonlit porch, and seeking a back passage went to her own study.

She found Mrs. Brockway pacing back and forth. Without preliminaries she started. "Your Aunt Elizabeth married a good-for-nothing. You know that. Well, several years ago, her son married a good-for-nothing too—a bleached blond, a common—"

"Aunt! Please! What is the point of this? I had forgotten I had a cousin—or that he was married..."

"Well, he is! and he has a child, a girl twelve years old. I've come about her. The father is away, and the mother would gladly let us adopt the child. Here's the point—I can't afford to; you can. I don't wish to take this to your father. He has enough to worry him. It is between us, I believe."

"Not at all, Aunt. Frankly, I have no interest. I firmly believe that each person is to blame for his own unhappiness. My cousin Frank must have known what kind of woman he was getting. Hasn't he brought us enough disgrace? I don't wish to be cruel; but I can't take care of every waif, you know."

"Child, this is your own flesh and blood—!"

"Oh, hardly, Aunt! A second cousin hasn't many claims. What if we did care for this child? She would only follow in her mother's footsteps. Come, Aunt. There's a dear. Forget it. What are you? a great-aunt to this child! What a tie to be bound by! One can't shoulder all the troubles; remember: 'God gives us our relatives, Thank God we can choose our friends.'

"Do you realize that I am being a poor hostess? I'm giving a party tonight to celebrate my freedom from care! There are fifty people in there, learning to get along very well without me. Come in, dear; Father will want to see you. He's being frightfully bored by plump Mrs. Uphill. I'll promise to think about the waif tomorrow."

"I can't understand you, Harriet. You—"

"How delightful, Aunt! I have a horror of being understood. Do you stay with us tonight? I'll talk to you in the morning."

"No, Harriet. I can see you are not a Woodnorth. You defeat your own pet theory of heredity. Your beauty has been your curse. Good-night."

Days passed rapidly for Harriet. She gave herself no time to think. Sometimes in the dead of night she would awaken; and a little voice called, "Richard! Richard!" At such times she would argue with herself, trying to believe that it was merely a matter of pride that his memory lingered. Her great beauty, her great charm meant nothing to him. Rumor had it that he was devoted entirely to his work. Older doctors believed that he gave great promise. So. She was a "closed episode" in his life! Her further attempts to fascinate him had been met with cool indifference. She would show him! At this point she wept, and her heart softened. She knew that she had met the mystical true love, and had failed. Utter loneliness swept over her, and she prayed to God, the Father, for a chance to redeem herself. In the midst of her prayer, she remembered that she did not believe. Her intellectual friends had persuaded her that she was an atheist. And she would laugh softly, hysterically, clenching the pillow...

Day dawned with its usual plans, and the thoughts of the night faded in the reality of the day-light. She rarely saw her father for more than a passing word. His eyes looked worried; she thought he seemed lonesome. "I must plan to take a day off and play with Daddy," she thought. But the thought never remained.

"You have a bad cold, Father dear, you must take better care of yourself. Would you care to go to the concert tonight? I know you love to hear Kreisler." Occasionally he went with them, but always with the vow never to go again. He didn't like the way these young people talked.—They scoffed at all things that were the very foundation of his existence;—religion—love—marriage. His daughter, his golden girl, had declared herself an atheist—an infidel.

"But, Daughter, even in jest!" he had exclaimed.

She turned to him quickly. "I am not jesting, Father. I did believe once."

Thus passed the time. For people busy in their separate interests, the days went rapidly. But, looking back, the days became of interminable length—and the road of the future stretched far, and curved. Thus it is, day after day, life goes on, with needless suffering; until at last truth dawns—by means of great sorrow, or great joy—and beings have courage to acknowledge their wrongs, and confess their souls to each other.

Harriet's father died suddenly. Time to think at last! Oh, hideous days when life is a black abyss, whence hollow echoes from the past, sound and resound on our grief-crazed consciousness. People came and went. Richard came, held her hand a moment, talked calmly to her, and left. All spoke of her courage; her eyes looked out at them in childlike wonder.

She stood by her father's grave—felt the warm sympathetic glances of friends. She heard a low, steady sobbing, and turned. Her cousin's wife, the outcast, moaned in heartbroken abandon. So she had come! Who else paid tribute? She looked around. Other relatives—friends,—the girl doomed to epilepsy, the coarse young cousin, all were there—honest sorrow on their faces at the loss of him, their friend, their inspiration. Business men, officials, acquaintances stood thoughtfully near by. The minister reading the service—the beautiful flowers—all made an unreal background. With the vividness of sudden lightening, realization came. All these about her had lived truer lives than she. Their faces, their grief showed that

they had striven. What if the odds had been too great for some? Their hearts were open and honest. Opened perhaps by the philosophy, the ideals of her own father. Her failure in life impressed itself. All her selfishness—her inability to live in accordance with her own easily reached ideals—her unmoral self—her denial of God—her scoffing at unselfish love. . . . Hot tears blinded her eyes: she sank to her knees, and wept.

These people, whom life had wrecked, had come to her father and had found in him a hope, a promise for better things. The consciousness of his great power over her own life became apparent. Her own adventures, her own foolishness might have gone the same road, had not the great inhibitive force of his love for her, controlled her life. His assurance that she was the "Perfect Daughter" had been all that had kept her unseeing soul from disaster.

The voice of the minister droned on. The words of divine comfort penetrated her aching soul.

"Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; If it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. . . ."

Peace and true calmness filled her heart, as the kind sympathetic voice spoke on. Gone now was the bitter self-hatred, the blank despair. Life held hope—and death—she felt that even yet she could redeem herself in the eyes of her beloved father. She dedicated her life in that instant of clear insight, to her father—to his trust in her.

"Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more, but ye behold me; because I live, ye shall live also. . . . If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father. . . ."

Remorse overwhelmed her, and in her heart she prayed earnestly. "Father, forgive me. May I live to help these people;—all—all have proved themselves better than I."

The deep reverent voice ceased. People stirred softly, and left. Strong arms lifted the girl gently; calmed by his great strength, the girl let Richard lead her away.

Book Reviews

DANGEROUS AGES

Dangerous Ages by the author of *Potterism*, is, of course, being read chiefly because it is by the author of that somewhat distinctive novel. As is usual with the second-born, it lacks a degree of the charm of the first creation, though running more or less true to type. In other words, the author wrote something that "took" well. It will probably take well again, but more mildly.

It is easy to find points where the two novels are highly similar. The characters of *Dangerous Ages*, appearing at first as decidedly individual, lose their force when their motif has been recognized is that of similar characters in *Potterism*. Thus the restless craving to "be" and disgust with the average "being" which we find in Nan Hilary has appeared dominantly in the Jew, Gideon; greedy youth crops out again in Gerda and Kay as it did in the twins; the chaste indifference of Pamela repeats that of Katharine in *Potterism*. And since each person of these novels is so essentially the incarnation of one ruling idea, the characterization cannot but suffer by the repetition of that idea. Nevertheless, there is so much color, so much vivid life in the delineation of Nan and Barry, Neville and Rosalind and their mother, who falls prey to psycho-analysis, that one interest is held throughout the book.

Dangerous Ages is written a good deal in the style of *Potterism*, beginning out of a clear sky and ending then unexpectedly, with no solution but "What's all the fuss about?" The apparent indifference of the author as to what takes place under her pen lends a naïve freshness to the story. Yet there appear bits of studied description so replete with adjectives that we wonder how they came to be written or why they were not condemned as "Potteristic."

The essence of the book is the sympathetic chord it strikes for all people of the dangerous ages, whether they be the twenties, thirties, forties, or sixties. The search for the something which yields lasting content is shared by all alike and ended by none. It is not in love, it is not in work, it is not in religion, for these things can only partially fill one's life. Whatever the touchstone of happiness may be, it is not found in *Dangerous Ages*. And after all, "what's the use of making so much fuss over a little thing like that?"

IS "ALICE ADAMS" TRUE TO LIFE?

Alice Adams is, in many respects typical of the girl of today, however we might like to repudiate the failings so ruthlessly held up for inspection by her creator. Her inclination to trickiness and deceit is characteristic of a girl struggling to vanquish with unequal weapons the dragon of social failure. In portraying affectations and petty pretenses as distinct qualities of the average modern girl, Mr. Tarkington is probably nearer the truth than those who stress her hoydenisms, her independence of convention, and her ambition. For every girl of the type of the Scott Fitzgerald heroine, there are at least five Alice Adamses; the modestly situated girl, who has neither the initiative nor the desire to burn up the present so madly. On the contrary, she looks further ahead of her nose than her prodigal sister, and discovers a different formula to reach the feminine criterion of the day.

How small is the appreciation of wit or intellect, (for all that it is talked of) compared with the overwhelming popularity of physical beauty, that brings movie stars to undisputed precedence over far more gifted actresses! It makes fortunes for magazines that concentrate on "pretty girl" covers, and pictorials of jaunty bathers. It elevates the dignity of chorus girl managers to a ludicrous degree of importance; and institutes countless "beauty contests" to dazzle all the little Alice Adamses trying valiantly to make a glittering future out of the drab, unpromising present.

It is from this wide-spread propaganda for beauty that Alice Adams cultivates the creed that is her undoing. Through the channel opened by her not inconsiderable prettiness, she glimpses bright vistas of wealth and social pre-eminence, *via* the fairy prince of the movie scenario. Has she not the open sesame to such miracles? In her eagerness she does not see the milestones along the way, she forgets the hateful snubs, she ignores the mortifications; and yields to the instinct to pretend, and evade, for she is too engrossed to see all that it entails. "She went to her mirror as naturally as a dog returns to his kennel." That is a hard, but rather telling explanation of many girls who would never admit or realize its full significance. The author has, I think, evolved the real tendency of the modern girl, moulded to the exigencies of her day; not emancipating or dissipating, for the moment, but looking for wealth and ease for the future, through the soulless means provided by the interests of the American public.

A decorative rectangular border composed of a repeating pattern of small circles and dots, enclosing the central text.

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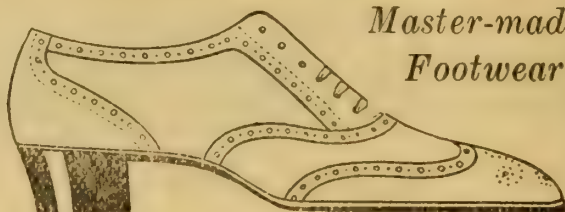
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THE SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



DECEMBER
Nineteen Twenty-One

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		49
THE BEGGAR-MAN	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	51
RUSSIAN TEA	<i>Miriam Spector sky, 1925</i>	53
MAYBLOSSOM	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	54
THE STUPIDITY OF WILLAH	<i>Elsbeth McGoodwin, 1923</i>	55
THE EMPEROR'S GIFT	<i>Dorothy Dunning, 1925</i>	61
THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	69
ENNUI	<i>Irma Rich, 1922</i>	74
BETWEEN THE LINES	<i>Alice Parker, 1923</i>	75
OF CREATION	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	77
THOUGHTS ON ABSTRACTION	<i>Barbara McKay, 1922</i>	78
THE UNDERGRADUATE INEBRIATE	<i>Jane Massie, 1922</i>	79
ON FOOTBALL GAMES	<i>Jane Massie, 1922</i>	80
EXCHANGES		82

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXX

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 2

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DOROTHY BENSON, 1922

MANAGING EDITOR

JULIA LINCOLN, 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

ADELAIDE COZZENS, 1922

LITERARY EDITORS

MARGARET TILDSLEY, 1922

ALICE PARKER, 1923

ATHENA MCFADDEN, 1922

BUSINESS MANAGER

VIRGINIA HATFIELD, 1922

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

MARIAN WATKINS, 1922

ELIZABETH BOORUM, 1924

ANNA OTIS,

1924

Editorial

The *Monthly* has been criticized for the sameness of its material. "The same spirit turns up in all the numbers." And yet, the contributions vary widely both in manner and in matter. We receive everything from sketches of fairyland to shopping lists. This last is significant. We wish to have more realism, to reflect college life. But is this art?

2.00 Go to the movies.

4.00 Shampoo at Schultz's.

5.00 Tea with Mary.

8.00 Gym.

That is the way contemporary life is treated by our college writers—offered with an apology, so-to-speak, in a sloppy, awkward style.

The more finished writers incline "to sail away in fancy," to show us anything but the here and now. We are surfeited with pic-

tures of dryads in the wood, and histories of the Soul—the Soul, no doubt, being smothered in this world of bobbed hair, and Bramley dresses, and college slang.

The point of view of this second type of writer was illustrated by a literary criticism in the *Monthly* last year. It is the realistic story, it seems, that is popular today, but it is the romantic story that will never die. Over against *Main Street* and *This Side of Paradise* the critic sets *The Cream of the Jest*, “the story of a writer—a poet—and of his life in a world of dreams peopled by the beloved actors in his own stories and by the glorious characters of history.” But is this the only alternative? Have we not such novelists as Galsworthy and Ethel Sidgwick and Rose Macaulay, who show us the romance springing out of the people and customs and events of the present? In the greatest literature we see observation and imagination blended, Life and Beauty going hand-in-hand.

It is the tendency of youth to separate things, to have a decided preference for the so-called realistic or for the so-called romantic style. The student comes to college and suddenly finds new and absorbing interests. Perhaps she falls in love with Elizabethan literature and with fanciful plays in blank verse by aspiring poets just out of college. She develops a relish for words and a passion for color. She dislikes newspapers, college athletics, discussions of politics, or economics and most things which she considers characteristic of the present. “Oh to be in Elizabethian days,” she sighs, feeling herself to be a square peg in a round hole. She forgets that the virtue of the best romantic literature consists not in its blank verse or archaic phraseology, but in the abstract truth and in the vividness of character which the poet can show us when he is unhampered by facts.

Another student is inspired by what she calls “college life.” It thrills her to stroll up and down in the Library at night, talking to other girls at the crowded tables; to see her friends in the noteroom jam; even to walk to Seelye Hall after Chapel among the many hundreds. When rumor flies around the campus she is the first to hear of it. She likes to go to the Bookshop and read little books by George Ade and Christopher Morley. For study she has neither time nor inclination. She dislikes the romantic style, learned books, everything “highbrow” and unintelligible. Her little sketches of grass cops, radiaters and freshmen charm us for a time but gradually they

pall. We would not have her ignore those things which she has seen and heard but we would have her interpret them.

Life and reality are what we seek and these not necessarily at the expense of good writing. The work of poets who can put a new flavor into old myths we shall always welcome. But especially we should like to have revealed to us something of the thinking that goes on in college, beneath the surface of campus activities, in this little world of developing minds and various ideals.

The Beggar-Man

“Who will buy songs to save a human soul?”—S. R. McLeod.

ELEANOR CHILTON

*At the corner a beggar stands,
Holding in his withered hands
Dusty rolls of strings for shoes,
That no one who could buy would use,
And a rusty old tin cup—
That clanks! as passers fill it up.*

Who will buy my songs?
Empty songs, and tuneless songs?
I have gathered them at night,
With no light of moon, or matches.
I have snatched them out of fires,
Felt for them among the briars—
See my hands—the burns and scratches!
I have stitched them up apart
From home, and love, and circling arms:
Stitched the pieces of my heart
And made the songs I sell today.
Who is it will buy them, say.

Look at them—I spread them out
In sunlight, so that you may see
How little they are worth to me,
And how they show the workmanship
Of clumsy hands. And see the mark
Where someone's hasty arm and lip
Have loved them—That was my good-bye
Before I put them up for sale.

My songs, you are as slight and frail
As mist that shows the sky above,
And yet a weight I cannot hold—
And I must sell you now for love.
Oh songs I dreamed out in the night
When torment would not let me sleep,
I do not sell you for the gold
That makes the body warm and fat—
I would not buy off Death for that!
I sell you for the little fame
That soothes a crippled soul to rest.
I sell you for the little love
That people save for groping Art,
To feed my hungry, hungry heart.

Who buys the songs I have to sell?
The secret songs I made to give
To someone who refused them all!
Who'll buy my songs—and let me live?

*At the corner a beggar stands,
Holding in his withered hands
Dusty rolls of strings for shoes,
That no one who could buy would use—
And a rusty old tin cup
That clanks! as passers fill it up.*

Russian Tea

MIRIAM SPECTORSKY

In reality, there are innumerable kinds of tea. But there are just a few that count for any one person. For me, there are three kinds of tea. There is Chinese tea, that one drinks in a Chinese restaurant, in tiny handleless cups. It is rather bland, and requires much sugar to give it any taste at all. The thought of it suggests supper after the theatre, bright lights, and flowers at one's waist.

Then there is English tea. One may drink it in any sort of cup, in any part of the world, at any time of day or night, but if it is English tea, it is unmistakably English tea. In vain, my family has tried to convince me that tea does not grow in England. Still, I maintain, I would know English tea in Honkong, or Hindustan, or Honolulu. It is always strong, served with much cream, and tastes "green." It is accompanied by bread-and-butter, or heavy English cake, or muffins.

And last, there is Russian tea poured from a samovar, in glasses, with lemon, and possibly fruit preserves in it. But to me the important thing about it is not the tea itself, nor the candied ginger, spiced fruits and honey cakes that usually go with it. It is the places and people associated with it in my mind. Somehow or other, the gatherings are always informal, and the people more or less intellectual. I do not know whether the tea makes them intellectual, or whether they have the tea because they are intellectual, or neither, or both. It probably just happens.

How can I describe a Russian tea? It might be a group of people seated about a table, smoking, drinking tea, and earnestly discussing some Marxian theory. Or girls in red rubashkas sitting on the floor before an open fire, studying Nietzsche as they sip their tea. Sometimes, it is just another and I, in my candle lighted room, sitting on the window seat and mingling talk of poetry and poets with our tea. Or else it is a gathering in a studio, with the host still wearing his paint-spattered apron, talking of art in general, and painters in particular. And then again, it might be just our family, spending a rare evening together at home, and talking as we drink our tea, of school

and politics, high prices, music, religion, and plans for the coming summer. I do not know what it is that marks it, distinguishes it so from other kinds of tea. Ruffled friends insist it might be Turkish, just as well, or Scotch, or French. But to me Russian tea will always have a quality all its own. The very smell of it wakes something in me that slumbers at all other times. I could live without many luxuries and miss them little. But I could never be quite happy without Russian tea.

Mayblossom

JANE CASSIDY

Oh, I was a queen, and I rode a blue steed—
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom—
About all my kingdom with wonderful speed—
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.
And I was a mother with children fourteen,
Who all rode behind their dear mother the queen,
Up and down rocky hills, over smooth meadows green
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.

My little blue palfrey, a right royal horse,
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.
Carried all the fifteen, as a matter of course
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.
And if I desired she would gallop all day
Or, impatient, would wait while I stopped by the way
To let the dear children get rested or play—
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.

And what if you never went out of the door,
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom?
If you had no hoof you could lift from the floor,
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom?
I still will affirm (and it can't be denied)
That you carried me far, and you carried me wide,
With all of a rocking-chair's speed and high pride,
 Mayblossom, Mayblossom, Mayblossom.

The Stupidity of Millah

ELSBETH MCGOODWIN

The Princess Polygonia was drowning her wrath in a book of magic that the Sybil had given her father while she waited for an audience with his Majesty. She meant to tell him a thing or two then—yes indeed. It was quite too bad the way he had acted, and giants so scarce!

“I suppose,” said the Princess, sighing as she closed her book, “that that is because we are approaching the almost-known-time, and of course they have to go then. I see that I must act quickly if I intend to use one.”

“Well, my daughter,” said the King genially, as he turned from disposing of one of his troublesome subjects in a truly royal manner, “that was a bad fright you had this morning. I hope that you have quite recovered from the shock? I have given orders that the fellow’s head proceed our procession on a pole today. But if you like, I’ll have it carried beside your litter.”

“No,” returned the Princess hastily, “the first arrangement is entirely satisfactory. But I didn’t have a shock. I can’t think how you can have been so stupid.”

“The king is all wise,” remarked his Majesty frowning. “You are too young to be impertinent, Polygonia. And what do you mean?”

“Just this. If you have all the giants killed, then I never shall marry, and—”

“Marry?” his Majesty stroked his beard in great perplexity. “You don’t mean to say you wish to marry a—a giant, my dear!”

Polygonia nobly concealed her irritation. It was quite astonishing, the Princess thought, that his Majesty had ever attained a reputation for wisdom—he seemed so frequently purblind in the simplest matters. But it was no good losing your temper with him, The 104th chapter of the *Book of Magic*, entitled: *Man, How to Treat Him*, said that that was a thing one should never do. ‘When man is stupid, be patient—and flatter him if possible. When he is obstinate,

coax him—if extremely obdurate, weep on him. ‘Tears,’ the book explained, ‘are one of the subtlest magics known.’

Princess Polygonia began a very forbearing explanation. This was the way of it. Not a single suitor had asked for her hand for ever so long, except that red-haired, freckled-faced prince who came from goodness-knows-where, and of course no self-respecting-princess would marry him!

“You refused him quite rightly, my child,” agreed his Majesty, “I’m sure he had but one diamond crown to his head.”

“Yes. Well nobody wants to marry you unless you are properly advertised, so—”

“Polygonia,” interrupted her father very sternly, “you’ve been reading the Sybil’s book again. How many times must I forbid it? You cannot live in the present if you are trying to live in the future too. One age at a time, my love. How far have you read? That sounds like a very futuristic doctrine.”

“Twentieth century,” said his daughter defiantly. “But it was only a short chapter called *It Pays to Advertise*. Besides, the book says that the principle of advertising extends to before-ancient-time, and that is to us. You can’t blame me, you know, for that.”

“No, I’m not blaming you, but young girls shouldn’t concern themselves with such powerful magic. The Sybil’s book may become very dangerous if one uses them wrongly.”

Polygonia had her own notions on the subject, but it was no use to argue the matter so she continued after a moment’s reflection:

“At any rate, mother was the most advertised princess in all the Eight Kingdoms. You’ve told me so yourself.”

“I—I told you that?” ejaculated his Majesty highly astonished.

“Certainly,” returned Polygonia calmly. “Didn’t my dear grandfather and grandmother make it known that they would never allow her to marry? And didn’t it make all the young princes wild to call her their wife? Of course it did! It was most ingenuous advertising. And didn’t my mother have the pick of the kingdoms plotting for her hand simply because they were told they couldn’t have her?”

“But, my love, you forget that I had to kill your grandpapa, and grandmama in order to wed my wife. I can hardly think that their advertising, as you call it, would include their own death.”

“No—o,” admitted the Princess, “I don’t suppose they had

exactly counted on that, even to have their daughter marry suitably. But if you hadn't been so precipitate in your wooing, father, they might—"

"Ah, yes, I was a hot-headed young blade in those days," interrupted the king complacently, "always a word and a blow with me. Did I ever tell you of the time that—?"

"Yes, yes," checked Polygonia hastily, "but I thought we were going to discuss *my* marriage. You do want me to marry, father?"

"To be sure, my dear. You seem rather young as yet. No hurry. Besides you can't marry without suitors, and so far you've had none that—"

"But I mean to have," said the Princess stamping her foot at her father's tactlessness. "You've ruined one perfectly good giant, but fortunately there are two or three others left, and they are the best means I know for making a match. All you have to do is to let me be captured by one, and then offer part of your kingdom and my hand as a reward, and wait till an agreeable young prince—"

"Polygonia! You don't know how long you might have to be held captive—and unchaperoned! No! I never could consent to such a plan. We know nothing about the morals of these giants, my love. We must think of some other way."

"Now it is you," retorted the Princess, her eyes blazing, "who are trying to live in another age. I don't believe a chaperone was ever heard of until way after A. D., and here it isn't even B. C."

"What I can't understand," wondered his Majesty, (who had no doubt read from the Sybil's *Guide to the Knowing of Women*, 'when she is querelous, change the subject') "is how the time B. C. can come first; and yet, until after A. D., there is no B. C."

"Don't worry me with your tiresome puzzles," said the Princess refusing to be diverted, "and another thing, some of our best families have done it."

"Done what?" asked the king confused.

"Let their daughters be captured by giants. Why, there is that skinny little Frusias, with not a single good feature, who has scores of men losing their lives for her. And I, your own daughter, who has inherited all your good looks must sit and see their heads carried by here every day without lifting a finger to help herself. It is too mortifying!" And the Princess fell to weeping, thereby making a very strong magic by mixing the powers of tears and a compliment.

Her father succumbed to it. "I don't know but that it might be arranged," he acquiesced. "I'll have one or two of these giant fellows investigated, and if I find that they are respectable—we'll see."

"You're a love," exclaimed Polygonia wiping her tears. "But you mustn't let me be rescued too soon. The more that die for me the greater prize I shall finally be. And father," there his daughter's brow clouded, "I will *not* be won by any of those men from the North. They are too dangerous. Ever since the Sybil gave them those books on the *Art of Women*, their knowledge of magic has been more extensive than ours, and I will not have a husband whose practices are greater than my own. There would be no managing him."

"No, my dear, quite right," said her father absently, "but I hardly think that any of these men from the North will trouble about you—such a distance to come, and—"

"I don't know why they shouldn't," said Polygonia tossing her head, "that is, if I am sufficiently advertised. I hope I can trust you to do it properly, although nothing ever goes right when I'm not here to see to it...."

Time passed after this interview—a lot of it—and reached the almost-known-time, which means that all giant's days were numbered. The particular one who was holding Polygonia in captivity, had, in the year during which the Princess 'languished in her tower' (according to the king's heralds) slain such a number of eligible princes, that even Polygonia's thirst for fame was satisfied.

"The very next one that is in every way suitable," the Princess communicated to her father by way of mental telepathy (learned from the Sybil's notes on the twenty-first century) "shall be my husband."

The king flashed back another brain message, "My dear, the worst has happened. A man from the North is coming to do battle for you in two days' time."

"Horrors," returned Polygonia, "I must certainly be rescued before then! Tell that silly little dreamer of a Prince Willah to leave his laboratories and problems, and call for me tomorrow at sunset. On the whole I'd rather have him as husband than any other because he'll stay out of my way more."

So Willah, somewhat ungraciously it must be confessed, slew the giant. And the Man from the North in all his gorgeous trappings, and confidence in winning success and the Princess, arrived only in time for the wedding. He was mightily angry after his long journey

through all sorts of peril, but he was smooth, too, as are all of his race, never killing in the open, but taking their revenge in the spot where you least expect defeat. Therefore he unknit his brow, and wished the young couple all happiness. Then just as he was leaving, he whispered:

“For wedding present, my dear Polygonia, whom I regret an unkind fate prevented me from winning, I give you the power of becoming whatever your husband shall think you.”

Giving her hand a last squeeze, he jumped on his horse, calling over his shoulder as he rode off, softened a little, perhaps, by the spell of her beauty:

“Beware, Princess, unless carefully handled, this power may carry a hidden sting.”

But the Princess hardly heard, for she was saying to herself “now I shall become the most powerful woman in the world. Men are such stupid creatures here in the South. It is easy enough if you are clever to make them believe you anything.”

In the night as she lay on her couch, however, grave doubts began to assail her choice. Would she rather be the most powerful woman in the world—or the most beautiful—or the most renown? It was hard to decide. Just as she was becoming fearfully wide awake over the matter she thought:

“Men will turn from power, beauty, and renown, but never from the thing they desire. I think I’d rather be the most desirable woman in the world.”

She chuckled sleepily, “It ought to create some excitement for Willah,”

But the trouble lay with her husband. He wasn’t so easy to bring round to her way of thinking, simply because he never thought of her at all.

“How stupid Willah is,” reflected the Princess justly annoyed. “He treats me like a nonentity, and if he finally comes to consider me that, I shall—Heavens, how dreadful!”

She turned to the Sybil’s books of magic, and found that to hold a man’s interest you must always remain mysterious, inexplicable and—

“That’s it,” cried the Princess, “I must become inexplicable like those silly problems Willah is forever working. Then he will be eager of reducing me to formula; and because he can’t, I shall occupy all

his attention and thereby become the most desirable woman in the world."

This reasoning could scarcely be called logical, but Polygonia being entirely feminine, didn't see the fallacy. She clouded herself forthwith in magic charms, and proceeded to wait a favorable opportunity of calling her husband's attention to them.

Willah noticing something wrong with his wife (after several days,) asked:

"What is the matter with you, Polygonia?"

The Princess answered very softly, "dear Willah, I had hoped that you wouldn't observe the distress I am in, because I know it will grieve you deeply, and you are so happy in your laboratories. But, well, if you must know the truth, I am enchanted, and the charms around me can never be broken unless the wisest man in the world can decipher them. And I fear he died long ago. So go back to your problems, my love, and try to forget what I have told you."

The inborn trait in man that the Sybil had discussed under the heading *Conceit, How to Deal with It*, was immediately put under a spell by this speech. And day and night under the influence of this spell, Willah worked to prove that the wisest man of the world was still alive. The Princess as she walked through the neglected laboratories laughed secretly.

Thus the weeks passed, and although Willah's attention was wholly absorbed by the charms that made Polygonia inexplicable and mysterious, the world had not yet hailed her its most desirable woman. The Princess tired of waiting, so she said to her husband one day as he worked by her side.

"Willah, what is the most desirable thing in the world to you?"

The Prince started irritably. "My dear, I wish you wouldn't interrupt me when you see me so engaged. It distracts my thoughts. That question of yours was very nearly solved—and to solve that, my love, is the desire of my life."

Polygonia turned very white. "Willah, you are the most stupid man in the world," she cried, "you have made me merely a problem."

The Emperor's Gift

DOROTHY DUNNING

The floating leaflet
On the winding meadow stream
Its story telleth——

Bright the mapled hillsides gleam.
—*Translation from the Japanese.*

The hillsides were indeed gleaming with scarlet maples, and the thickly wooded sides of Mt. Hiei, with their dark and gloomy evergreens, formed a striking contrast with the glorious red and gold of the autumn foliage. O Yuki San sat on the little porch in the doorway of her thatched cottage, and watched the shadows of the late afternoon lengthen over the sharp ridges of the Hiei San range. The sun, slowly sinking behind the mountains on the other side, shed a warm glow over the hills which guard Lake Biwa and rested like a benediction on Hiei San's rugged crest, not yet crowned with snow. The purple dusk stole softly over the peaceful valley, and gradually crept up the hills. The blue smoke from the farmers' cottages lazily rose into the still air.

O Yuki San was filled with a supreme content. Pipe in hand, she gazed down the valley to the plain beyond, where Kyoto, the city of the feudal emperors, lay still bathed in sunlight. She took a whiff or two from her long-stemmed pipe, and straightway fell to dreaming of the good old days, when the people of the little village of Yase, nestled at the base of Mt. Hiei, were the proud retainers of the emperor. Far down in the heart of the city, she could see the ancient palace-grounds, their lofty pines and their sanctuaries protected by a thick wall. Mentally she walked through the spacious park and saw again the tiny ponds where the goldfish whisked back and forth, the moats around the white walls with their five royal stripes and their special tiles; the center palace-wall and its jut on the north-east corner so that the image of the sacred monkey, with his bunch of keys, as guardian of the emperor's dwelling, could frighten off any

evil spirits which might rush down the mountain-side from Hiei San; the little shrine at the foot of the gardens,—all these came back to her very vividly. Then she reviewed the temples and palaces within the moats, and a longing swept over her to enter within those sacred portals again.

Suddenly she remembered she could, for was not the Emperor Yoshihito coming within a month to be crowned in his ancestral city? Happily she took a few more whiffs at her pipe. She could imagine the stir and the bustle in the usually quiet city. Yes, and the Yase men and women would doubtless have special duties, since they were the old royal retainers. She drew herself up proudly at this thought. What matter if she were almost sixty? Her frame was still straight, for the Yase women have always been renowned for their erect and graceful carriage.

Filled with the hope of the royal visit, she began to wonder what service she could render to her Emperor. What could a poor peasant woman do for the unapproachable, the godlike, and mighty Yoshihito? She reverently bowed her head even at the thought of the sacred name.

She glanced around her meager cottage. The little house lay open to view, for all the bare, practically unfurnished rooms were shut off from one another only by sliding doors, mere frames covered with rice-paper, which now were pushed way back. She needed to look only on the ground floor, since the smoke-blackened beams of the roof were plainly visible from her little polished porch, which ran across two sides of her humble dwelling.

So her eye quickly travelled around the small house, till it fell upon the shelf where the family gods were kept. Ah, now she had it! There was a beautiful lacquer stand, an heirloom, handed down from generation to generation, the token of a former emperor's regard for the faithful services of one of the families of Yase. Could she not indeed present it to the royal commissioner in Kyoto, who had recently issued a proclamation that the Emperor would be pleased to purchase some of the lacquer receptacles and bronze instruments suitable for use in the sacrifices at the time of his coronation?

She rose and took the graceful object from the shelf, and gazed admiringly at its glossy surface. It certainly was a treasure worth looking at. It was a cakestand, a smooth, rounded dish, with a gracefully curved and slender base, raising it about twelve inches. The

whole was heavily lacquered in black, with simple and perfect plum-blossoms painted thereon in gold. No wonder the family had cherished it for seven generations, for it gave them the beautiful remembrance of the days when they served their beloved emperors.

O Yuki San fondly regarded it for a few minutes, then put it back on the shelf with the family teraphim. Devoutly, she offered a prayer.

Then she resumed her pipe, but not for long. Soon her son, Sansatsu, came swinging up the path, bearing a load of firewood, which he had gathered on the mountain.

"Well, Mother, here we are," he said. "O Kiku and Isoshiro will be along soon. They are on their way now. Then we can have our rice and *tofu* (bean cake). Oh, I nearly forgot, tomorrow the whole village is to have its fall cleaning, and the *Jin San* (policeman) will be up to supervise it."

With a sigh, for she knew all too well what a house-cleaning meant, O Yuki San turned and went into the cottage, where the rice was steaming in a huge black kettle. The family, including the two grandchildren, gathered for the evening meal.

They doubled their feet up under them, and sat down on the floor. The rice was in a wooden tub beside O Yuki San, and the *tofu* and vegetable greens were soon sputtering away merrily in the little frying-pan, which rested on a charcoal fire in the center of the group, with plenty of *shoyu* (Japanese vinegar). This was a feast compared with their usual diet, but Sansatsu had been unusually successful in selling his wood, as the winter promised to be a severe one. Now the *tofu* was well browned, and the family was soon laughing and talking over the few events of the day.

The other houses of the village twinkled with lights through the dusk, and the silence of the twilight was broken only by the stirring of the cattle in the shed at the back of the house, or by the distant barking of a dog.

* * *

Early the next morning O Yuki San routed the family from their comfortable *futon*, and started on the prescribed fall house-cleaning. Every single piece of furniture, every pot and pan, every ornament, every solitary thing the family possessed, had to be moved out into the street. The family gods and also the ancestral tray were, perforce, taken down and put out to air with the other household goods. Even the *tatami*,—thick rectangles of straw covered with matting, which

are spread over the bare floors of all the rooms except the kitchen—had to be removed, so that the frame and the walls of the house alone were left.

After all was out in the street, O Yuki San and O Kiku began a thorough scrubbing of all the woodwork, and scoured the little piazza till it fairly shone. This was a long tedious job, but they finished it before the morning was over. Meanwhile Sansatsu San and Isoshiro were beating the *tatami*, so when O Kiku and O Yuki San had finished their task, the *tatami* were carefully fitted in on the floor again.

O Yuki San thankfully stopped a few minutes at noon to eat her lunch of cold rice-cakes and a pickled beet or two, and ended with two cups of bitter green tea.

Then she set O Kiku to scouring the big black kettles while she herself reverently dusted the guardian deities of the home and replaced them on their shelf over the door. Next she arranged the small blue and white vases of field flowers, and placed them up with the little stone idols. Finally she turned to take up the treasured cake-tray. She gave a little gasp, then cried aloud with horror, for the precious tray had disappeared!

“O Kiku! Sansatsu!” she shrieked, and as they, terrified at the tone of her voice, came hurrying up, “Where, oh where is our sacred cake-tray?”

Not knowing O Yuki San’s fond plans of presenting it for the Emperor’s use, Sansatsu San and O Kiku were alarmed, but not seriously.

“Why, I’m sure I put it right here with the family gods when I cleared out the house,” Sansatsu San replied. “Haven’t you placed it back on the shelf? Or maybe you laid it in some other portion of the house.” And he started to investigate.

“Oh no, oh no,” wailed O Yuki San, “It was right out here a moment ago. Oh dear, whatever shall I do?” And despite the fact that she came of a race noted for its self-control and impassiveness, she, the daughter of a *Samurai*, wept.

O Kiku comforted her grandmother while Isoshiro came running up to help in the hunt, but a thorough search of the house and the articles yet remaining in the street failed to reveal the cherished heirloom.

O Yuki was heart-broken, and between sobs she explained to her son and grandchildren what she had planned to do with it in honor

of the Emperor's coronation. Then they, too, were filled with grief. However, since there was nothing to be done about it, they finished the task of housecleaning, and disconsolately settled themselves for the night.

All through the ensuing weeks, O Yuki San went about her accustomed duties with a dazed and stunned expression. The sudden blocking of her dearest plans had left her with a dull pain. Had she been younger, doubtless she would have become her former cheerful self much more quickly, but at sixty a Japanese woman is old indeed, and it was three full weeks before O Yuki San felt any encouragement or hope in her daily round of hard tasks.

Gradually, however, the stern and undaunted qualities of her heritage began to assert themselves once more. Her movements became more full of life, her form straightend up again, and she no longer wore a despondent look. Her family were very glad to see this change for the better in her. They also had been worried about the mysterious disappearance of the precious cake-tray. O Kiku and Isoshiro, of course, being but children, did not realize the full importance of the loss. Sansatsu San, on the other hand, felt that the honor of the family had somehow gone with the lacquer stand, and set about hunting for it.

But it was all to no avail. The truth was that an unscrupulous and designing coolie, not one of the simple village folk, had made away with the sacred object, even under the watchful eye of the policeman. The next day he had taken it to the royal commissioner in Kyoto, and had received a handsome price in return, since it was exquisite in workmanship and excellently preserved.

Day by day October, with its wonder of scarlet and gold foliage drew to a close, and November set in. The maples and oaks darkened to a frosty red and the little wild purple chrysanthemums bloomed for a day or two, then mingled their faded tints with the falling leaves. Yet the air was not cold, and the pines preserved the green on the hillsides.

Thus did Kyoto, surrounded on every side with her rugged hills, greet the Emperor Yoshihito as he returned for his coronation on that eventful day in November, in the first year of Taisho, to his ancestral home, the royal city of Kyoto.

For five long hours the patient populace had lined Karasumaru dori, the long street of Kyoto which leads from the station past the

Imperial Grounds. Though the sun beat down upon their heads and though they had had nothing to eat since early morning, not a one stirred from his seat on the sidewalk. Fifteen deep they sat, on each side of the avenue. A few, only the aged and infirm, could be seen in the windows of the houses, for in former times to look down upon the mighty Emperor spelled death. By a new and lenient law, however, such was the privilege of those too feeble to go down into the street.

O Yuki San, arrayed in her finest *kimono*, was on hand early, you may be sure, so as to procure good standing-room. O Kiku and Isoshiro were with her, all in their best clothes. O Yuki's *kimono* was of black silk crepe with the emblem of her house marked on the sleeves, and the back, and the front lapels in white. White *tabi* (cotton socks) and new sandals covered her feet. Isoshiro wore a greyish-brown garment, narrowly striped with green. In contrast with his sombre garb, O Kiku was resplendent in a gaily-flowered *kimono* with a broad *obi* (sash), and her hair carefully oiled and braided. It was indeed a gala occasion.

Despite all the gaiety and rejoicing, however, O Yuki San's heart was heavy with sorrow as she remembered the lost heirloom. Bitterly she reproached herself for having put it in plain view out in the street that fateful cleaning-day in September. The thought that she had lost the opportunity of having some definite share in the welcoming of her Emperor tormented her. But this was no time for vain regrets, and after the few moments of painful recollection, O Yuki San could again enjoy the festive scene.

The two children were much interested in the admirals and rear admirals, generals, high officials of every kind, who were being rushed down to the station post-haste in *jinriksha* in order to be on hand to welcome the Emperor. Some wore black cock-hats with white ostrich feathers, some with black feathers, many with gold braid. About noon the *jinriksha* were coming thick and fast, and the coolies' legs twinkled as they flew down the road.

Suddenly a gun sounded in the distance. The Emperor had come! The people rose with one accord. Soon a single policeman rode slowly up the street in order to see if the white river-sand, untouched as yet save by the hands of the men of Yase, who spread it, was perfectly arranged. Two more policemen in green uniforms followed to clear the way. Then the procession began.

First came a company of lancers in dark tight-fitting uniforms, trimmed with bright red braid. From their rigid spears floated red and white pennants. Several similar companies passed by, all in perfect form, and their fine horses stepping in unison.

Next, there proceeded with stately walk, the Chief Abbot, under the sacred red umbrella, attended by two lesser priests. After him rode four men, old *samurai*, dressed in the garb of the bygone feudal days—flowing robes, fantastic shoes, and queer caps of black cambric with their square peaks.

Behind them, borne with great care on the shoulders of the men of Yase, came the sacred Imperial shrine. Its golden ornaments clinked up and down at every step. Within it, as within the Hebrew Ark of the Covenant, were kept the most precious things of the kingdom—a jeweled sword and a magic mirror.

Then gilded coaches, drawn by splendid black horses, rolled along. In them sat the Empress, the ladies of her court, and some of the peers. But in the first, to which all faces were turned, was their beloved Emperor. The people, standing in silence as he passed, scarcely dared to lift their eyes to look at him, for not so many years ago it was death to venture to do such a thing. A few started to cheer, but they were quickly hushed and amid the reverent silence of his subjects, the Emperor Yoshihito passed majestically into the Imperial Park of his ancestors.

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A week passed by. Amid great rejoicing throughout the city, the Emperor had been crowned, and now he had gone back to the capital, Tokyo. During these momentous days, O Yuki San had spent many a happy hour in the great Imperial Park, now gazing at the palace which held the person of her adored Emperor, now wandering about the lovely grounds. Once at sunrise she had gone out, with others, to hear the buglers blow their morning salute. The dew was still sparkling on the grass, and the hazy clouds had not yet disappeared from the brightening east. The royal buglers, mounted on splendid steeds, sat very erect at salute. At a given signal, they raised their bugles and blew the stirring notes of the reveille. The clear tones died away among the dusky pines, and O Yuki San felt a great peace stealing over her. She could even remember the lost heirloom without sorrow, and only joy remained that her Emperor had come, and had been crowned. It was good just to be there.

After the Emperor had left Kyoto, the gates of the inner palace-grounds, formerly kept tight shut, and opened only for several visitors, were thrown wide to admit the eager populace. How often had they longed to see behind those sacred portals! Now they surged in, yet with reverence. O Yuki San, Sansatsu San, and the two children were among them, of course. Joyfully they looked about at the spacious gravelled court with its few graceful pines. The carvings of the porches and the wood evoked much admiration. But the most interesting part of the center palace was the Emperor's throne-chair. Gorgeous in its red and silver brocade, its royal purple hangings, its shining lacquered frame, it stood at the head of a long avenue marked off by ropes. The people reverently gazed at it and whispered a prayer or two for the safety of the country.

Then the crowd moved on to the second palace. Here in the open courtyard were the booths of the priests, the shrines, and the places for the sacrifices. Here was a little fire of selected twigs; here were all the instruments and utensils for the honor of the gods. O Yuki San's eyes wandered over the orderly array.

Suddenly she stopped, her gaze fixed on an object on the table behind the rope enclosure, then she clutched the trunk of a nearby pine for support. Tremblingly she looked again to make sure her eyes told her the truth. Then she pressed as near to the barrier as she dared, and, as if fearful that the object would vanish away, she earnestly examined every detail of it.

Then a low, almost inaudible cry of joy burst from her lips. Yes, it surely was her own precious cake-tray. Fervently she gazed at its bright surface, still undimmed, and as its exquisite plum blossoms painted in gold. She forgot all the worry and tears of the previous weeks; she forgot all the nights of anguish and the days of dreariness. What did they matter now? She even became oblivious of the curious crowd, and in a burst of gratitude to her Maker, she knelt down by the precious heirloom, and out of her simple and loyal heart, she gave thanks that, though not as her own gift, her sacred treasure was again in the service of the Emperor.

"The Thoughts of Youth Are Long, Long Thoughts"

DOROTHY BENSON

There was always chatter about Minna Dallas, not gossip, exactly, for her conduct was unimpeachable to the casual observer; but because she was the sort of dashing, good-looking summer girl whose manoeuvres are always watched in a small place full of curious idlers, with a good deal of comment and genial conjecture. This summer she had arrived upon a rather unpromising scene; the usual troop of susceptible youth were at training camps, or had already sailed to take an active part in the war. At first glance, it looked a sorry prospect for the young lady whose chief interest in life lay in the toll of hearts she took from the summer season.

However, there was our younger set of boys and girls, as yet innocent of guile or wile, who, in our artless associations together, found only the daily swim, or hike, or tennis match congenial; flirtations seldom dawn on the horizon of the healthy fifteen or sixteen-year-old. It was obvious to the onlookers that Minna would finally turn to the small fry for amusement; and the object of her choice was watched for with interest and a little concern on the part of some mothers.

For a while she played around with the whole crowd of us, flattering us greatly by her attention, and creating a general havoc in the untried emotions of nearly all the little boys. But gradually it became evident, whether mostly by his eager responsiveness, or by her careless preference, I hardly know, that Donald Gunning was to be the temporary successor of a long series of far sager and more experienced admirers. The rest of us resented her taking him away without knowing exactly what to do about it. He was by far the most original and adventurous of us all; he was a favorite with the fishermen, who took him on their most select deep-sea-fishing trips; he was wonderfully inventive, and had made a motor boat all by himself; he was a splendid tennis player; and because of these things, and because he was an unusually handsome boy, with a great deal of

poise, and the gift of leadership, we all rather looked up to him. So it made our picnics and sailing parties rather flat and uninteresting, somehow, when he and Minna began to drop out, and wander about by themselves. The older people said, after they had stopped being amused at Minna's solution of the man problem, that it would be a good thing for the boy, she was four or five years older, and would take a sisterly attitude toward him of course; it would be nice for him to have the influence of a girl like Minna Dallas. Possibly he might thereby escape the unfortunate phase (at this juncture the discussion always dropped in pitch) of wildness, that was an inheritance of the Gunning youth for several generations,—an unpleasant lapse into the ways of least resistance, for a certain period, which Donald's older brothers had already passed through.

Whatever Minna's attitude to Donald may have been, there was certainly nothing brotherly about the ardent and frantic adoration that devoured the time and thoughts of her helpless sixteen-year-old admirer. After a few days of mild partiality evinced by the lady, Donald was at her heels uninterruptedly and unshakably, from morning till night. Whether she betook herself to the post office, to the dance, or on her own front porch, he was an omnipresent and unwearying satellite. And in the importance of his exalted position he began to treat his former companions with a superiority and condescension that was galling.

On the strength of a few humorous remarks Minna made to the older people, they shrewdly decided that, in spite of his moon-struck ways, and the dark hints he threw out now and then about "his girl," the indulgent big-sister air that she always assumed when they were in a crowd, proved more convincingly what her attitude toward him really was. And so they laughed comfortably at the boy and said, he would get over that nonsense, she was a sensible girl, and it was good of her to waste her time on the child. One day when I was on the porch I heard her reading some verses, ostensibly of Donald's, to an amused group of ladies; pathetic, limping efforts to unburden the muddled affection of a young boy's heart. They were sincere though, and I burned with indignation and sympathy for my erstwhile comrade; I resented bitterly the ridiculing of our fallen hero. It seemed dreadful that he was too blind to see that his lady love really looked upon him with the eyes of those chaffing matrons. I could not understand how it could be.

The summer wore on, and toward the end of the season, several young men from a nearby training camp came to spend their short furloughs at the cove. That was a hard time for Donald. In the space of two or three days, he found his long-undisputed monopoly not only threatened, but supplanted, by several young officers in command of all that baffling superiority of repartee that is the triumph of completed young manhood. And Minna hardly concealed her satisfaction, aye, even relief, at their invasion. Donald's somewhat callow devotion was exhausting even to her insatiable thirst for admiration. The boy suffered visibly to see how welcome was the usurpation, but though his pride was cruelly bruised by the teasing remarks of the ever watchful older people, his dogged devotion relaxed not a whit. No matter what the occasion, or how half-hearted the invitation extended him, he still went everywhere that Minna was apt to be. With strange inconsistency, even while I laughed scathingly with the rest of the younger crowd, to see Donald tagging along after "those grown people"—when anyone could see they didn't want him, my heart would ache for the poor sullen boy with unhappy face and brooding eyes, always on the outskirts of the hilarious mocking throng around the all-conquering Minna.

To the last dance of the season she went escorted by three or four partners, I believe; she was in the acme of her glory once more, more sparkling, more vivacious than she had been all summer. But Donald, glowering helplessly on the outskirts of her body guard, was a pathetic figure I shall never forget; nor could I then, though in my own humble way I was having something of a triumph myself. Besides the doubtful pleasure of dancing with the stringy small boys who were my daily playmates, one of the officers, and Mr. Fox, who was a married gentleman, it is true, but a paragon of grace in the Tango, had invited me to dance!

During the intermission in the middle of the evening, Minna slipped away from the dance with Lieutenant Baynes, the officer she most affected, ostensibly to have an ice-cream at Fargo's. From my unthrilling post beside the row of stout chaperones, (the conditions of my attending the dances were that I never go out on the porch to sit, and that I leave promptly at ten) I could see the group of laughing, light-clad young people on the porch railing, and at the far end, the morose, head of Don, looking broodingly into the bluish dark. The chaperones were engrossed in conversation, so I slipped stealthily

away and approached Don, somewhat timorously it must be confessed, for we had not exchanged a word in weeks.

"Having a good time?" he proffered gruffly, to my relief. We talked gingerly on vague topics that interested neither of us, until the music started again. He began to fidget and look about uneasily, I knew why. Minna had not yet returned. "Wanta dance?" he finally conceded reluctantly.

"Not unless you do," I said, with some sapience, knowing that a dance with a baffled sulking boy is not the pleasantest experience in the world.

"Oh let's not, let's go for a walk somewhere and get out of this blooming mob," he scolded, and scarcely waiting, stumbled off down the steps. I followed recklessly, though I was undoubtedly far without the pale of Mother's indulgences.

It was the sort of night that makes one think of Shakespeare, "As You Like It," "Midsummer Night's Dream," or "Merchant of Venice," a starry sky, and a winding path, shrouded with rustling, mysterious bushes and thickets. Though it was rather lost upon us, for Don strode along ahead, his hands deep in his pockets, his head down, immersed in his misery, and I wandered uncertainly behind, wondering how I should explain my transgressions to Mother. Suddenly around a bend in the path we nearly crashed into two dark figures, silent in a statuesque embrace. I recoiled speechless, my little-girl delicacy irreparably shattered. I tried to pull Don back, before they saw us but it was like touching a charged battery.

"How dare you," he cried in a strange, thin voice, "How dare you kiss another man?"

The whitish blur of two faces turned upon us. A man laughed. Then Minna's voice:

"Well, Donald what are you doing out at this hour? Spying on other people's affairs?"

"Did you want him to kiss you? Oh, you damnable liar!"

My blood froze with the agony and passion that shook the boy's voice. Perhaps she realized more might be betrayed than would be greatly to her credit if the meeting were not brought speedily to a close.

"I think you'd better go off by yourself till you learn how to control yourself!" she said, school-marmishly, "I'm very much ashamed of you."

"Oh—you—you—I'll kill you—! I'll kill him!—I'll—I'll . . ." the shrill, strained voice trailed off helplessly.

"We'd better leave him here," she said, nervously. "He must have lost his mind! I've never heard such an outburst!—There's no earthly reason. . . ." Her words were drowned by the boy's sneering laugh: "No earthly reason! . . ."

"Elizabeth, you must come back with us. You shouldn't be out here," she said. Silently, Lieutenant Baynes turned back with us, and we trooped down the path, leaving Don standing savage, tense, pathetically irresolute, against the darker bushes that had hedged away the forseen tragedy.

The next morning the usual group of idlers gathered on the hotel porch, several older ladies, Minna, and I, wretchedly uneasy, wondering and conjecturing about the night before, growing to hate the smooth hypocritical face of the girl whose weakness had been so startlingly revealed to me. Mrs. Grodgett came panting with excitement up to the porch steps:

"Whatever do you think? Donald Gunning went up to the native's dance-hall, late last night, dead drunk, with a lot of those good-for-nothing deck-hands, and made the most disgraceful exhibition of himself! Frightened everyone almost to death. They say he tried to knock Steve Doughty down, and they finally had to throw him out!"

"Well, did you ever hear of such a thing!" Everyone looked half involuntarily at Minna.

"How perfectly disgusting!" an expression of injury, of pained and aggrieved righteousness grew upon her face. "And to think I should have played around all summer with a boy so depraved! I've never felt so humiliated!" she got up and started for the door.

"Never mind, my dear, though its certainly too bad after all you've done for him. It just goes to show that a thing like that is in the blood, and no one in the world can influence him against it. We'll just have to show him what he has forfeited, though, none of the children must associate with him, that's certain! . . . Just like his father and his uncles, and his brothers before him! You've certainly done everything any mortal could do for him. He's just incorrigible." These contributions from various wise old ladies.

And as I looked at the girl's bland injured face, the bitterness that had so quickly changed poor Don from a boy, to premature manhood, ended then and there my own naiveté and credulity.

Ennui

IRMA J. RICH

Oh go get me emeralds,
Sinister gleaming emeralds, and amethysts
Soft and dreamy.
Get me mysterious sapphires,
And passionate rubies—
Living hearts of dead people.
Let me fling them up into the sky.
I am tired of pale stars!

Between The Lines

(Of a Line-a-Day)

ALICE PARKER

"I arose at eight o'clock—"

After nineteen-odd summons from the family, one decides to get up. It is cold on the sleeping porch. It is otherwise beneath the blankets. The deed in hand calls for firmness and swift action. One curls, one crouches, one flings back the covers, one leaps into the air. A hot water bottle (full) lies on the floor. One's feet land upon it full force; it squirts. Pollyanna would say, "How fortunate! There isn't time for a shower anyway." Unfortunately, one is not Pollyanna. One's remark is of slightly different nature. Mother (hurrying to the scene) is not pleased.

.

"—and ate breakfast—"

The cream froze last night. It is yet frozen. The family has already eaten. There are crumbs on the table-cloth, and plates with bacon scraps. There are also spots. The person who has been sitting at one's favorite place is evidently careless about his coffee. One wonders what his shirt front looked like. One puts some bread on the toaster. It humps in the middle and the edges burn. The aroma is delightful. So is brother's moist kiss on the back of one's neck.

.

"—and helped with the dishes—"

Mabel is moaning with a tooth-ache, and must be relieved. There is no hot water. Grease sticks in clots around the pan. One finds crumbs and other things in the bottom.

.

"—and went to Sunday School—"

One is supposed to teach a class of docile little girls. Instead one is thrust upon ten little boys. They are not overwhelmed with interest in Abraham. They discuss foreign matters; sometimes they discuss foreign matters with vigor. Bibles make excellent missiles, except that they evoke howls when the mark is hit. One little boy has no hand-

kerchief. He needs one badly. One lends him one's own. Afterward he returns it. . . . The dear little cherubs do not learn their memory verse.

“—*and church services—*”

One feels exhausted. Somebody drones through his nose, or shouts through it now and then. It would be nice except for the shouting; that disturbs one. So do hard elbows crooked into one's ribs. “God be with us till we meet again!”

“*After dinner the minister called—*”

Mother regrets the Junior Endeavor Society which prevents her remaining at home. Someone else regrets it too. The minister tries to flirt in her absence. Failing in that, he requests one to join in a duet. One doesn't sing. Never mind, he'll sing alone, gladly. He does. One listens, but not gladly. After an hour and forty-three minutes he arises to depart. He hopes to see one at evening service. He hopes to see one at mid-week service. He hopes to see one at the church sociable. Barring unforeseen escape or untimely demise, he probably will. One thrills at the thought.

—“*and then I wrote letters—*”

“Mamie dear, forgive me for not writing but I've been so busy,” “now, Edith, write real soon and don't wait as long as I did—” “We have had half a fresh pig this week. You ought to taste that bacon!” “Could rave on forever, but the bell is ringing and I'll be late for church”—et cetera ad infinitum. One keeps up such a delightful correspondence!

—“*We had bread and milk for supper—*”

Why does one's family joy in bread and milk? Or why is their joy so evident? One makes a frugal meal, and puzzles as to the probable nature of macaroons.

“—*then came Young People's Meeting—*”

A lady with gleaming eyes says unpleasant things concerning dance halls. One rejoices that fond parents are not there. Fond parents become obnoxiously moral ever and anon. One does not want an extra stimulus applied. One has a date for Saturday.

"Then let us advance shoulder to shoulder, oh young people of God, to share in the triumph of the Church over sin!" It is finished. One is not sorry.

—"*then evening service—*"

Nil. One's doze is little disturbed.

—"*At nine o'clock we went home to bed, tired, but having spent a pleasant and profitable Sabbath.*"

One's geometry for the morrow is not done. Family principles object to geometry on Sunday night. No good could come of knowledge thus acquired. One prepares to retire; one is ready to retire; one creeps between sheets of an unmade bed. One shivers. The strains of the evening hymn of some of the brethren are heard: "Oh day of rest a—a—and gladness!"

Damn!

(Forgive that, Lord!)

Of Creation

DOROTHY BENSON

You who cast forth your songs, for gold and merriment,
 How can you dream their cost to some,
 Whose singing is the vent of unshed tears,
 How can you know the night-cloaked road whence our
 few verses come?

The branches, stirring black against the dawn,
 The silent pulse of time, the rush of fears,
 The long, black hours of restless agony,—
 Formless desires, that fade at dawn,—all for a few
 rhymed tears!

Stray Thoughts On Abstraction

BARBARA MCKAY

Abstraction is a ticklish thing. It may be a recreation, a weapon, a rest, a source of inspiration, a pitfall, or a refuge. You never can be sure that it will not involve you in difficulties. The ideal place for indulging in it is in a fast moving train or automobile. (Sometimes a street-car can produce the desired effect, but it generally does not go fast or far enough). But a train!—There a constantly changing scene passes before your eyes so that nothing stationary demands your attention, which would divert your mind from its own delightful course.

You can become absolutely unaware of physical sensations; know not where you are, whether the seat is of plush or leather, whether you are going backwards or forwards, or whether the vague personage who takes a ticket from your unresisting fingers is a conductor or an usher! It is well in travelling to have some little way of reminding yourself when to get off.

A crowded class-room is a very easy but rather regrettable place in which to become abstracted; especially a science classroom, where gaps in the lecture-consciousness are difficult to fill up. It is quite disconcerting to return with a jerk from sitting out a dance, to find yourself gazing with soulful blankness straight into a teacher's eyes, and to have your sixth sense tell you that the question has been repeated twice. (That sixth sense always fails to function until too late, and never by any chance gives information as to the nature of said question).

A noisy dining-room is another snare for the addicts of abstraction. That is really a dangerous place in which to lose yourself; for who can tell to what lengths a person may go when you refuse, after several polite requests, to pass her the butter? Also, many a murder has followed upon a wittily told, but unappreciated anecdote! Therefore consider carefully the time and place.

The trouble with abstraction is that like many delightful and labor-saving devices, it becomes a habit, and you know what habits are! This particular one, furthermore, incites odd stories about you. Besides, if you are fat, it is very unbecoming.

The Undergraduate Inebriate

JANE MASSIE

"Be it resolved that Smith College take a stand against the use of intoxicants at all college social affairs." This resolution has been adopted by our House of Representatives. Now, I ask you, have you ever seen or tasted any intoxicant, at a Smith College social affair? Have you ever met a group of unsteady students reeling across the campus at the dizzy hour of nine-forty-five? No, you have not. Neither has the House of Representatives, for they maintain that there is no drink problem at Smith; but they think it wise to "line up" with our W. C. T. U. sisters and discourage drinking in everybody else's college. I think so, too,—because if we don't take care of our misguided brother students, who will? They haven't the slightest inclination to do so themselves!

When you go to a dance, do you see liquor flowing freely? Probably not—it's too scarce! But you distinctly smell it, and during the evening you are usually impressed with unmistakable evidences of its presence. Oh, there's no doubt in your mind at all that some of the men have had a drink! They *will* carry it around since it is against the law to do so. It seems to be one of the things you do if you're a college man. And then, I suppose they reason, as long as you've carried it, you may as well drink it. So they do. This is where our sweet influence comes in. We might say firmly, "Algernon, *have* you a pint in your hip pocket? If so, take it out!!" or, more gently, if we're that type, "Now, William, I want you to cross your heart not to let those naughty boys in the coat-room take a drink—". You see—we would soon have metamorphosed "social affairs" although I believe it would be difficult to keep the stags "cool, dry, and away from moisture."

Seriously, I think we can perhaps do something to lessen the drinking, but not by adopting resolutions on the subject. The Volstead Act was a resolution and look what it has done! Our cue is to get at the problem from within, because college men will continue to drink at dances until it's no longer the thing to do. Then they'll stop. So I suppose it's our duty to put the practice "beyond the pale," which is an unpleasant and thankless task. Men hate to be reformed!

On Football Games

JANE MASSIE

At this time of year, when golden day follows golden day in a glittering procession, and the fall wind slaps your cheeks with icy fingers, I know of no pleasure more satisfying than a football game. The field with its white markings lies green and smooth under a shining blue sky. Around it, the tiers of the vast stadium, rising in classic beauty, suggest the old Roman days with their great games. Movement, color, life; the fluttering pennants, the bright hats of the girls, the ushers leaping back and forth along the stone steps, the hawkers shouting the merits of their peanuts or programs, the wind sweeping over the field—these things make just-before-the-game a period of exciting tenseness. You wrap your coat closer around you and wait, all eager expectancy, until the many staccato sounds surge into one great cheer as the players run on the field.

Intently you watch the progress of the game. There is a spectacular run and the crowd goes wild. Your eyes, your thoughts, your heart never leave the ball. You lose yourself in the thrill of battle and feel something of the grim determination to win that animates the players. You rarely take a deep breath—you do not breathe at all when signals are being called. It seems strange that no great sculptor has ever made an immortal group of two football teams at the beginning of play. In that tense moment when every player waits, waits to hear the signals, you have the same perfection of body, the lithe gracefulness, the eager head-pose that is beautiful in the Wrestlers or the Flying Mercury. Or a study of a single player at the kick-off, would delight us by its grace of line and its "aliveness" and appeal to us because it would be such a familiar subject.

The game goes on. As your team gains or loses, the crowd around you reacts as subtly and swiftly as a delicately strung instrument. You are no longer yourself—you have become merely a minute part of a great mass which has but one object and one desire; to see that small pig-skin ball put beyond a certain white line. Out in front of you the cheer-leaders leap and gesticulate, the band plays, and the crowd sings, or cheers, or keeps tensely quiet in a critical moment, with

every ounce of its vitality. The crowd is with its players absolutely heart and soul and when it breaks into a cheer there is nothing to equal the thrill that sound gives you.

The end usually comes very suddenly. The referee blows his whistle before you realize that the last crucial moments have passed. The teams gather and cheer each other. Long cheers burst from the stands and the victorious students pour out to pass under the goal posts in a squirming snake-dance. Hats sail over the posts, the band plays, the men sing as they carry their heroes off the field on their shoulders. What must be the emotions of these men as they are held above the crowd? Grimy, exhausted, they look about them and smile a little—proud, perhaps, that they have done so much and humble, too, when they feel the great strength surging through the dancing throng, the strength that is their college. You watch them off the field. The blue haze of a fall twilight begins to dim the last orange glow of the setting sun. You heave a sigh because the glory has departed. You feel suddenly cold and hungry but well content because you have had a vivid afternoon of intense living, an afternoon when you were not merely “you” but were taken out of yourself by strong feeling. You have run the gamut of emotion from high elation to black despair and you feel somehow as if a strong wind had swept through you, taking away the tag-ends of little things and leaving your mind like a clean-swept room.

Exchanges

The critic who recently reviewed our first issue of this year expressed his regret at our lack of an editorial policy. This fault, he hastened to assure us, is not peculiar to us alone; it is characteristic of college magazines in general. *The Spectator*, of Capitol University, in its October issue, has escaped this error common to the genus of which it is a specie. The magazine is bursting with opinions. Some are of a Jeremiadic nature, it is true. However, the subjects treated in the formal essays are up to date problems. Even the Exchange is confronted with the problem of making itself interesting. The tone of *The Spectator* arrests our attention. It brings forth our inquiry for the fiction end of it.

The College Greetings from Illinois Woman's College seems more journalistic in its report of the opening of the college than literary. There are no stories; verse is entirely absent; one humorous essay forms the body of the magazine.

The Bowdoin Quill always offers good verse. *Life* and *Crows* are exceptional for poems written in college. The group of informal essays under the title *Memories* is delightful both in expression and in choice. With so few pages it is disappointing to find the greater number of them taken up by a continued story.

The book reviews in *The Harvard Advocate* are up to the usual high standard of criticism of this magazine. In the selection of material, discrimination has been used. The material itself is expressed with a certain poise. The lines by Theodore Morrison are a felicitous result of an attempt at a well-known distracting form of poetic expression.

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- Dec. 17—Alice Brady (herself) in "Forever After."
- Dec. 19-20—Florence Reed in "The Black Panther's Cub."
- Dec. 21—Constance Binney in "Room and Board."
- Dec. 23-24—Will Rogers in "An Unwilling Hero."
- Dec. 26-27—Lionel Barrymore in "Jim the Penman."
- Dec. 28-29—"Wet Gold," an under-the-sea picture.
- Dec. 30-31—Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash."
- Jan. 2-3—Wesley Barry in "The County Fair."
- Jan. 4-5—Carter De Haven in "The Girl in the Taxi."
- Jan. 6-7—Tom Moore in "Made in Heaven."
- Jan. 9-10-11—Poli Negri in her great picture, "One Arabian Night."

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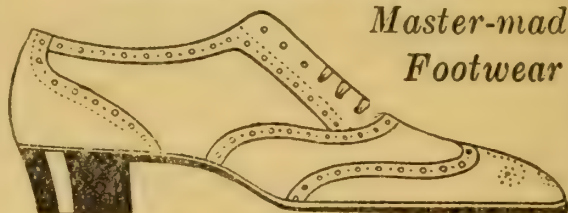
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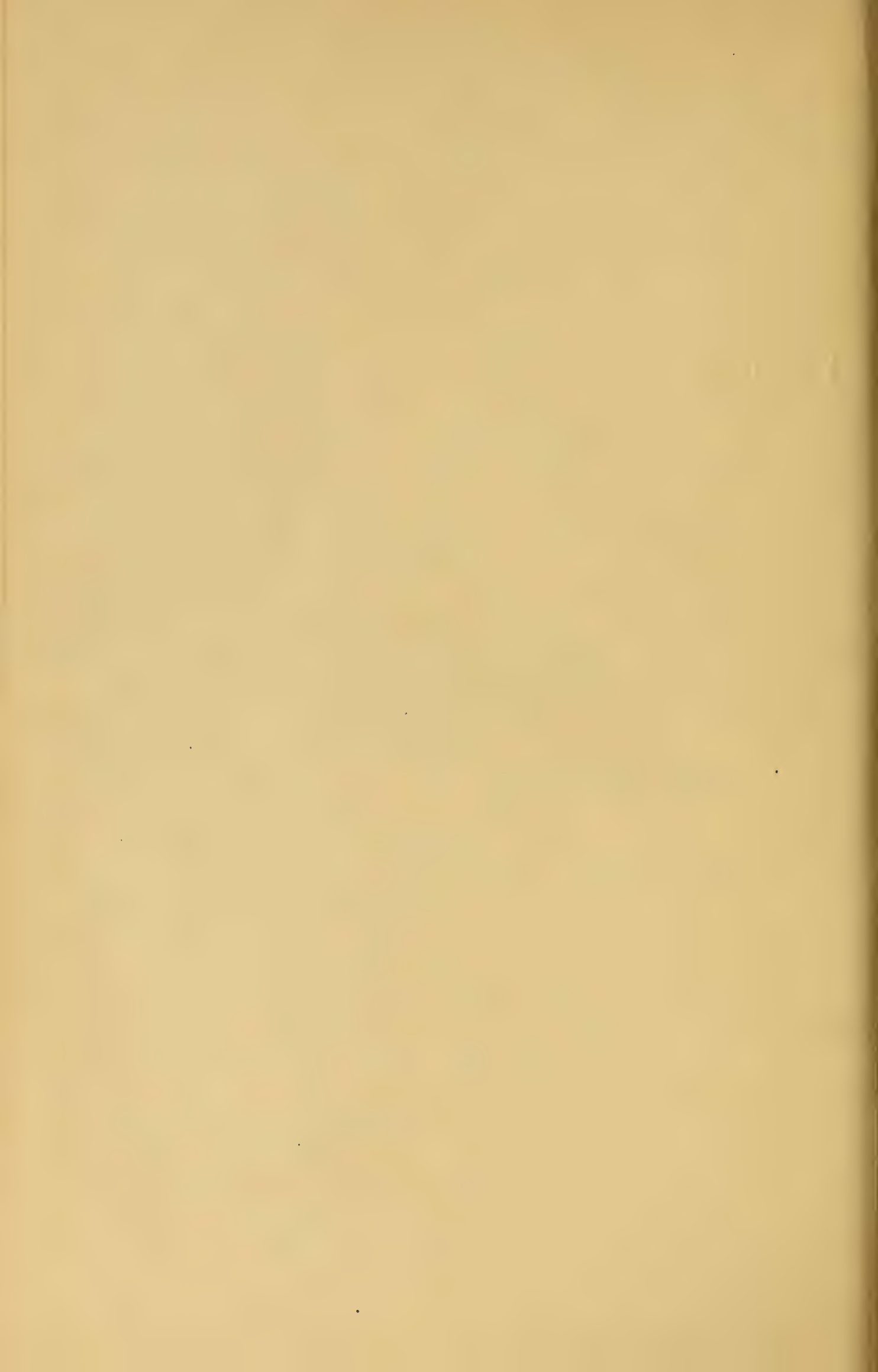
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THE SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



JANUARY
Nineteen Twenty-Two

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		83
NEW MOON	<i>Helen Harvey, 1922</i>	84
POP	<i>Helen Garlinghouse, 1924</i>	85
THE MIRROR	<i>Elizabeth Clarke, 1923</i>	87
INCALCULABLE INFLUENCE OF FOOD	<i>Louise P. Guyol, 1923</i>	88
QUESTION	<i>Helen Harvey, 1922</i>	89
PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING	<i>Charlotte Dorian, 1922</i>	90
IF SLEEP SHOULD FAIL	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	101
THE BOY WHO WANTED THE MOON	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	102
WAIT	<i>Diana Hunt Wertheim, 1924</i>	105
REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DEATH-BED SCENES	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	106
ROMANCE	<i>Isadore Luce, 1923</i>	108
THE HERO OF THE EPOCH	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	118
ON VESPER SPEAKERS	<i>Sarah Mason Clarke, 1922</i>	121
HUNTER'S MOON	<i>Helen Garlinghouse, 1924</i>	124
MIDNIGHT WIND	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	124
BOOK REVIEWS		125
EXCHANGES		129

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXX

JANUARY, 1922

No. 2

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Editorial

Since the first days, when Merlin walked forth unseen by mortals and did magic, men have loved invisibility. Fortunatus prized his cap, and Ariel was happiest when he was only a voice to the ears of men. Now, alas, invisibility is practised only by the continuously invisible—and—noiseless, and believed in only by the spiritualists. The most secret pleasure, therefore, to be had in this degenerate day is anonymity. Thus speaks "Cassandra."

"Cassandra" puts the *Monthly* at a decided disadvantage. It is a pamphlet, and not a magazine, and thus it may revel in one trend of thought without calling down on its head the cry of "get something new!" It is not obliged to cater to a limited and critically superior audience. It is a publication with a new-born purpose, and it radiates the enthusiasm and self-satisfaction of the vitally youthful. And, most irresistible driving-force to the bashful pen—it is anonymous!

The remarkable thing, however, is that, for all the immunity insured the authors, they have exercised restraint. They have not exploited personalities, nor have they stressed trivial densenesses. They have expressed in a dignified fashion certain truths. These truths have long been floating about the campus in a nebulous form, and the authors of "Cassandra" have given to them a substance. All this is common talk, but the *Monthly* ponders on it, and feels cheated. Why, if there are persons in college who have propaganda of an innocuous respectability to spread, and who have the energy and the ability to serve up this propaganda in excellent literary style—why cannot these persons help the *Monthly* in its present need for material?

The answer is, of course, that the anonymous state is the more thrilling. Behind every innocent pair of eyes we seem to see a potential editor of "Cassandra," and behind one or more of these hundreds of pairs of eyes, lurks the secret. How she, or they, must enjoy it! And does she, or do they, remark that, although everyone asks "who?" and "when?" and "how?" and "where?" no one has yet been heard to ask "why?"

We feel tempted to stand in the middle of the campus, and shout "adeste" to all the faithfuls of our literary circles. At any rate, we shall see. It will be a survival of the proverbial fittest. The *Monthly* has no qualms, but it does beseech its adherents. And at the same time it offers a friendly salute to "Cassandra."

New Moon

HELEN HARVEY

Poor trembling
Little new-moon!
Shall I help you?
Shall I put out the little
Devil-stars
That wink and wink
And wink at you?

“Pop”

HELEN GARLINGHOUSE

Spring was just coming to the woods. A tiny white woods violet peeped out from beneath the logs at our feet. A kingfisher dove from the pole above our heads, rattling harshly. Beaver Lake lay very blue and quiet within its border of mountains. “Pop” stirred uneasily, shaking the strings of shaggy gray hair upon which, later we would make our semi-annual attack with the horse-clippers. Then he reached for the field glasses and trained them back and forth across the lake.

“What-cha lost, Pop?”

“Nothing. Just looking to be sure another of them game wardens ain’t bobbed up. I have to go out every once in a while and tie another stone on ’em.”

Now I’m not sure there aren’t game wardens out in that lake, Pop has kept a rifle by his bed for ten years, watching for an Indian who formerly absconded with his shirt. At least if I were a game warden I should be most exclusive when it came to Pop’s company. Only a chosen few ever approach him, and he has not been “out” for years. But the wild things are his friends. As we talked, a lovely young buck, looking very like a Jersey heifer, wandered carelessly across the clearing by the porch to the stump he knew was salted.

At night Pop’s camp is the most fascinating scene I have ever witnessed. A box with a bell attached hangs in the yard. Sometime during the night the bell will ring. Then Pop goes out to talk to his friends, for the coons have come. The night we were there the light showed them gathered around the box, and one big one was reaching a little black hand after a fish head.

“Jimmy,” thundered Pop, “You eat that mouse I shot for you.” Jimmy looked up, dropped the fish head, and poked the mouse disinterestedly. Then he turned back to his fish.

“Jimmy!” threatened Pop with a flow of artistic curses. It is impossible to reproduce Pop’s discourse in all its native beauty; it is always preceeded, followed, and generously intermingled by a shower of varied curses—nothing vicious, the whole thoroughly unconscious. Pop would have protested had any one accused him of swearing.

"Jimmy, I told you to eat that mouse."

Jimmy nibbled the mouse, then dropped it for the preferred fish head.

"Jimmy," repeated Pop, decorating it far more than my imagination permits me. The coon, cunning showing in every line of his little black face, dropped from the box with the mouse in his jaws and crept back of the porch. In a few minutes he returned to finish his fish in peace.

"Jimmy where did you hide that mouse?" cursed Pop affectionately. Jimmy looked up in innocent amazement, then resumed his meal.

At about three o'clock Pop makes pancakes for them.

"But Pop," we argued, "Why not make them in the daytime?"

"Huh, you like cold pancakes?"

"Why, no."

"Well, neither do the coons."

But there was one who stood outside the circle of favored forest friends. The great blue heron who, as we talked, stood feeding among the reeds near the opposite shore, shared not a bit of the popularity of his brothers in the forest. Pop waved an arm towards him violently.

"Tomorrow, when my back feels better, I'm goin' ter shoot thet cuss. I like frog's laigs as well as that crane."

We knew, just as Pop knew, and most likely the heron also shared the knowledge, that Pop would no more hurt that heron than he would apply for the rôle of first grave-digger in "Hamlet," a part for which nature had most generously fitted him.

One point in Pop's career had ever piqued our curiosity: Why had Pop come to the woods? He held the record of having been the best guide of his day, but what made him come at first? There were rumors at Inlet of a killing, but no one really knew. Finally I screwed up courage and shot—oh so cautiously—the fatal question. Pop apparently was as deaf as the great pine beside him.

"Them pants," he remarked, slapping the greasy corduroy, "has wore purty fair. I put 'em on when you were in, in November." Now fully to satisfy forever that gnawing curiosity, I fired again.

"Waal, I'll tell ya. I was engaged to a girl in my home town, an' once when she was over to my mother's I felt hungry. Hadn't et nothin' since dinner. So I went into the pantry and cut into a fresh

cherry pie. Et 'bout half of it—good pie, too—an' the girl she flared up, an' she sez, sez she, 'When you're married to me, Frank Baker, you won't go into the pantry an' cut into a fresh pie like that,' an' I packed my duds an' beat it for the woods next day, an' I ben here ever since. Hey, you! Get t'ell out o' thar!'' flinging a stone at an inquisitive chipmunk which was attempting to climb into Pop's pancake batter.

The heron, having completed his meal, flapped quite unconcernedly above our heads and off over the mountain.

The Mirror

ELIZABETH CLARKE

My love for you
Is a sweet well-spring
Deep in the heart
Of the forest dim,
Girdled with violets
And yellow daffodils,—
They are my thoughts
When you are far away.
And then—you come.
Ah, love,—I offer you
My uprushed waters
Straight from out the heart of me.
You bow—you smile—
You dabble slim white fingers
And kiss them one by one;
It does delight you, then?
You smile again—and look—
Alas—you are but charmed
With your own reflection.

The Incalculable Influence of Food On Conversation

LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL

“How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin!”—*Lamb*.

Oscar Wilde waxed brilliant over the dinner-table. It was only after he had dined out a sufficient number of times, and subsequently mapped the circuitous conversational roads thus blazed, as it were, that he could publish a volume. This inevitably leads us to the unhappy thought that, had we the invitations that were showered on Oscar, we could perhaps equal him. It is doubtless well, however, that things are as they always have been. If there were a sequence of standing invitations to dinner and luncheon and tea for every struggling artist that gnaws a solitary crust in a garret, the resultant blazes of well-fed genii would blind the eyes of the world. The hungry poet who dreams butter onto his crust is the one that publishes successful books about his youthful sufferings. The rest—those who trademark no collections of words—starve unimaginatively and die, unwept and unfed.

Man is universally unfortunate in being a slave to his stomach; for this epicurean inspiration, so to speak, is not peculiar to artists. “How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin!” It must have been a toasted English muffin, of course, hot, blushing delicately brown, luscious with butter and thick, sweet, amber-colored marmalade. One crunch of such a morsel must have quickened the sensibilities of any human being, though it be only a melancholic cashier in a musty country-house!

There is no mortal exempt from the witchery of “many-tasting food.” Even mud pies weave a spell over the feminine eight-year-old, and she will grow garrulously imitative of her mother’s “party” conversation as she scallops the edges of her chocolate-colored pastry with a small dirty thumb. At every afternoon tea, gossip is brewed and reputations are toasted.

But quite incomparable is the little friendly supper where all appetite is stimulated and delighted, where there is alike the food that one eats, and food for thought. A wide room with a cordial look,

with shutters drawn but not too closely, with a red laughing fire and an odor of many books! There at a table, near the fire, which punctuates with cheerful crackles and nods, some O. Henry and olives for appetizers, juicy steak and "Vanity Fair" for the pièces de résistance, crisp salty nuts and modern poetry as a pleasant accompaniment. Tiny hot rolls disappear with Don Quixote; Turgenev comes with the salad, and Barrie with subtly spiced apple tarts, caps the whole.

Then the warm charm of fire and food works delicately upon the soul. The fascination of Words lures into conversational lanes that wind into the woodlands of unexplored thoughts. Fancy, a gay and charming fairy, perches on a spray of clematis in flower and crooks a pink finger to beckon us irresistibly further. Words hide behind tree and rock and fern, turning somersaults to our feet and begging to be spoken. Every idea is a witch with a thousand spells and a hundred different gowns, who invents fantastic wiles to captivate us. Our tongue and our brain, a frolicsome pair, run away and gambol about the most staid sober-faced subjects with flippant disrespect. And all at the instigation of a mere apple tart, perhaps, if the latter be sufficiently delicious! Good food is the friend of all mankind; sour cream in the morning coffee may make or mar the most arrant philosopher; had there never been food for the world there had doubtless never been conversation at all.

Question

HELEN HARVEY

Why do I love you?
Why do Pansies shut their eyes
And wait to be kissed?
You can't answer *that*
Even in a whisper!

“Psychologically Speaking—”

CHARLOTTE DORIAN

MacKelton and I were spending our vacation together. That, in itself was not remarkable; we have spent many vacations together in the last eight years. But we were spending it in an old house, some three miles out from the town of Bergen, which all the inhabitants of the district believed to be haunted, and it was because it was haunted that we were there, although MacKelton had never heard the rumor.

That must sound a bit odd, but it was this way: Mac was an associate professor of psychology at Hunter College, and I taught economics in the same institution. We had decided that summer to take a house in some rather secluded section, where we could both rest, and I could collect the data I needed for my new book. Well, the conviction had been growing on me for the past year that MacKelton was going stale. It is all very well for a man to be interested in his subject, and of course Mac is something of an authority in psychology, but no man of thirty-six should shut himself up with his books and limit his contact with contemporary things to the companionship of a bachelor professor of economics and a German police dog. Metz is a good dog, and I am only two years older than Mac; still, there was no reason why he should be lost to the rest of the world. Mac is one of the best fellows alive, and I hated to see him settling down into a staid old professor before his time. So I decided that he needed to be jerked out of himself, but I didn't quite know how to accomplish it. I tried to induce him to get out more, and meet people, but I couldn't do it. Then one day, when we were looking for a place to spend the summer, I came across the advertisement of the house.

Mac was out when I discovered it. I was sitting in the Morris chair, glancing lazily at the “House to Let” ads. when this one popped out at me. It read: “House to rent for summer. Suburban home, three miles out of Bergen. Large house, well furnished, six acres of ground. Reasonable. House said to be haunted; fine chance for adventurous summer.”

It was a queer sort of an advertisement, but it appealed to me. At least, I thought, it might serve to wake Mac up a bit; and if I could

only get him to think it really was haunted, it would be a fine joke to have him put his blooming psychology to work on ghosts. I went to see the owner that day. His terms were very reasonable; he was evidently relieved to find that there were people who wanted a haunted house. He said he had advertised it that way because the rumor was so current that anyone that moved in was sure to hear about it, and he was afraid that they would no sooner get settled, than they would be scared off and leave.

After I had arranged with him to take the house, I came home and did a very foolish thing. I had resolved to tell Mac nothing about the house until after we moved in, but I wanted to tell somebody, so I sat down and wrote to my kid sister Eleanor and told her we had taken a haunted house for the summer. I should have known better; Eleanor has a perfect passion for adventure of any kind. She is only twenty-four, and life is still a constant search for thrills with her. It wasn't but two days later that she came to town, called on me, and insisted on being taken along as our housekeeper.

"But Sis," I protested, "You know how Mac is, when there's a girl around. You'll drive the poor man crazy."

Mac is, and always has been, afraid of girls. He had met Eleanor once, but it was all I could get him to do to speak to her, and he turned all colors of the rainbow, and got out of the room as quickly as possible.

"You needn't worry," scoffed Eleanor. "Do you think I'd bother your old Mac? We don't need to tell him that I'm your sister at all. He'll never recognize me; he didn't look at me the time he met me, anyway. I'll just be your paid housekeeper, and he'll not know the difference. He doesn't even know my name. You never call me anything but Sis. And I've always wanted to stay in a haunted house. Please, Oakley."

I can never resist the kid when she uses that tone, so she finally won, and it was arranged that she was to go out with us and pretend that she was a girl I had hired to do the work for us.

Two weeks later we moved. The house was an old place, with rather a gloomy air—an excellent place for ghosts and the like. The ceilings downstairs were heavily beamed, and there was dark woodwork throughout, giving a heavy effect. I should have become quite melancholy if I had lived in such an atmosphere for many years, I know. The grounds were well laid out, with flowers in front, a vege-

table garden behind, tennis courts, and a patch of woodland at the far end. Mac was very well pleased. Sis, of course, kept in the background and said nothing, but I could see that she liked it.

I did not tell MacKelton that the house was supposed to be haunted until the next day. I had been too busy unpacking to think about it the night before, and nothing had happened to remind me of the report. I had not got any details in my brief interview with the owner, so I enlarged on the subject to suit myself, out of a fertile imagination. When I was through, MacKelton looked me over and announced:

"I'm afraid you have a brain complex, Oakley, to speak psychologically. Your love of adventure has been thwarted by the sedentary life you lead, but you have been unable to repress it entirely, and it is manifesting itself in this remarkable story."

I shrugged my shoulders in injured dignity.

"All right," I retorted, "Ask any of the villagers, and see what they say."

"They would undoubtedly say that I was crazy, and as I don't care to have them think so, I shall refrain from asking."

Sis was a bit disappointed when I talked with her. Said she had been there a whole night, and nothing had happened, and she didn't believe the old house was haunted at all; I had just said so because I knew if she thought it was she would come out and do the cooking for me all summer. That made me angry, considering that I had done my best to keep her from coming, and I rashly told her that if she'd wait a bit longer things would begin to happen all right.

And sure enough, something did happen that evening, though it was such a little thing that at the time we did not connect it with the idea of the house being haunted. Mac lost his favorite pipe. He had been smoking it after lunch, and claimed that he had left it on the library table, but in the evening it was neither there nor anywhere else. It made him restless and uneasy, and his wanderings around the room interfered with my train of thought, so I finally dragged him out for a walk around the grounds. We strolled around for some time, and were approaching the house again when suddenly a shrill voice quite near by said clearly, "What the devil are *you* doing here?" We both jumped, and I turned to look behind me. As I turned, there was a rustle, and something passed in the air, but I could not see what it was.

"What passed you then?" asked Mac sharply.

"I haven't the faintest idea," I answered. Nor were we able to find out. We waited a few minutes, but nothing more happened, and we went on to the house. As we went in, Mac remarked drily, "Psychologically speaking, you're a poorly trained observer."

"Zoölogically speaking," I said, "I'm not a cat, and can't see in the dark." And we dropped the subject.

The next two weeks passed quietly. I spent most of my time working over the notes for my book, leaving Mac to amuse himself. To vary the program, I took one or two trips into the town of Bergen, but it did not prove very interesting. There was a main street that was quite typical of the average small town, and a number of quiet streets lined with comfortable, drowsy-looking houses. Out on the far side of the town were the grounds of the county hospital for the insane, but I did not go out in that direction. Several people looked at me curiously—doubtless they had heard that I was living in the haunted house—but I did not attempt to become acquainted with any of the townspeople. MacKelton wandered into town more often than I did, and at first tried talking with chance acquaintances, but soon gave it up—they were just average people, he said, and entirely uninteresting from a psychological viewpoint. I advised him to go out to the county hospital, as the inmates there were certainly not average people, but he did not take my advice.

Sis, it proved, had been quite right in thinking that Mac would never recognize her. I had been afraid that if he saw her many times, it might dawn on him that he had met her before, and once it did seem likely to happen. We were at dinner, and she had just brought in the dessert when he suddenly remarked, "I think I have seen the housekeeper somewhere before."

"Oh, it's just that she has a type face," I said indifferently, and was rewarded with a spiteful look from Sis, who came in with a pitcher of water just then. "Lots of people resemble that particular type."

Sis had to laugh then, and left the room so that Mac would not see her do it, and he went on, "I suppose we are all of us subject to an unreal sense of familiarity at times, but I should hardly call her a type. She is a very attractive-looking girl."

I was surprised at that; it was not like Mac to know whether a girl was attractive or the ugliest mortal alive. But I felt that it was

best to avoid a discussion of my kid sister, lest the secret get out, and I refrained from any comment on his unusual observation.

Mac's pipe had not been found, but he had bought a new meerschaum and was devoting his time to trying to color it. Consequently, we had almost forgotten the loss of his other one; and, as there had been no sequel to the occurrence in the grounds, that also had faded out of our consciousness. But towards the end of our first month in the house, there was a regular series of disappearances of small articles. There seemed to be no reason or design in the things that were taken, and there was no evidence of anyone entering or leaving the house. The only thing that could possibly be called a clue was a report from Sis that one evening, while she was sitting out on the back steps, she distinctly heard someone singing in a high, cracked voice "Throw out the life-line." I told MacKelton about it, but he refused to be impressed.

"The feminine mind," he observed judiciously, "is much more subject than the masculine to delusions of an inconsequential nature. She was probably humming the tune herself, and merely fancied that she heard someone else doing it. You have probably told her your wild tale about this being a haunted house, and it is no wonder that the poor girl imagines things."

"What about the voice we both heard the second night we were here?" I argued. "I don't know about you, but I haven't got a feminine mind subject to inconsequential delusions."

"There must have been some villager wandering about the grounds that night, who did not know that anyone had moved into the house. Have you heard any voices recently? It's one of the symptoms of paranoia." Mac was growing sarcastic, and I dropped the matter. But the fact remained that a number of articles had disappeared, among them my silk umbrella, several of my neckties, a tuning fork that Mac used in some experiment, a box of shredded wheat from the pantry, and a string of pearl beads belonging to Eleanor.

However, I could not get Mac roused or even annoyed over these casual disappearances. My losses didn't concern him in the least, and he didn't need his tuning fork in the summer. He did offer to buy a new string of beads for Sis, but she declined them. He started on a tour of investigation one night when Metz took to howling, but found nothing. We had kept the dog chained outside of the house, letting

him loose only when Mac took him walking in the village, but he was a very silent dog, and never reminded us of his presence by his vocal efforts. For that reason, his repeated howls late one night served to get Mac out of bed, into his clothes, and down the stairs. But by the time he got outdoors, Metz had stopped howling, and there was no sign of anybody. The back door had been left unlocked, and Mac locked it and then looked around the house a bit, but nothing was disturbed, and we missed nothing. I spoke to Sis about the door the next morning, and she promised not to be so careless again, adding that she was sure she remembered locking the door the night before.

About that time, Mac discovered some new form of amusement that he refused to tell me about. He took to mooning about the grounds with a pad of paper and a pencil, scribbling violently at intervals, at other times gazing absently into space. When I asked him about it, he insisted vaguely that he had "discovered a new topic for investigation," which was all I could get out of him. I found a sheet of paper from his pad on the library table one day, and to my amazement found a stanza of poetry—if you could call it such—in Mac's writing. It ran like this:

*"Such tender depths are in her eyes,
I almost lose myself therein;
Such heavenly music are her sighs,
To angel choirs they seem akin.
Ah, how can one frail mortal bear
Beauties and charms that are so rare?"*

Mac came in while I was reading it, and snatched it away from me. I asked him when he had taken to expressing himself in verse, and he said it was part of a piece of psychological research—that he was investigating a rather unusual phase in the mind of a certain subject, and he wished I would leave his notes alone. I suggested that considering the intimate nature of the notes he seemed to take, his subject would probably much prefer to have him keep them in some more secluded spot, and he went off in a huff. I was afraid for a while that Mac had fallen in love with one of the townspeople, but then I reflected that his favorite haunt seemed to be the vegetable garden, which hardly seemed a romantic spot, and that he had been going into town less than usual lately, so I concluded that he had copied the verse somewhere, and was studying the brain complex of the author. Whatever it was, I found no more verse around the house.

But it was not long before something happened that took Mac's thoughts away from his new investigation entirely and turned them in a new direction. He and I were walking one evening in the woodland patch at the far end of the property. We had Metz with us, and the three of us were strolling placidly enough when suddenly the dog barked and made a flying leap through the air. There was a harsh squawk, a rustle, and Metz started back toward us with something in his mouth. We both started for him on the run, but I got there first, and discovered that Metz was holding a bird in his mouth. We got it away from him finally, and only then discovered that it was a grey parrot, and around its neck was loosely knotted one of my missing neckties!

There was no explanation, of course; that is, none that we could find. The parrot either could not or would not talk; except for a squawk or two, it maintained a dignified silence. But Mac's interest in the haunted house and its mysteries was at last aroused. He started in rather a joking way—the presence of my tie on the parrot amused him hugely—but when MacKelton once starts on a thing, it's his nature to go into it hard and do it thoroughly. We took the parrot back to the house, and put it on the library table, where it strutted around and appeared quite contented. There was nothing to be gained by watching the bird parade up and down the table, so Mac started on a tour of the house for clues. As was to be expected, he found nothing. The house, though gloomy, was entirely open, and we had been in every room on the first two floors many times and discovered nothing suspicious. We went through them again, however, and then went up to the third floor, where there was nothing but an unfinished attic room. We prowled around there, but there was nobody concealed behind the few old trunks that were all the room contained, and we finally gave it up and went downstairs to the library again. Mac spent the evening teasing the parrot and trying to figure out a logical explanation of the mystery.

He got nowhere, of course, but the next morning some more things were missing. When I started my regular morning's work on my book I discovered that two of the books I was using for reference were missing. While I was hunting for them, Mac came in.

"Say, Oakley," he inquired, "Have you seen that picture I had taken at the beginning of the summer? You know, I had it taken for that new bulletin the college is getting out. I don't want to lose it,

for I wouldn't go through the ordeal of having my picture taken again for a farm, and it's time it was sent."

I hadn't seen the picture. It had disappeared along with my books and Mac's pipe and the kid's pearl beads, and there wasn't any kind of a sign to show where they had gone or who had them. Mac was a bit disgruntled. He had searched the house, and there was nothing in it, but things continued to disappear.

"It can't be the parrot," he grumbled. "Of course, he's taken an awful fancy to me, but I can't believe that he wants my picture."

I found the picture two days later. Sis had gone downstairs to answer the grocer's ring, leaving her door ajar. I happened to be passing the room, and glanced in, and there was Mac's picture on the bureau. I must confess that I was considerably astonished. In fact, I was still standing in the hall, staring at the picture, when Sis came back upstairs and found me there.

"Well," I said, "so you're the mystery of the haunted house yourself, are you?"

"No, truly, Oakley. I *did* take the picture, but—"

"I see you did. What else did you take?"

"Absolutely nothing. And if you don't believe me, you can come in and look for yourself. Mac left the picture lying around, and I didn't dare ask him for it—you said yourself he'd be scared to death if I spoke to him—but he is good-looking, and I wanted the picture. My room just needed a picture of a good-looking man to complete it, and I left all my others at home."

She gave me back the picture, and I took it down to Mac. On the way down to the library, I decided it would be a good idea to give Sis a lesson. So I told Mac that I found the picture in the housekeeper's room, and that I suspected her of taking the other things that were missing.

"But why would she steal her own pearl beads?" he asked.

"To allay suspicion, of course. You call yourself a psychologist, and you can't even figure that out. By the way," I added carelessly, "Isn't there some kind of a psychological test you give—something about a list of words—that enables you to find out the direction that a subject's mind takes?"

"Yes, there is," he said. "What of it?"

"Why not try it on the housekeeper?" I suggested. "We know that she has taken one thing, and we haven't any idea what else

she may have in her possession. I for one would prefer a mental test to searching her room."

"I don't see that either one is necessary," protested Mac.

Then I accused him of being so vain that he didn't blame girls for stealing his picture, and in self-defense he gave in and agreed to give Eleanor the test. We called her down to the library and asked her if she would help Mr. MacKelton in a little experiment he was making. Mac was to give her a word, and Eleanor was to answer with the first word that came into her head. I had a stop watch to time her reaction. Sprinkled judiciously through the list were to be words relating to theft or to the articles that had disappeared. The minute Mac was on the familiar ground of a psychological experiment, he became entirely impersonal, and unperturbed by the presence of a girl.

The first word was "House."

"Garden," said Sis promptly.

"Chair."

"Table."

"Umbrella."

"Rain."

Mac glanced at me. There was no reference to theft there.

"Book."

"Paper."

"Eggs."

"Hen."

The list went on. Sis answered promptly and without hesitation all the words that related to the mysteries of our haunted house. Her first pause was at "Love," when there was the slightest hesitation before she replied, "Hate." She paused again, quite noticeably, at "Picture," but finally answered, "Frame." We let her go after that, but I saw from the look she gave me as she left that she knew that the test was my doing, and resented it. But I doubt whether she will take any more pictures of Mac.

She avoided me all that afternoon until about five o'clock when she came running in great excitement to the desk where I sat writing. In her hand she held a pair of grey silk gloves. She said that she had been out in the vegetable garden getting radishes, and when she came back, the gloves were lying on the kitchen table. I confess I was a bit excited myself then. I called Mac, and finally found him outdoors,

strolling toward the front of the house. I showed him the gloves, and told him where they had been found. The three of us started into the house, determined to search until we found some kind of an explanation of this latest development. As we went into the hall, the parrot came strutting toward us, and fluttered up to Mac's shoulder, his favorite perch.

"Oh, put that creature down and come on," I said impatiently. "If there's anyone in the house, they'll get out while you're fussing with that bird."

"Shut up," said Mac promptly, and added, lapsing into his most professional manner, "We have not as yet determined a great deal about the psychology of animals, but I have a theory which may make the parrot of the greatest assistance to us. I want it with us when we go through the house."

So the parrot balanced on Mac's shoulder, and stayed there while we went through one room after another. As usual, we found nothing, until we came to the attic. But as we opened the door of that room, the parrot suddenly fluttered off, balanced on the end of a battered wardrobe trunk that stood on the far corner of the attic, and squawked in a harsh, shrill voice, "Let me in, Moll." All three of us gasped. We had never heard the parrot speak before, for one thing. But in addition, I had recognized the shrill voice as the same one that had screeched in my ear the second night of our stay, and Sis told me later that it was the same voice that had sung "Throw out the life line."

There was a slight pause after our first gasp of amazement. And then slowly a slight opening appeared in the wall behind the trunk, and a voice quavered, "All right, Dicky, come in."

Mac was the first one across the room. He pushed back the trunk, tore open the small doorway that then appeared, and reached in the opening. A moment later he was dragging into view a wrinkled old woman who muttered and pulled back ineffectually. She wore a grey silk dress and a small bonnet. Her face was wrinkled, and she chattered constantly, pouring out a stream of utterly incoherent and meaningless remarks.

By that time Sis and I were across the room, and, while I helped Mac lead out the old woman, Eleanor was investigating the little room we had discovered. A moment later we heard a cry of triumph, and she emerged, holding her pearl beads in one hand and Mac's precious

pipe in the other. Later we learned that all the missing articles were there, as well as a collection of odds and ends gathered from other sources. But we did not stop for further investigation then. We took the old woman down to the library, and tried our best to persuade her to talk. She would only pour out meaningless words and phrases, however, and it finally became apparent that she was insane. We shut her up in the den, phoned the county hospital, and then set out to investigate the room opening out of the attic.

The door of the room was unfinished, and fitted closely into the wall, so that it had remained unnoticed on our earlier tour of the house. But we had been looking for a person, not a room, at that time, and I doubt whether we should have noticed it behind the trunk, even had it not been so inconspicuous. We gathered up the miscellaneous collection we found in the room, and took it down to the library. By the time we had done that, a keeper arrived from the county hospital. He took one look at our captive, and burst out, "Why, it's old Moll. Where's the parrot?"

Moll had escaped from the hospital almost two years before, taking her pet parrot with her. The bird was almost as peculiar as the old woman; it talked fluently when it wished, but did so only rarely. Sometimes it would maintain a silence of several weeks. The two of them had evidently found their way into the house at some time—we never knew just how—and discovered the attic room, which had been their headquarters ever since. The old woman was quite crazy, and a kleptomaniac as well, which accounted for the disappearing articles, but how she had contrived to live and to get in and out without being seen we could never figure out. She had evidently heard Sis coming back from the garden that day, and in her haste to get back to her hiding-place, had dropped her gloves on the table.

The keeper took old Moll away, and we were left with our house, which was no longer haunted.

"Well, Sis," I sighed, "I hope your thirst for adventure was satisfied this time."

"Sis?" queried Mac, looking up suddenly.

I had forgotten in my excitement that our relationship was a secret, but it seemed foolish to try to keep it so any longer, so I explained.

"Yes, Mac," I said, "I'm sorry, but Eleanor isn't really your housekeeper, she's my sister."

Mac did not seem greatly disturbed by the news.

"I think she's going to be my housekeeper soon," he announced calmly.

"Your housekeeper? My sister is not in the habit—"

Mac laughed and put his arm around Sis.

"Well, you see, Oakley," he said, "It's this way: psychologically speaking, Eleanor and I have a love complex."

So that explained his fondness for the vegetable garden, and the verse, and his mooning around the way he had. It seems that Sis had told him that she was related to me, but had evaded telling him exactly what the relationship was, for the fun of surprising him later. But you can see for yourself that the vacation in the haunted house had waked Mac up, which was what I had wanted it to do.

If Sleep Should Fail

ELEANOR CHILTON

If sleep should fail, and death should fail,
What darkness could I wander through?
What star would ever dare the gloom,
And point to where the sense-beguiling
Drooping lotus flowers bloom;
Where opiates the Olympians knew
Might yield me quiet dreams of you?

What arm could soothe my shoulders then,
If sleep and death abandoned men?
What pitying tears the night would weep,
At being locked within a jail
Of mortal eyes that never sleep. . .
Eyes anguished at the loveliness
Their strained, shut lids could never veil.
How we should envy tranquil stones,
If all our graves were coverless,
And earth refused to dull our bones.

I thank sweet life that life is frail.

The Boy Who Wanted The Moon

JANE M. CASSIDY

Once there was a boy who had set his affections on the moon. He used to look at her, long for her, and try by hopes, wishes, and prayers to reach her. He knew that these were the strongest means at his command, and for a long time he did not turn them even the least little bit towards anything but the moon.

There were many pleasant things with which he might have diverted and delighted himself. There was a brook, a merry brown brook with golden glinting ripples. It sang to the boy as it ran by, and called to him to bathe in it and play with it. But his ears were deaf to the merry call and his eyes were turned to the shining moon. Near the spot he most frequented grew a tree, hung with blue and silver apples. The apples were wonderful to behold and exhaled a delicate, entrancing fragrance, but the boy's eyes looked only toward the moon and all his faculties were engaged in hoping, wishing, and praying for her. There were a myriad and one other things about him in the world, but he passed them all by.

As for the moon, she went on her nightly round unconscious of the boy's existence. Aided by the stars with their lesser glittering rays, she lighted the world with her white beams. The beams fell on the brook, and made its ripples glint the more, and it was satisfied with their silvery brightness. They fell on the tree, and silvered its green leaves, and made the blue apples gleam strangely, while the silver fruits seemed to become parts of the beams themselves; and the tree rejoiced in their light and beauty. They fell on the boy, too, and shone as a halo about his head, and filled his eyes with their brightness, but, although he was in some degree gladdened by them, his joy was very small, measured by his desire.

"Ah," he would say, "the moonbeams are indeed beautiful and delightful, but they cannot satisfy me. They fall not only on me but also on the brook, and the apple-tree, and the myriad and one other things in the world, and I cannot be contented with common favors. I must have some high privilege; possession of the moon herself would not be too much for my ambition."

And he would set himself to wishing, hoping, and praying for the moon with greater fervor than before, if such a thing were possible. He hoped and wished and, most especially, prayed with a very earnest heart; and because his heart was truly earnest, knowledge came to him. And the knowledge was this, that the moon was no more for him to possess than she was for the brook or the tree or any of the myriad and one other things in the world, nor would she ever be, nor did she know of his hopes, wishes, and prayers, nor (and this was most bitter of all) would she care if she did know.

Upon learning this the boy grieved much, but, as he flattered himself that he was of a practical nature, he resolved not to disquiet himself vainly any longer and to dismiss the moon from his thoughts altogether. By trying very hard he succeeded in removing her, not from his thoughts indeed, but from his desire, so that he no longer wanted her at all. Then, his heretofore enslaved attention being released, he gave heed to other things, and found in them great joy.

He played and bathed in the brook and rejoiced to hear the joy of living in its voice and to see the friendliness in its ripples. He went to the tree and, plucking the fruits from the branches extended toward him, ate of the blue apples of sympathy and the silver apples of imagination and found joy in their faint delicious odor. When he was weary he slept by the brook or under the tree, and for him there rose from the waves of the one and dripped from the green leaves of the other the cool refreshment of solicitude. Nor was his attention confined to these two, although they were most dear to him; he examined all things with interest and noticed his surroundings with delight in their varied beauties.

Yet, after a time spent in enjoyment of this new happiness, the boy became aware that something was amiss. The brook still washed his feet with its friendly ripples, but he gained no pleasure thereby; the tree still offered him its fragrant fruits, but they no longer solaced him. Discontented and restless, he moved from one to another of the myriad and one things about him without enjoying any of them. He was annoyed and not a little puzzled at this state of affairs, and long considered its probable origin. At last, after much pondering, he came to the conclusion that, since he craved nothing and was still discontented, the trouble was that he had nothing to desire!

This explanation of the difficulty at first seemed absurd to him, but the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced of its

truth. Then he was indeed in a quandary. At first he thought the remedy would be simple.

"Oh," said he, "I shall have to find something to want. Not that wanting something brings content, for this it does not do; but surely fierce sweet yearning, as was mine formerly, is better than this formless discontent, and unified hoping, wishing, and praying is better than aimless restlessness."

And so he tried to find an object to desire.

"What shall it be?" he said. "Not my brook or my tree, for I have them already. And any of the myriad and one things which I see about me is mine for the asking—and not worth possessing. Evidently the object is not on earth. Let me look to the heavens—moon, clouds, stars. The stars are never stable. As for the moon, I have already had experience with her, and I am no dunce to be taught the same lesson twice, nor weakling to call back that which I have dismissed. A star, then? Yes, for they are superior, unattainable, mysterious."

He clapped his hands at the brilliancy of his idea, and set about choosing his star. He selected the largest and brightest of the sparkling display, and for a moment was happy.

"That," he said, "is a star to gaze at, admire, long for; it is a star to hope for, wish for, pray for. Of course it is not as desirable as the moon—"

"Ah, and ah, and ah!" he sighed. "How can I stoop to a star, even to the most brilliant star, after her? It would be pleasing to desire her again, but only a fool travels the same vain path twice. No, I shall set my affections on the star. I shall hope, and wish, and pray for it."

So he tried to desire the star—but he could not. He could wish for it, but he could not hope for it, and praying for it was quite out of the question. He tried and tried, but all his efforts to desire the star were useless, and at last he stopped in despair.

"How can I?" he cried. "Once I loved the moon!"

And he went back to the brook and the tree and the myriad and one other things, and the restless discontent came upon him ten times stronger than before. For now he knew what it was. But he would not yield to it.

"No," he said, "I have put the moon away, and can hope and pray for no lesser thing. I shall never desire anything again."

So he listened to the brook and could not hear the joy of living, and ate of the blue apples and was not comforted. And his slumbers were as restless as were his waking hours, for solicitude did not help him. And every day he grew more unhappy and the discontent became stronger; and so affairs went on, and neither would the boy yield nor could he be happy.

But how he finally fared, and whether the discontent departed or the boy longed once more for the moon, or for something less, I cannot tell you. For this is one of the things which each of us must find out for himself.

Wait

DIANA HUNT WERTHEIM

For all the loveliness that I have missed
I shall turn back some day:
Adventure I have not had time to live;
Friends lost along the way;
The tree-gold paths I left unfound because
They led not anywhere;
The lakes that would not fit within the Plan,
Wild heights I must not dare:
All glorious songs whose singing never was—
Young streams flow by so fast:
But time will bring a lull for harvesting
And chaff blows off at last.
So I shall go to glean my wonder-grains
And bring old dreams to be,
Defy old dares, and skim gold tangled paths.
O Beauty—wait for me!

Remarks On The Importance Of Death-Bed Scenes

ELEANOR CHILTON

I once dreamed my own death and awoke to discover tears of self-pity on my pillow. Not for the loss of the splendour of earth, not for compassion at the grey stillness of my body, not for the knowledge that my supposedly immortal soul had been merely living blood and a working mind and hence destined for dissolution—not for any of these things did I weep. I wept because my dying brain had been unable to frame a *bon-mot* worthy of the last page of a respectable memoir.

It is not essential that one die as one has lived. It is not even requisite that one's death be spectacular. But the transience of human enjoyment demands that one be at least impressive when one takes leave of the world forever. The round of an ordinary day is so full of preoccupations that the living forget the dead in a shockingly brief space. Life is too full for Death, and too sensuous, for Death is a negative state. Dying, on the contrary, is positive; it is perhaps the most important thing most of us are destined to do, and, partly because it is significant, partly because it is universal, every effort should be made to secure it a distinctive setting.

Call to your mind the unsatisfactory death-scene of Hazlitt. There was a man vividly alive, responsive to life's every mood, and, in consequence, as unhappy as most of us; a man of genius and sympathy; a man who saw straight through the tortuous heart of a paradox. Hazlitt, the man who sank his genius in the style-less emotionalism of the "*Liber Amoris*," and who was thrice embittered by the name of Sarah, to have chosen an inadequate and banal untruth with which to close his mortal days! "Well," he said, "I've had a happy life."

Burns, the poet of nature, the man whom Freud would have loved, as one almost free of inhibitions, the constant protagonist of love-affairs, died cursing a tailor who was suing him for an over-due bill. One can think, offhand, of epigrams in which he might have clothed his complaints, granting, of course, that he could in no way

banish the tailor from his mind. How trivial that the man who was a man for a' that should have wasted his last breath on a stitcher of mortal garments, just as he himself was stepping forward to a garmentless immortality! One is tempted to turn back to "Evon Harrington" and reaffirm the Jocelyns' antipathy to tailors, in order that one may avoid blaming Burns for the fact that his last curses were no more to anyone than simple curses. Burns missed a great chance. Perhaps he was weary of taking chances, and craved a simple, domestic death. Let us hope this is the explanation.

Death does, however, cast ahead of him his awful shadow of silence, and dulls the lustre of human minds. Charlotte Bronte, whom I always regard as a courageous creature, spent her last hours in a misery of fear, and left cowardly prayers for continued life as her last words to mankind. Keats, on the other hand, made us even more fanatically his worshippers, by dying as he had lived, defiantly, gently, and yet wistfully. He asked only to have an unopened letter buried with him, and expressed relief that the end had come. Somehow, we do not smile.

I have no means, at this moment, for ascertaining in what fashion Rostand died, but I often wonder if he quitted the world waving an impudent hand, and arresting an answering salutation by speaking deathless words of poetry. Perhaps Cyrano's glorious death-scene was as much as one man could accomplish in this particular field, and Rostand himself may have spoken his own last lines with that immortal character's lips.

I am not entirely serious, nor yet entirely flippant, when I repeat that death-bed scenes are important. Happy was Liszt, who died a wild creature of music, having played the candle-flames down to the sockets in a last burst of fevered inspiration. Happy was Oscar Wilde, who died epigrammatically, saying that, since he had not money enough to pay his funeral expenses, he would be obliged to die beyond his means. And happy was Heine, who, remembering in his last moments the unevennesses of his moral standards, said—and it is pleasant to conjure up his mocking smile of regret—"Oh, well, God will forgive me. It's His business."

Romance

ISADORE L. LUCE

“Sister!”

“Yes, sister?”

“Will you please speak to the butcher’s boy this morning, my dear? He is so bold he quite frightens me. You were always better at managing than I.”

“I will ask Hannah to do it, dear. It is not for us to speak to such people. Besides I am a little timid about him myself. He—well, I think he tried to wink at me last week.”

“Oh, sister!”

They were seated at the breakfast table, delicately stirring their morning coffee. The dining room exactly suited its rather elderly, eminently aristocratic occupants. It faced out into a garden now full and fragrant with lilac and syringa blossoms just reaching the sill of the high window. Opposite the window was the enormous side-board, its shining surface deeply reflecting the shapes of the tea-caddys, one at each end, and the gleaming cut-glass wine and sherry bottles with a genteel inch in the bottom of each. Above the side-board hung a dimmed tapestry suggestive of many passionate arms and pudgy legs suspended in a shady place. In two corners of the room were built-in fan-doored cupboards disclosing through their small-paned doors more of the willow-ware china with which the table was set and at one end of the room was a great fireplace with a beautifully carved mantle. The opening in the fireplace had been stopped up to avoid draughts and now a rather aged fire-screen of tapestry stood in front of it like a seedy dependent trying to pretend there was great need of its presence. Prompted by the same delusion an over-plump spaniel lay snoozing and twitching on what had once been the hearthstone. Occasionally he would open one eye and peep at the two ladies. We must follow his example.

One would know they were sisters, although they did not resemble one another closely. Miss Ann, rather short and almost inclined to be stout, sat at the head of the table and poured the coffee. She tailored her neck with a neat black band, held in front by a large

cameo, supposed to contain short brown hair in a secret back. Miss Ann tenderly fondled the supposition and refrained from giving the tale, the locket, or her conscience too definite a prying. The facts that the back of the locket was stuck and that Miss Ann sighed gently at intervals helped both the respectful supposers and Miss Ann. She, poor lady, had little to be proud of in appearance. As a girl her eyes had been small but bright—her nose small and pointed, always inclined to turn and stay rather red at indiscreet times. I said “as a girl”—to show you that as she was not pretty as a girl, she was not attractive as an old lady. Her nose still blushed at cold and wind, and her smile, her one attraction as a girl, had lost its value when she had attained, from necessity, her—well, my dears we won’t pry so far into Miss Ann’s inner life! She was the cheerfuller of the two sisters and it was she who performed all the bolder deeds of the two. She trained the lazy spaniel to mind her and was moodily jealous of her sister if the dog seemed to prefer her for pampering him. Miss Ann’s chief characteristics were a rigid conscience (the locket was its only flaw and even that was just a little shading)—a sense of humor, and an imagination. She was passionately but secretly fond of romance and read books she did not want her sister to know of, both for her own good and for Miss Ann’s, at desperate hours of the night and day.

As we followed the spaniel’s eyes to Miss Ann, let us follow them across the table as he watches a plate of toast passed by Miss Ann to her sister. Miss Hortense is daintier than Miss Ann and was probably very pretty as a girl. Her complexion is still clear and a little pink. Younger by a year or two than Miss Ann, she is much slenderer and more graceful. She has somewhat affected little mannerisms which would be disagreeable in anyone else, but seem in her to be a last airing of her lavender-packed and fading charms. She lacks some of Miss Ann’s sense of humor, but instead she has a ready temper and a quick tongue. Miss Hortense has an imagination and she, too, reveals it only as far as Miss Ann’s seems to go. Really she has a deep pity for her older sister who has no romance in her soul; but she does not care to cultivate it for her, apparently. She reads romantic books herself, at startling hours of the night and day, but she hides them carefully from her more prosaic and strict sister.

They share everything in common except their ideas of romance. On this subject they are publicly ignorant. I have no doubt that if

Miss Hortense arose in the night and crossed the colonial hall in the pale ghost-like light from the fan-shaped hall window to her sister's room and found her sister engrossed in one of the modern novels they would both die immediately, in a neat but sudden manner. One would die of shame; the other of surprise.

Perhaps you wonder why they are each so thrilled by the love-stories of others, and why they keep their preferences so deeply secret? Ah! It is because of the two greatest secrets of their lives, one for each. Everything—anything—all things in the life of one life belongs to the other—except—the secret.

Because I love these old ladies very much and because I hope you too are beginning to, I am going to tell you their two secrets, one for each. Miss Ann's is first, because it happens to be first. Her secret is called by her, the "Romance of her Life." Yes, Miss Ann has had a romance. No one knows it but herself. Often she longs to reveal it to her sister, but she does not dare to. She would cease to become an Example and would drop instead to a Sniffed-at! I don't feel any compunction in revealing it, because, you see, she would rather like to have people know that she had one. A romance adds so to one's—well, to one! That is why she encourages the Affair of the Locket although there is really nothing in it and it has not been opened since little Ann cut her teeth on it long ago.

* * *

As a girl, Miss Ann was brought up with great propriety and strictness. As the elder she had to set the example, and consequently her conscience developed and received much of the nourishment which might have gone to Miss Hortense's, if the latter had had to do more conscience-training work than following her sister's example. A maiden cousin who was supposed to have been disappointed in love brought them up after their parent's death, which occurred when the children were just turning into young ladies. Cousin Titia never explained whether her disappointment lay in what love had brought her or in that he had never brought her anything; but she early resolved that her young relatives should undergo no such experience. They were carefully reared with the idea that men were a very rough and creature-like part of humanity, meant to be fathers, but with no assistance from such properly brought up young ladies as themselves. Marriage was the disagreeable but necessary momentum of existence. They, however, might stand aside and allow the world to be kept

going by others. It was not for them to sacrifice to posterity. They were not posterity! Brave cousin 'Titia'! She almost made herself believe herself, and, in so doing, she quite succeeded in making two small girls believe her. Pour cousin 'Titia! Poor little girls!

By the time Ann was eighteen, she had a few also well-brought-up girl friends in other equally formidable and attractive colonial houses. She had had more, but as she grew older some of them became engaged. (How often Ann, sitting at her bedroom window, wondered about the "became" in that phrase, wondered, longed, and felt badly brought up, and yet deliciously romantic.) These last of course, were gradually and reluctantly dropped by her before they should launch themselves into the momentum. The others discussed it genteelly among themselves, politely thanking their public stars that they were not engaged, and fervently praying to their private ones that they might be the next to go. One by one they did go, until finally, Ann was left with a few souring young ladies. She herself was not in the least soured, she just longed, and was embarrassed by her longing. She used to think as she brushed her hair at night in front of her great-grandmother's dresser, that if she could have just one romance in her life she would ask for nothing more. Sometimes she would have her little light burning until quite late, thinking and longing.

One summer night she had been lying awake for a long time, telling herself thrilling and romantic stories of delightful situations with a man in them, like those in books. She became so restless finally, that she got out of bed, and, fumbling over to her bureau lit the two long candles on each side. Then she looked at herself in the glass. Her hair hung about her face in thick shining waves. She had intended to braid it when she got into bed, but now she arranged it over the folds of her high-necked ruffled nightgown and studied the effect in the glass. It was very good. Always in the daytime the waves were suppressed under a tight net and in a neat large pug. "If I could only have my romance with my hair like this!" she thought, "I really look almost pretty now! Pulling my hair back makes my nose redder." With an artistic squint she gazed at the offender, now quite pale but rather shiny in the warm night. "If I could only find some powder!" Powder in cousin 'Titia's eyes was slow moral and complexional murder. It was reserved only for those who stooped to ensnare the opposite sex by pretending to be what they weren't. Ann had seen little rice-bags in some of her more

wanton friend's top drawers beside the diary and she had always longed to try the experiment. Now she determined to do it, only—there was no powder! She left the bureau and tiptoed into the little room joining hers and cousin 'Titia's. There was a medicine chest there and she hoped to find something which might answer the purpose. As she opened the little doors and raised her candle to peer into the conglomeration of tiny boxes, and bottles, the first thing she saw was cousin 'Titia's headache powder. She took one of the little folders and went softly back to her room. Standing again in front of her mirror, she gingerly pushed her little nose into the tiny pile of white powder. Then with a handkerchief, she lightly spread it over the surface and her work, though scratchy, was done. She pinched her cheeks and bit her lips. The result of it all was intoxicating. She was really pretty, almost beautiful! She smiled to herself in the glass, a bewitching-Lady-of-the-Lake-smile; she looked sad, a Juliet-sadness. Juliet! She had just finished the whole play and the balcony scene for the fifth time. "Wherefore art thou Romeo!" She tried to say the lines but she could not remember them. "Wherefore art thou—" She snuffed one candle and stood in thought. Romeo was about to come beneath the balcony. She felt the thrill of his presence, the secret romance in the moonlit night. Slowly she moved across the room toward the window giving onto the porch roof; so would Juliet have moved, with a graceful gesture, full of lovely longing for the approaching lover. She opened the white panelled blinds and—came face to face with a young man.

Never in all her well-brought up, sheltered life had she received such a shock. Struck quite dumb with surprise she stood there with Juliet's rapt expression frozen to her features. The young man was also quite motionless. Kneeling on all fours on the porch roof, blinking dazedly in the candle light and at the vision that met his eyes, he looked like a slightly demented, but very handsome, human dog.

Juliet was the first to recover. She, however, recovered only enough to say what was last in her mind.

"Wherefore art thou—"

The young man, too, partially recovered, "Damned if I know!" he said cordially.

The profanity crased Juliet and replaced Ann. "You'd better sit up," she said, "and explain yourself."

Her new-found and soon-to-go beauty, aided remarkably by the headache powder, had made her bold and daring. The daytime, well-brought up Ann would have shrieked loudly, pulled the bell-cord for the servants, and fainted away in a lady-like manner on the other side of the room. That is, she would have if cousin 'Titia's influence had been powerful at that moment instead of Shakespeare's. As it was now, Ann was a different being. Here was a very nice-looking young man. Here was adventure—and she really would never look as well as she did now. Perhaps Heaven had sent him.

"I'm a burglar," he said.

Ann's mind hung for an instant between tradition and the never-before. She decided for the latter.

"You ought not to be a burglar," she said.

"I know it! Only there are some things you couldn't understand! Anyway, from the outside you all didn't look as though you'd miss anything very much, not as much as I need it anyway. Damned true too!"

"Do not swear at all—er—" Ann's face brightened. "'That is a line from 'Romeo and Juliet'.'" she said.

"I read that!" he nodded, "out at sea from the cap'n's books. A lady must've given it to him! He never read it. The cap'n was strong for these penny magazines. 'Romeo and Juliet' was good enough! This reminds me of it a little. Da—"

Ann blushed. "It reminds me of it too." He had stopped swearing! He had stopped because she had told him not to—Perhaps she could reform him! He really looked *almost* as she had imagined Romeo. Her knees began to feel a little weak and the place where her heart was burned a little. It was her first sensation of the kind.

"What is your name?"

He smiled at her. "Let's call it Romeo, shall we—Juliet?"

She blushed again. "Romeo, I er—I wish you wouldn't be a burglar."

"Go—er—goodness knows I don't want to be one," with a struggle—"Only sometimes you have to do things like that."

"No, you don't." For Ann! From Ann! Remember tonight she is Juliet, but even so—

"Well," he said, sitting down cautiously on the roof, "When the world isn't arranged right and some people have everything

when others haven't a cent, it's your duty to settle things a little, especially if you're the centless kind."

"You could work."

"I don't like to."

Ann had nothing to say, "But you should!" was altogether too like cousin 'Titia.

"What do you do?" she finally managed.

"Adventure."

Romance indeed! Her knees were getting quite trembly. Her heart was very hot indeed. She was very glad of the headache powder. If she had but known, his heart was getting rather oppressive too.

"How would your mother feel to hear that you were a burglar? Why don't you stop for her sake?" Ah, a very what-would-you-do-if-you-met-a-burglar, remark!

"I never had a mother and—"

A knock! Probably cousin 'Titia! She had come around by the hall and the door was locked. Ann trembled. How could she save Romeo. Time was short.

"Hush! Cousin 'Titia's at the door. You'll have to go! Oh, I wish you weren't a burglar! She was leaning far out over the sill now.

"I was going to say—that—that—" he was again on all fours. "That I've never been a burglar before and," he blushed, "I'll never be one again—because you don't want me to. Wi—"

A double knock.

"Yes, Cousin 'Titia," called Ann faintly. Then leaning far out over the sill again. "Go, now! Oh, go now! And—and—thank you—for not being a burglar!"

He leaned toward her rather like a mechanical toy. When he leaned forward in his position all of him leaned except his hands and knees.

"Listen," he said, "If I promise that, don't you think you'd let me kiss you?"

A double knock twice and a complaining far-away voice.

"Yes," said Juliet, Ann no longer and yet more Ann than ever before.

He kissed her as Romeo might have kissed Juliet, and far more really. Then he was off, over the side of the porch. Suddenly he reappeared.

"I say," he whispered, "I remember something from that play, " 'Call me but love' Call me!'"

"Love," whispered Juliet. He disappeared again and she turned just as cousin 'Titia walked into the room by the other door.

We pass lightly over the words. We merely mention the lie that Ann told about the window and the excessive heat; we omit the powdered nose, because cousin 'Titia didn't see it; we just touch upon the pitcher Ann knocked off with her bed-clothes as she jumped into bed because it broke into so many pieces, and we leave Ann, erstwhile Juliet, crying for no very good reason and yet a very good one, in her high four-poster bed.

She never saw him again and she never heard from him. A queer foreign card did come with, "I remember my promise—Romeo," on the back. Cousin 'Titia puzzled long over this. It was addressed to Miss Abbott, her name, and Ann's too; but Ann did not count. Finally she decided that Love must be apologizing and trying to send her something after all; so she put the card away in her top back bureau drawer underneath the paper.

* * *

It is easy to pass from Ann's romance to Hortense's, because they occurred so near together. At this time Hortense was a pretty girl with light fluffy hair and blue eyes. Her cheeks stayed pink all the time, and her nose was like alabaster, with a little aristocratic bump in the middle. She was pretty all the time, and if it must be said—(and it mustn't, only I want to)—rather conceited. She appreciated the contrast between her and Ann and cousin 'Titia to its fullest extent. She was a little timid outside the house, but inside her temper gave her a fighting chance. She thought she was in love.

This last statement is very important but the next is more so. She thought a young man was in love with her. She had never spoken to this particular young man (not that she had ever spoken to many) but she was quite sure he was well-brought-up and she knew he was nice looking. He went by the house regularly every day, in a stunning naval officer's suit. Sometimes Hortense, peeping through the curtains, thought he looked a little hungry, and once in the sunlight she saw a threadbare, darned patch in his coat. He always held his head very high but many times she was sure he looked out of the corner of his eye at her house. It always thrilled her to see him do this because it made her feel as though he could see

right through the wall to where she stood, watching. One afternoon when they were out riding, they passed him and when Hortense turned her head just the least bit he was looking after them. She got quite hot and told cousin 'Titia to look at the darling flowers when there weren't any. This condition of affairs continued for a week. Then he began to pass the house oftener and oftener. He looked questioningly at the windows many times, and once—oh blessed proof! he had seen Hortense looking out at him, had blushed furiously, started to salute, blushed again and strode at top speed down the street. What more could a girl ask? Hortense thought she was beautiful. She didn't believe all of what cousin 'Titia said and she rebelled at being shut in and held back by a homely cousin and a plain sister. She was very sure of her powers and to have such a handsome young gentleman so deeply in love with her! She told a few of her dearest friends and complained because of her lot. She compared herself to Thisbe, to all the hindered loved ones of antiquity whether or not they applied. I regret to say that she somewhat enlarged on the young man's dogged and daily devotion. She sketched in worried glances, longing looks, bright bows. The whole situation was very romantic, very, and especially so, when you consider how prosaic her two nearest relatives were. A very rose among thorns!

One night—(strange now how both romances occurred at night)—she longed to read just one place in *Ivanhoe*. It was downstairs in the library; so she waited until everybody was asleep and then she crept down. If she was the only one in the house, at least she was not the only one in history who had had a lost lover!

Her candle flared bravely in the square old library. *Ivanhoe* was in the shelf by the window and Hortense went over to the place and put her candle down on the table by the window. She did not bother to close the blinds because the window looked out into the little garden at the side of the house and no one would be there at that hour. Wrapping her soft, prim, blue dressing gown about her slender figure, she sat down on the little hassock to find the place in the book. The candle flickered fitfully and Hortense, more and more fascinated, read on and on. When she reached the end of the romantic chapter she closed the book and sighed. "If I could only bathe his wounds!" she thought, "If with him moaning in the room beside me I could look out of the tower window and see—" Overhead came a terrific crash; something had fallen off and broken! Simultaneously

outside the window slipping down one of the porch pillars, barely outlined in the flaring candle light, came a man's figure! Hortense watched horror-struck, and then as he reached the porch, and stood up for an instant in the light before jumping off into darkness, she screamed. He was her naval officer!

An instant later, she put out the candle and sat in the corner in the dark, clutching the hassock, trying to think it out. He had tried to speak with her! Overcome by his love he had climbed the porch pillar, like, like—like Romeo! But he had mistaken her window; He had tried to get to hers and had really gone to Ann's. Luckily for him he had been frightened away. Ann, the unromantic one, would have had him arrested for a burglar!

She clutched Ivanhoe, now almost like a friend, and yet an inferior, to her heart, and crept upstairs. All was quiet. Her heart was pounding as she listened at Ann's door. All was quiet there. No one had been alarmed. She heard Ann turn over, as if petulantly, in bed. She had been disturbed by the thing falling. If only she, Hortense, had been in that room! How different would it all have been! Think what a romance, what a love affair, poor Ann was missing! Hortense went thrilled to sleep. We merely mention the long days of waiting; the ages that he didn't come, although he was so eagerly watched for. Long, long days, and weeks, and months until the time Miss Hortense looked back upon it as the Romance of her Childhood, and then, finding no other forthcoming, as the Romance of her Life.

* * *

"Sister."

"Yes, sister."

"Will you ask Hannah to make the coffee a little stronger? It isn't very good this morning."

Each old lady nods and smiles at the other; each one furtively tells off her apple seeds from the breakfast fruit, with a calm unhopeful skilfulness; and somewhere upstairs, in cousin 'Titia's neatly-packed and untouched drawer, lies a message from their dual romance.

The Hero of the Epoch

ADELAIDE COZZENS

In "If Winter Comes," A. S. M. Hutchinson has created not only a hero who symbolizes the turbulence, the suffering, the intense patriotisms, the sociological interest, the philosophy, and fine spirituality that are the fruits of the years between nineteen-twelve and nineteen-nineteen in England, but he has created a vivid literary image. He has portrayed the characters of Mark Sabre, his wife Mabel, Effie, and the woman he loves, Nona, so vividly that we have the happy work of inspiration expressed by a master of technique.

In developing the character of Mark Sabre, Hutchinson combines many devices of character description. Mark Sabre is first introduced to us indirectly by "the garrulous Hapgood," who was his schoolmate.

"You remember old Sabre at old Wickamote's?... Used to call him 'Puzzlehead,' remember? Because he used to screw up his forehead over things old Wickamote or any of the other masters said and sort of drawl out, 'Well I don't see that, sir'... And then that other expression of his. Just the opposite. When old Wickamote or some one had landed him, or all of us, with some dashed punishment, and we were gassing about it, used to screw up his nut in the same way and says, 'Yes, but I see what he *means*'."

It is this ability to see many sides of a question which enables him to understand his wife's point of view which is directly opposed to his, upon every issue of their married life. Of Mabel, directly and scathingly portrayed throughout the story, Hutchinson writes:—

"To Mabel there was nothing mysterious in birth, or in living, or in death. She simply would not have understood had she been told there was any mystery in these things. One was born, one lived, one died. What was there odd about it? Nor did she see anything mysterious in the intense preoccupation of an insect, or the astounding placidity of a primrose growing at the foot of a tree. An insect—you killed it. A flower—you plucked it. What's the mystery?"...

... "It was simply that she had no imagination whatsoever... If she saw a door, she saw merely a piece of wood with a handle and a

keyhole. It may be argued that a door is merely a piece of wood with a handle and a keyhole, and that is what Mabel would have argued. But a door is, in fact, the most intriguing mystery in the world because of what may be on the other side of it. . . ."

... "She had no idea that the only real charity is charity of mind, and the only real generosity, generosity of mind, and the only real selfishness, selfishness of mind. And she simply would not have understood it if it had been explained to her."

Small wonder, then, that there is no sympathy between Sabre and his wife. For he is the antithesis of the snob. Because he understands Mabel's inability to understand him, he forgives her cruel rebuffs and the indignities that her vulgar desires to hurt him lead her to inflict upon him. Because he realizes that, though conventions are based on right, they are often wrong in their application, he stands between starvation and a social outcast. By harboring an unmarried mother and her child, whom no one will take into his home so long as she insists upon keeping her child, Sabre brings upon himself his wife's divorce, and the court's vote of censure for murder. Although the girl commits suicide, appearances point toward Sabre as the agent of her death. In protecting her, he accepts the challenge of opportunity to practice what he believes. His theory is that conventions are necessary to the order of social life, but that by their laws they often stifle the best in people. He recognizes in Effie's refusal to give up her child, the instinct of motherhood. Realizing that conventions aim to crush this, that is best in her, he is the only person to offer her a home without demanding that she abandon her baby. In Mark Sabre's passionate devotion to his doctrine, there is a resemblance to the Sir Galahad type of hero, who has sworn never to cease his search until he has found the Grail.

What Sir Galahad was to tales of chivalry, Mark Sabre is to modern literature, which is permeated with sociological questions. They are both modelled on different conceptions of the ideal Christian character. Pity and mercy are qualities in both. Because Mark Sabre pities Twining, whose son is the father of Effie's child, he burns an incriminating letter, so that he may spare Twining the disillusion of known his son. This—for a man who has cheated him out of a partnership, who has sneered and jeered and scoffed at him. He suffers all the torture of being publicly stoned by the way in which

people behave toward him, until brain fever mercifully robs him of consciousness of his surroundings.

The end of his spiritual trial brings the beginning of his happiness. After the long winter of mental ache and lack of sympathy, comes the spring of Nona's love and his recovery under her care. In the sudden turn of the story from a tragic to a happy ending, one can see the symbolism of the title borrowed from Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." The two lines in which it is set embody Hutchinson's creed as well as Shelley's: "...O Wind,

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Pathetic as the story is, it is not without a certain humor. The humor, however, provokes no burst of laughter, nor even a chuckle. It is of the sort which makes one smile at the truth of it, while there is a catch in one's throat at its nearness to cruelty or tragedy. The description of the Fargus family is humor, tinged with an element of satire. Sabre's nicknaming the Jinks sisters, the two maids in his household is humorous, for he called the severe tall sister and the short glum one "High Jinks and Low Jinks." Yet, because his wife fails to appreciate the turn of mind which prompted him "to fool in season," the episode in itself is pathetic. The humorous way in which Sabre's two partners are described reminds one of Dickens' method of exposing hypocritical character by caricature. Of one he writes,

"He bore a certain resemblance to a stunted whale. He was chiefly abdominal. His legs appeared to begin, without thighs, at his knees, and his face, without neck, at his chest."

One's first impulse is to laugh, but before one's lips have parted, Hutchinson says something which directs one's attention to the seriousness of the issue. Never for a page does he permit one to forget the idealism of his hero. Sabre, the slow, the thoughtful, the philosophical idealist lives to bring about the spiritual re-birth of the world. He never loses sight of his vision of an ideal world. He symbolizes the fervor of patriotism and of aspiration toward equality and justice for all men which was given powerful impetus by the war, yet which has existed as long as civilization itself. Typically English in his patriotism, he is, nevertheless, the idealist of any country, any age. His inarticulate suffering would provoke universal sympathy. His literary existence is justified not only by his appeal to all idealists, but by the faithfulness, sympathy, and power with which Hutchinson has portrayed him.

On Vesper Speakers

SARAH MASON CLARKE

From Denver to New York, from Florida to Nova Scotia, they come; short men and tall, long-haired or bald, young men and old. And why do they come? For the privilege, for the thrill and the inspiration of speaking to two thousand young souls, throbbing with life, tense with eagerness, fired by the joy and the enthusiasm of youth. You have heard those very words many times. . . . "During the whole year, I look forward to none of my engagements as do to the Sunday I speak at Smith College—nowhere else do I know of such a responsive audience;" are, in substance, the words of the majority of speakers who come to us at Vespers.

Of course we are responsive. It is expected of us. And there is no place more inclined to do what is expected of it than a large institution for girls. Nowhere else is the mob spirit more prevalent. Next to the girls' college comes the boys'. But by the very nature of their being, girls have a sense of the fitness of things combined with a kind of politeness which enables them to endure with relative composure something which would send half a men's audience vanishing by obscure means. Or perhaps they—the men—will employ that more primitive and most effective method of "drowning out" the speaker. By this same power of endurance women may sit for hours without having a word the speaker says penetrate to their inner consciousness. Some of us look equally alert when we are thinking and when we are not, so that this abstraction does not lessen our responsive appearance. So either because of our courtesy, or our intellectual apathy, people who address us at Vespers enjoy themselves immensely, and either because of ignorance of our habits or lack of perspicacity, they deem us "so responsive."

I do not mean to imply that we are never genuinely so. So many times that is the greatest tragedy of all. Often a charming voice, easy delivery, a clearly notated outline and a few platitudes will arouse in us momentarily true delight and satisfaction. Other times, it is the simpler reaction to a "rather better" speaker, after a particularly bad one. The crudities of the address are softened and even disappear with the dimmed lights and music.

We have so many speakers, of so many types, with such diversified appeals, that often when we look back, we classify them not so much by what they had to say, or the kind of thing they said, but by the way they said it. For instance, there are the men who talk down to us. "Ah!" they murmur to themselves, "These are mere children. They are simple in thought and mind, and know little of the world. I will cast off my usual methods, and talk of things which they will understand, I will speak clearly, and to their capacities." They do so. Sometimes they endeavor so hard to get down to our level that they go for below it.

Of a more antagonizing type is the man who comes to us, assured of his welcome because he believes that his is the personality which attracts the young. "I know these young people!" he exclaims with a buoyant laugh. "I understand them from the bottom up. And why shouldn't I? My years may number more than theirs, but my heart is young." These men mean so well, that it is another irony that we shrink from their attack. Like the proverbial clam, we draw into our shells at the faintest demand for confidence. Sometimes, if we are in a playful mood, we will humor our man a little and "enthuse" vigorously for a time. But it is seldom that his appeal or our response bears any sincere fruits.

If I had to make my choice between these two groups, who have in common a definite aim in reaching us, and the speaker who avoids all suggestion of "collegiate" topics, I should by all means prefer the latter. Often he has been warned by some well-meaning daughter or niece against touching on topics of a ground which he knows more by reputation than experience. To avoid offending us by sentimental remarks, or unfounded observations, he seeks to strike a more universally common ground. I like his intention. He assumes that the whole world has certain like experiences. He goes to the world at large for his subject matter and illustrations. Provided that he has something to say and knows how to say it, he ought to be an excellent man for us. But even this type has its drawbacks. The college, not wholly to its credit, is in the habit of considering itself a distinct entity, with distinct problems. It is used to being considered and treated as such. When someone tries to identify it with the world in general, it is inclined to feel annoyed, and exclaims with the Pharisee, thank God, it is *not* as other men are. And perhaps both the college and the Pharisee have some justification.

Well, what is it that we want? Plainly, it is hard to satisfy us. Can we expect to satisfy all the needs of so many individuals? Perhaps not. But we know that there are speakers who can do very nearly this, because once in an age such a one has come to us. It is hard to characterize him, it is difficult to analyze him. There are, however, one or two qualities which, no matter how they are disputed, are essential. First, he does not base his appeal on the fact that we are college girls. Being such is simply an act of circumstance—as we are Americans. He goes below the surface. Since we are at an age, most of us, of introspection, he deals with problems, or what we call problems, which we think are personal, and which are yet universal. And by another step he endeavors to draw us away from ourselves to a broader relationship with the community. Not only our especial community, but the community of the whole world. Aside from the matter of his address, he must impress us with his sincerity. He must not assume that we are inaccessible, and that he must use certain special methods of approach, but rather that we acknowledge a desire to understand what he has to say. Whether we accept it or not is a matter of our own tastes and intellectual judgment. After all, while as a body we may be possessed of fearful and peculiar attributes, as individuals we are quite average persons. Moreover, there is no time when we are more individualistic and less “collegiate” than at Vespers.

We need good Vesper services. We need good speakers. The chief appeal of Vespers as it is, is that one day in the week we wish to experience the change of atmosphere which it affords. One day, at least, we would emphasize our identity as individuals among a world of individuals rather than as a collective entity called a college. We need the stimulus of an outsider's point of view; we need to be reminded that we are only one among many, that, if we are unique, we should consider it a fault, not a virtue. We need, above all, to remember that life does not begin, go on, and end in college.

Midnight Wind

FRANCES CURRAN

A quiet broods along the walks,
And darkness listens in the air.
When, of a sudden—Crack! Bang! Rip!
Sweeps with a piercing whistle through the town
The wind, cracking his ghostly knuckles on the panes,
Running amuck throughout the alley-ways.
Somewhere, Something, long dead,
Laughs out an evil laugh, and blood hounds bay.
The good folks cover up, and say a prayer.

Some viking god walks free of graves to-night,
And whips his ghoul-dogs on, in maddened chase.
What, think you, do they track across the roof?
Can they crave blood,
Those devil-dogs, damp from forgotten graves?
Hush! Make the sign of the cross!
They're hunting souls.

Hunters' Moon

HELEN GARLINGHOUSE

Oh Hunter's Moon, you're *my* moon,
How can you hurt me so?
How can you whiten slate roofs
And chimneys in a row?

For you alone are pine woods,
To you the birch log sings,
You have no right to whiten
The roofs of merchant kings.

Book Reviews

BRASS: A NOVEL OF MARRIAGE

By Charles G. Morris

(Published by Doubleday Page & Co.)

Why is divorce on the increase in the United States? Is it merely an inevitable manifestation of our post-war unrest and dissatisfaction with the existing order of things? Or is the cause more deeply-seated, and for the existing divorcee who is to blame?

This is the problem that Mr. Norris attempts to solve in "A Novel of Marriage," which is a realistic study of unhappy marriages and their relation to divorce. There are several couples in the book most of them mismated. With the exception of one happily married, "billing and cooing" couple, the characters display varying degrees of meanness, grossness, selfishness and lack of discipline.

True to nature as they undoubtedly are, it is to a human nature less than mediocre that they belong. It is not at all surprising that to these people, impulsive, untrained, and self-indulgent devoid of all sense of responsibility, that "marriage as a fact is nothing like marriage as an ideal." "It glitters, it allures, it shines like gold—but it's no more than brass, raw-cut and ugly, cheap and tawdry, hard-edged and bitter tasting—a sorry substitute that gangrenes the minute it ceases to be new."

The life of Phillip Baldwin, a great hulking brute of a man, forms the thread of the narrative. In recounting it, Mr. Norris essays to illustrate by hideous example that theory of marriage which we feel safe in taking as his own;—that, were escape from the marriage bond more difficult, and forming a new partnership less easy, husbands and wives would strive to make the best of each other.

The book is badly written, economy of words seems unknown to the author and is comparatively easy to lose one's way in the maze of adjectives and adverbs. The phrases are awkward and amateurish, and at times the bony framework of the plot protrudes unpleasantly upon one's consciousness.

Yet, despite these technical inaccuracies, the novel holds one's interest from "cover to cover" and one feels that *Brass* is worthy

of being classed with the most interesting novels of the current year. It is a conscientious study of the problems of marriage and in this connection with one of the most important of our present-day problems, has distinct value.

It is superior to much contemporary fiction in that it promotes honest progressive thought and not morbid introspection.

DULCY

By Mark Connelly

(Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons)

Dulcy was first produced early in 1921 in Indianapolis. The play was immediately successful and has since continued to run in New York—with ever increasing popularity. It is impossible to add to the adjectives that reviewers have already given to *Dulcy*—"enterprising, highly amusing, clever, sparkling," etc., *adinfinitem*. The play is almost without plot—centralizing its interests in character study of types. Dulcy, the lovable, exasperating, platitudinous friend is the heroine in her own opinion as well as in yours. She is brimful of remarkable ideas that drive her husband, a practical business man financially precarious, and Mr. Forbes a practical business man financially safe, into distraction. With her thoughtless, lightheaded attempts to "patch things up" she nearly ruins two families and several young lives. Luckily her platitudes succeed in spite of themselves and we have the proverbial happy ending of comedy. Our own platitudinous ego matches the result of thoughtless words and shrinks into despair—muttering "Even as you and I;" yet at the same time alternately rocks with wild mirth and explosive laughter.

THE WANDERING JEW

By E. Temple Thurston

(Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons)

The four phases of this play are presented in four different periods of Jewish persecution; the first is at the time of Christ's martyrdom in Jerusalem, the second, during the crusades, the third, in the thirteenth century when the feeling against Jews first penetrated to Sicily, and the last, at the time of the inquisition in Spain. Such a diversity of settings gives ample opportunity for brilliant and picturesque pageantry of color and action. But the wide transitions from country to country, and from century to century, make the scenes rather brief;

before we can get interested in any of the characters save the central one, their parts are played, and our interests transferred to a new epoch and a new group of characters. The development of the character of Matathias, the Wandering Jew, is interesting and well sustained, for his adventure in each phase determines the trend of his slowly approaching destiny. From the intolerant, scoffing Jew who spat upon Christ, the licentious mediaeval knight, and the grasping Sicilian, develops finally the godly Spanish doctor, who becomes a victim of the inquisition. Because he is ready to die for his belief in the Christ he once reviled, grace is at last granted him, and he dies, not at the hands of his inquisitors, but by a miracle. It is an evangelical play, faintly reminiscent of *Ben Hur* in its theme and its spectacular settings. The most interesting and well defined scenes are the one laid in the crusader's camp in Syria, and the one in Spain. Notwithstanding the fact that its climaxes, though dramatic, lack the impressiveness that they are meant to achieve, it is a play worth reading, and as we intimate above, even more worth seeing.

THE BRIARY BUSH

By Floyd Dell

(Published by Alfred A. Knopf & Sons)

“Caught hopelessly in the briary bush of human passions,” we again meet Felix Holt, the central character of *Moon calf*, not quite emerged from his calf-hood. Taking up his history from the point where the earlier book left it, this second one shows him trying to make marriage accord with certain ultra-modern theories. The working out of this theory of an almost impossible marital freedom, its effect upon the two most concerned and upon those surrounding them provides the main plot. Closely interwoven with this main thread is a minor one—that of useless, unjustified fears. Felix filled with apprehension, goes to Chicago not because he wants to but because he realizes that it is expected of him. Nevertheless he is utterly determined to face bravely the grim and brutal realities of his adventure which he visualizes as a mixture of gory stock yard and clamorous wheat pit.

The forces which influence the lives of these young people are clearly and sympathetically presented. Felix with his bewildered misunderstanding of life is a pathetic person. But somehow both he and Rose Ann, his wife, seem to lack a certain vigor; one thinks of

them rather as mere bundles of traits than as actual human beings. Like its predecessor, *Mooncalf*, *The Briary Bush* is, in no sense a complete unit. It merely presents a series of chapters from the life of Felix Holt. One finishes it with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, for so many problems are presented and so few are solved.

Exchanges

The November number of *The Yale Literary Magazine* offers an interesting interpretation of the Dilettante. He is one of those people whose idleness keeps others busy commenting upon it. "Nights of Waiting," as a story written in college, has unusual cynicism and atmosphere. "Siwash" echoes the tales of Jack London and the romance of all the "frontier" that is left us. The poems "A Threnody," "Of One Who Dies Young," "The Solitude" and the "Quatrain" have caught beauty and expressed it in poetic imagery.

One of the most finished magazines on our exchange comes from the University of Utah. *The University Pen* is artistically balanced. In the character sketch entitled "The Visionary" is a note similar to that struck in the portrait of the "Dilettante." There is a plea for the artistically ornamental in human nature that seems opposed to the cry for our average utilitarianism. The "Aphorisms" are an entertaining feature of the prose element which is always well-written.

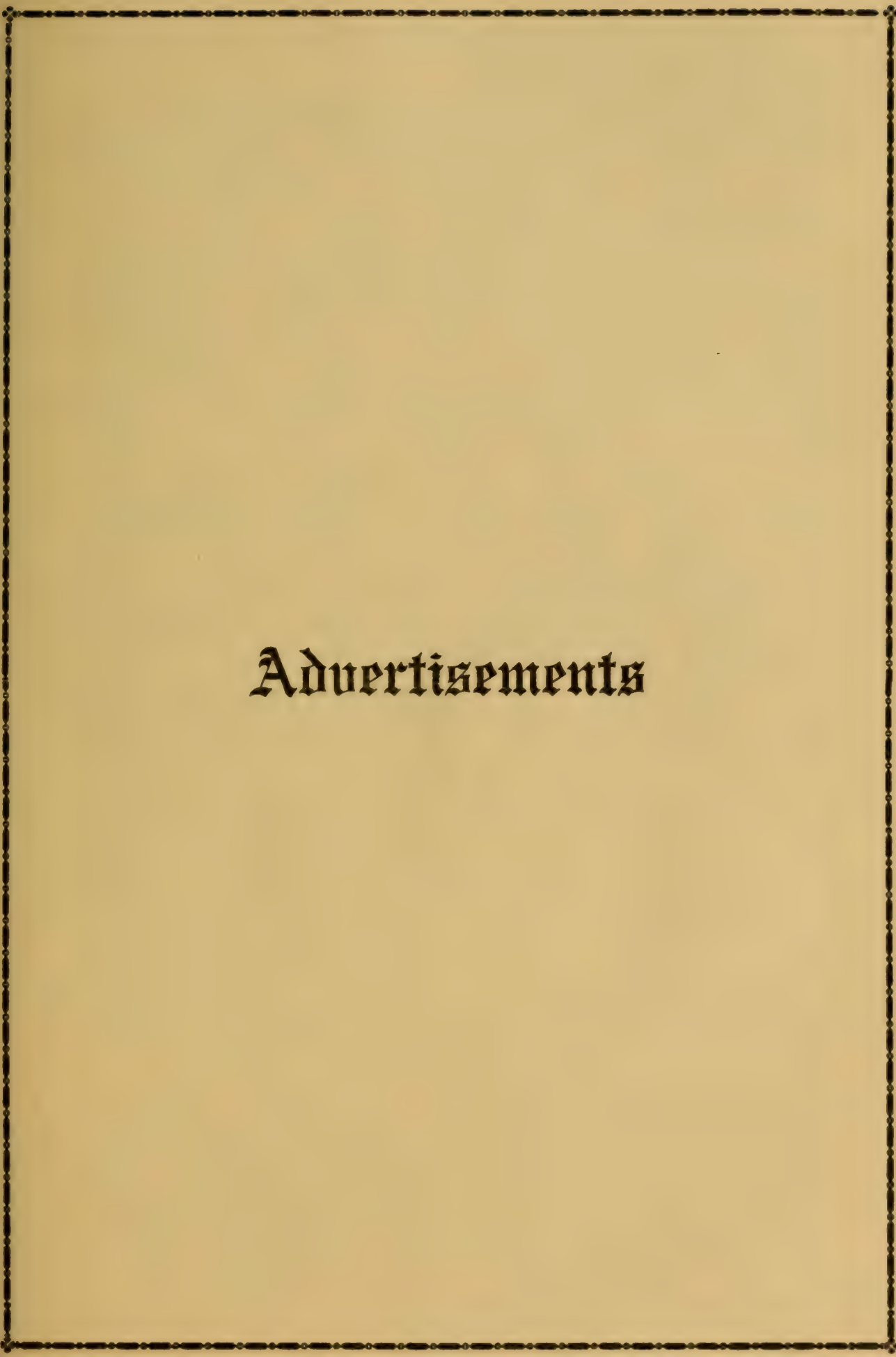
In *The Round Table* from Mt. Holyoke is a story "Vigils," that makes a graceful ending. An undergraduate seldom manages an ending in an artistically mature way, but it is seldom that a story as well-constructed as "Vigil" is written by a college student. "Our Literary Middle Wests" shows penetration and thought. The poem "Attainment" is of "the stuff which dreams are on."

The best of *The Lantern* from Bryn Mawr are the two criticisms, "Back to Methusaleh" and "The Complete Egoist." They only come up to the standard expected of Bryn Mawr. "Horatius at the Bridge" is a better story than its title suggests. "The Old Wharf" has a delightful subject for a poem.

The Michigan Chimes published by the University of Michigan is a generous, thriving exponent of the literary interest of the student body. It is divided into departments in a businesslike way. Few college magazines can boast of such an article as "Robert Frost and the Career of a Poet." The political interest is refreshing.

From the University of Wisconsin comes *The Wisconsin Literary*, a magazine whose form suggests it should contain more reading matter. "Thirty Years Old," "Fond Obsession," and "Conciliator" are three delightful types of writing.

*The editorial in the December issue was written by Margaret Tildsley, the one in this issue by Eleanor Chilton.

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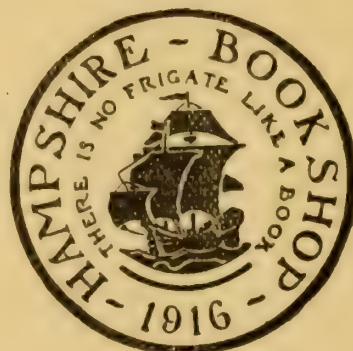
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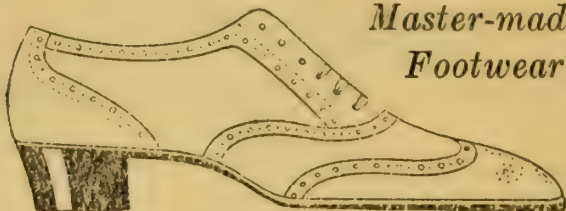
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THE SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



FEBRUARY
Nineteen Twenty-Two

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		131
A STUDY OF WALTER DE LA MARE	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	133
THE BENEFICIARY	<i>Dorothy Crydenwise, 1922</i>	138
TO ONE IN BEDLAM	<i>Annie Walsh, 1922</i>	146
THE OLD DUTCH DOOR	<i>Cecile Phillips, 1925</i>	148
A SONNET	<i>Harriet Pope, 1924</i>	148
THE MAKERS OF SONG	<i>Elizabeth McGoodwin, 1923</i>	149
OCEAN MISTS	<i>Dorothy Derby, 1923</i>	156
A GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY	<i>Anne Axtell, 1922</i>	157
SMOKE	<i>Helen Harvey, 1922</i>	158
DE FESSIS REBUS	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	159
NOCTURNE	<i>Sylvia Clarke, 1924</i>	160
OVERHEARD IN A PAIL OF WATER	<i>Margaret Storrs, 1922</i>	161
PORTRAIT OF SELF	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	162
A SUMMER BATH	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	163
PERSONALITY OF THOUGHTS	<i>Louise Guyol, 1923</i>	166
ON ASKING QUESTIONS	<i>Eleanor Gilchrist, 1925</i>	168
THE SCULLERY MAID	<i>Patricia Brown, 1923</i>	169
BOOK REVIEWS		170
EXCHANGES		173

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

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FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 3

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Editorial

There is a rather melancholy surprise in store for anyone with a fancy for comparing the Literary-Effort of yester-year, represented in the *Monthly* files of ten or fifteen years ago, with the striking Lack-of-Effort that distinguishes the material handed in at the present time. Writers and readers then were apparently not shy of weighty subjects involving more information than the undergraduate of to-day is able to summon from her elementary mind. We have, on the contrary, grown extremely wary of criticizing or writing of subjects on which, as we are repeatedly assured, our knowledge is very incomplete. We rather choose that unassailably authorized source, the personal point of view. This, at least, is home ground. No unforeseen forces can dislodge us in this field, however capricious and whimsical we choose to be. We have thus acquired an astonishing amount of confidence in our own opinions, while those before us were self-

assured only when quoting and collecting from recognized authorities.

By contrast, our present point of view about writing is indolent and desultory. It seems that we are too lazy to look up information about objective matters; we choose a subjective method of self-expression more as a relief to our own moods, than for the sake of interesting or enlightening other people. Even our style is abominably loose and careless, when we compare it with the correct and conscious care bestowed upon the sentence structure of former days. All this, and more, is true; indeed, it seems sadly evident that in the old days, the contributors were far more prolific, the readers far more interested than they are now.

There is, I think, only an explanation, not an expiation, of the change. We attempt less and less to treat of momentous external affairs, whether they are concerned with the world of Philosophy, Art, or Politics, because we are becoming more and more conscious of the inadequacy and ludicrousness of amateur attempts. We are told again and again of the uselessness of incomplete information. We have a dread of being ridiculed for such smatterings of opinions as we are able to volunteer on outside matters. We are quickly discouraged when our half-fledged ideas are decapitated, even as they emerge from the underbrush, by the vast army of facts, as yet uncomprehended, lurking in the shadows of our ignorance. This is not altogether due to false pride. It is natural that we grow discouraged by the realization of the daily-increasing number of references, of experts and specialists, and the number of "sides" to be considered in coping with one single question. We would almost rather agree, with the hero of a recent novel, who "simply had no convictions."

We lack confidence in our ability ever to compass all the elusive points of one of these many-sided matters. Even so, our older sisters lacked the confidence to trace in verse or sketch, a vivid and explicit design of all their personal emotions. It is, perhaps, the ever widening number of diverse sources for information and study, and the equally varying demand upon our energies for vigorous and enthusiastic outlet that cause the "gentle art of writing" to be considered, for the time being, as something more in the nature of a relief to the feelings than as an appreciable effort toward form and objective truth.

A Study of Walter De La Mare

ELEANOR CHILTON

I should be careful about introducing Walter de la Mare as the "poet's poet" of our day, for there are many who might recall struggles with "The Faerie Queene," and decide that Mr. de la Mare is to be bought in five volumes and read in none of them. I can safely say, however, that he is "caviare to the general", and thus I hope that I may lure all discriminating readers to investigate for themselves his claim to a foremost place in the ranks of modern poetry.

His verse is not, as I have said, for everyone. It is not even for every reader of verse, but it is for all poets. And by poets I mean here those who write verse, and children, and any adults who love night-beauty, the music of words, and ghosts and elves from other worlds.

Mr. de la Mare has, in truth, eaten fern-seed. His world is not our world. He sits in dark grottoes and listens to the dancing talk of pixies; he sups with the "Little Folk"; he is truly haunted (that word which titles so many of his poems!) by spirits and voices that we common people seldom meet, except in the shadowy music of his words. Everything he sees has over it a haze of thoughtful melancholy. His dealings with daylight colours are so few that the poems in which they occur stand out in my mind with the vividness of impressions received through the medium of an emotional shock. Who, having read that most poetical of prose fantasies, "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," could ever forget Nod, the little grey monkey, crouching in the mist beside the pool in the woods, pleading with the heartless Water-midden to give back to him gold-shining wonder-stone? The midden, whom the water gods had fashioned "beyond all things beautiful,—and beyond all things sad," clutched the stone in her slim hands, and tossed out over the dark-green water her flame-gold hair. And in response to Nod's pleading, she floated out from the rushes, where she had been singing her odd little water-song of sadness, and after giving him a sly look from under her narrow brows, she turned from him her stooping shoulders "as clear and pale as ivory," her pale face, and her curled scarlet mouth. "There was a sudden pale and golden swirl of water. A light as of amber floated an

instant on the dark, gliding clearness of the torrent. . . . The Water-midden was gone" and Nod was alone with the dark water, and the black, overhanging dragon-tree.

In the poems the characteristic somberness of color, and the same etching, again and again, with black lines and grey shadows, is even more noticeable than it is in the prose, probably because the diction of verse is necessarily the more concentrated. Fewer words must give to the reader the background and atmosphere of the poems, and Mr. de la Mare's descriptive words are significant in their tireless recurrence. Over and over again we find the words melancholy, forlorn, wan, lone, still, quiet, cool, thin, pale, phantom, drowsy, starlit, silver, grey, black, and chill. In a great many poems the hour of midnight furnishes the keynote. Dark, Silence, Dream, and Sleep he apostrophizes, and summons to give meaning to his twilight moods. The flowers he brings to us are strange night-flowers—bergamot, "dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh," tansy, thyme, asphodel, the "wild briar's spiced leaves," bindweed, darnel thorn, "lean-stalked, purple lavender," and bitter rue. Or, if he mentions the more happily-associated of our flowers, he does not show them to us under the blaze of a daytime sky, but usually "palely burning through the night."

I believe that to de la Mare an empty, lonely, old house is the most romantic and truly exciting thing in the world. If one were to be ultra-modern one might even say that he has a "deserted house complex." Certainly the dim outline of mysterious dwelling-places recurs again and again in his poems. Even when the house itself is not the apparent aim of the poem, as in "The Dwelling-Place" (which was named "Alas!"), "The Dark Chateau," and "The Old House," it is often used as a looming and significant means of impressing us with the abstract. For instance, in his most famous poem, "The Listeners," it is the utter isolation and loneliness of the house which conveys to the mind of the traveller the sense that "a host of phantom listeners" are "thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair." And in the innumerable poems of which "Mistletoe," "The Window," "Some One," "The Suicide," and "The Son of Melancholy," are representative, there is the intense feeling of one person alone in a house—a sensitive person, in a dark house which is quiet with unseen watchers and unheard listeners. Mr. de la Mare seems unable to get away from what he once called

an "evening house," with its ghostly inhabitants. Nor do we want him to do so. For some unknown reason (which we must call genius, I suppose) we do not tire of these forbidding houses, surrounded by melancholy flowers, and peopled by spirits, or by such living things as de la Mare finds becoming to the setting—the black-birds, throstles, linnets, starlings, kestrels, and "inky rooks"; the "bat and mole and leveret, the owl and newt and nightjar," and the "mute and eyeless worm."

Whenever de la Mare saunters out from his house,

"A lone house filled
With the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall,"

he has strange and marvellous adventures:

"In the woods as I did walk,
Dappled with the moon's beam,
I did with a stranger talk,
And his name was Dream."

or:

"I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lonely face."

And once he had a moment of realization, in that odd, magical mental life of his, which he reveals to us in what seems to me to be as "absolute" as any poetry the critics ever have fought about:

"I heard a horseman
Ride over the hill;
The moon shone clear,
The night was still;
His helm was silver,
And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
Was of ivory."

I have not yet spoken of Mr. de la Mare's humorous understanding of people. The comic spirit is in him, for all the "sad joy in his eyes," and for all his preoccupation with the bewitched, the haunted, and the mad. He has, also, the power of summing up personalities in a few words. Take, for instance, the justly famous lines about Miss T.:

"It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T."

In the same gently-smiling way he has immortalized Miss Loo, who would seem to "ask nothing else if she has you," an old tailor, the "poor old widow in her weeds" ("all she has is all she needs") and "Poor 'Miss 7'":

"Lone and alone she lies,
Poor 'Miss 7',
Five steep flights from earth,
And one from heaven."

In "Peacock Pye", a collection of children's verse in which nonsense and the sixth sense of an artist are exquisitely blended, his humour smiles slyly out from every corner. We see Old Jim Jay, who was unfortunate enough to "get stuck fast in yesterday"; Poor Tired Tim (it was "sad for him" because he was always so tired with nothing to do); and Old Tillie Turveycombe, who is one of the tragic figures in history. She carelessly allowed some fern-seed to slip down her "gull-e-t", and instantly was "gone in a trice", to spend the rest of time, arrayed in the dignity of hoop skirts and tight neck-curls, floating on the wind, a-moaning and sick for home. In "Motley", however, his humour assumes the smile with which one should always breast the tragedies of life. A fool talks to Death, Pity, and Love about war, which he understands but slightly. Whenever the sights he describes become too ghastly, he jingles his bells. The result is one of the strongest of all the war poems.

The most uncanny of Mr. de la Mare's gifts, however, is his Midas touch of technique. His music is, to my mind, the most unerring of any which is being written today. He has Swinburne's trick of making lines which the reader feels until the very last will not come out on the beat. They always do, of course, and the sense of triumph on the part of the reader is one of the incidental pleasures in reading verse of this sort. De la Mare has, too, the ballad tricks of inversion, of question-sentences, and of dialogue. He uses the scorned negative statement, of which Keats was a master, and he is never afraid of emphasizing the stilted auxiliary with a verb if by so doing he may aid his metre and not mar his effect. He has a habit of crowding lines, and following them by emptier verses in which every syllable gets an emphatic stress, as in these two lines from "The Listeners":

"And he smote upon the door yet again a second time—
'Is there anybody there?' he said."

In both these lines there are three beats, yet in the first line we have

a hurried, nervous movement, and in the second the beats fall heavily, and with a sound of slow finality. The most remarkable verse of this sort which he has done, however, is the "Finis" poem to "Peacock Pye." Here he allows a one-syllable word to fill seven beats of verse. The word is "rest," and the obvious way in which to read the lines is to imitate the drawn-out sound the wind would make in saying the word. These are the lines:

"No bird above that steep of time
Sang of a livelong quest.
No wind breathed
'Rest.' "

Another technical innovation of de la Mare's is his nonchalant manufacturing of words when and where he wills. In "The Isle of Lone," he describes dwarfs who have "humpity, dumpity backs". He says elsewhere that the moon "was thridding the boughs". A badly-behaved fairy of his acquaintance is shown to us "mimbling-mambling". "A lady" he knows is "lissom and jimp and slim". He has seen pigs "come chuffling" into an acorn grove. He casually says "four save one" where I should say "three", and he says "back to he" if the rhyme demands it, and "eftsoons he took them twain" if the atmosphere of the poem is other-worldly enough to permit it.

There is something very quietly brave in Mr. de la Mare's attitude toward poetry. He is a sensitive, rather melancholy, always whimsical man, writing in an age when bravado is at a premium. In the face of Psychoanalysis he indulges fancies which to the scientific mind would appear extremely morbid. In the turmoil of automobiles and clanging street-cars, he drops a casual reference to horses with "soundless hoofs". In the midst of the War for New Words, waged by the vers librists, de la Mare tenderly cradles his "poetical diction". He uses the word "dream" in almost half of his poems, and "silver" in even more. He is never afraid to say that he has heard a nightingale singing in a moonlit rose-garden. He is perfectly willing to put them in a poem, nightingale, roses, silver moon, and all, and (horror of horrors to the modern!) he will even name it "Nocturne" if he so chooses.

The significance of all this, however, lies not in his fearlessness, but in the inexplicable magic which makes almost everything he writes a rare emotional experience for the reader. He is a reminder to all of us that rules of poetry are only made to prove the genius of the man who, in breaking them, charms rather than shocks us.

The Beneficiary

DOROTHY CRYDENWISE

Preacher Sampson became more and more eloquent in his recital of the needs and sufferings of the famine victims. His congregation listened, their interest increasing in proportion to the preacher's increase in vigor and force. Captain Pease in the Pease family pew, well toward the front of the church, chewed the end of his mustache and twirled the dog's tooth charm on the end of his watch chain with growing speed. So absorbed was he in the minister's words that he completely ignored the capers of a particularly large blue-bottle fly on the shiny expanse of his bald spot. Captain Sol was indeed impressed.

Captain Sol's wife,—she was always known as Captain Sol's wife, never as Mrs. Pease,—a little sparrow-like creature in a huge black bonnet, was perched alertly on the edge of her pew. Her eyes followed the preacher's every move as she tied and untied her little wisp of a handkerchief in jerky fashion. Fans stopped rustling, the children ceased their tatoo on the pew backs for whole minutes at a time, and even Lily Chryst forgot to make eyes at Bobby Beadle over in the far corner of the church.

"Brotheren and Sisteren!" Preacher Sampson's voice swelled to such volume that he became almost purple in the face. "How happy are we in Duck's Cove! We all have enough to eat and a good roof over our heads and we get along together tolerable well, too. Now look at our neighbors over there in Chiny. Why, they don't get one square meal a day. They're dyin', Brotheren and Sisteren, dyin' just like flies, and they'll die more and more unless we help 'em out. Don't let's have other folks get ahead of us on this here relief work. Put the Cove on the map!

"Now there's some here," Sampson's voice dropped to an almost confidential tone, "some, I say, that can pay lots more than others." Fiercely he glowered around the church. "Can't take it with you when you die, so why not throw a little of it around while you can. I'm going to make a call on every soul in this Cove in the next two days and I want you to be generous. Don't be tightwads."

Instinctively every eye was turned toward the farther corner of the little meeting house to a pew where sat a little old woman dressed all in black, her head bowed, her hands folded in her lap. If she had heard the last remark she made no sign, for she remained motionless, and her face was hidden by a wide-brimmed floppy bonnet.

"Generosity, friends," added Preacher Sampson as a parting shot, "spelled with a capital 'G.' You all know what the Bible says about giving Caesar his and God his? I say, Friends, lay your treasures up somewheres but in your sea-chests and you'll get a lot more satisfaction. Now let us all rise and sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The service was over. The Ladies' Aid stopped a minute in the back of the Church to make plans for an ice cream social and the next tying of the quilt. The Sunday School marched up front and began its monotonous droning out of the Catechism. Most of the men strolled over to Jim Edward's feed store porch to talk over the weather and gossip until their wives should have prepared the Sunday dinner.

The little figure in black walked quickly out of the church and took the winding path out toward the big dune. The sharp wind whipped her full skirts about her and blew the floppy hat over one eye, but she kept on with her quick pace. The men on the feed store porch stopped talking as she passed. Jim Tucker shifted his quid and looked after her retreating figure.

"Now there's an old tight-wad for you," he remarked. "What's she done with all the money what her pirate brother stole from other people? I'll be ding-busted if I know."

"How long's she shut herself up that way?" inquired Captain Cubley. He was a comparatively new comer to the Cove, (having but recently returned to the ancestral hearth after thirty years of sailing in "furrin waters.")

"Well, nigh on twenty year now," Jim replied. "She was a right handsome girl too, until they brought the Captain home. Ain't you never heard the story?" Captain Cubley shook his head.

"Well, I guess there's no reason why you should. We're all so used to her now that we jest never think anything about it. Stories get sort of stale after twenty years or so." Jim was in his element. Here was someone who didn't know about Old Maid Sanderson. He

settled himself more comfortably on a pile of feed bags and launched forth on his favorite yarn.

“Don’t know much about them Sandersons’’, he began. “Guess nobody knows much of anything about them. It was jest twenty-five years ago that Peter Sanderson, Captain Pete he was called, arrived one fine day in the Cove with his young sister. They had come to live here, and they settled over there by the dune in the house old Fisherman Peet used to have. Mary was an awful pretty girl, and we fellows, well, we warn’t married then, and she was mighty popular. Pete, there, was some older than her and he thought she was jest right, I guess. Used to go away on long voyages and when he come back she had the nicest silks for dresses and all the little jim-cracks women-folks hanker after. Pete didn’t often go away from the Cove but when he did they was wonderful long trips he took. Most always he was as close-mouthed as a clam about them too. Then all at once, Mary didn’t hear from him. Nigh on six weeks after, they found him lyin’ on the beach one morning and he was jest as dead as a door nail. Over one cheek there was a tiny black cross. Some says he was shot, and other folks says he was stabbed, but that cross was the only thing we know. It was after the burying that things started up again. Mary was beginning to settle down when one mornin’ three men came to the Cove. They begun askin’ around for Captain Pete Sanderson’s house. Well, to make a long story short, they was coast officials and they was come to arrest Captain Pete. Said he was a pirate and all that, and they was to take him to port. Said he had been pirating up and down these shores for quite a spell and had had powerful good luck.

“Well, Mary was pretty nigh cut up about it. Some says she was engaged to Rodney Ford up to the Lake. Nobody knows exactly but it don’t make no difference, for the day after, Rodney left town and he’s never come back. Mary shut herself up in that little house of hers after that, and to this day, I don’t think there’s two people can say they have been in there. It’s shut up jest as tight as a drum, and folks never see her except when she comes down to the store and to church. And such a tight-wad! Must have a pile of money now, and do you think she would give any of it to the Church? Five cents a Sunday she puts regular on the plate. Five measly little cents. My wife used to try and go over and visit with her, but it never done no good. Mary never went to open the door. After awhile folks got

tired and the last twenty years she has been footin' it pretty much alone. Terrible bad too. She was nigh the prettiest girl here." Jim's recital was cut short by the shrill calling of Mrs. Jim from a nearby back porch that dinner was ready, and one by one the men dispersed. Sunday dinners in the Cove were not things to be scorned. Mary Sanderson was entirely forgotten.

Meanwhile Old Maid Sanderson was turning down the path toward the big dune. She went more slowly now, for the sand was deep and hot and she was tired. Cove people called her homely and yet as she drew near the house and the sea and rocks along the shore she looked noticeably happy. She had taken off the black bonnet now. When she went to the Cove it always accompanied her. Old Maid Sanderson in the outside world shielded herself behind that screen. Few people would have known her without it.

The wind-worn tottering cottage which Old Maid Sanderson called her home stood out in sharp outline against the great grey-brown dune. In front of it stood a vast stretch of scraggly piles and towers of rocks, and beyond, the sea raging and roaring, pounding the salt spray high up in the air. At one side of the building stood a sort of dwarfish pine, its branches, what there were left, spread out in a protecting manner.

Old Maid Sanderson unlocked the door and entered, closed the door and re-locked it, and returned the key to her pocket. The room which she entered was low-ceilinged and dark. There was a rag rug on the floor, a table or two and a few chairs. Over in one corner was a low, battered chest and, in another, quite out of keeping with the rest of the room, a large old-fashioned grandfather clock, not a thin worn out old thing, as might have been expected, but one of beautiful shining mahogany with gleaming brass knobs and a grinning, kindly face which, Old Maid Sanderson used to think, winked at her in a most confidential manner. With its low gentle tick-tock it was altogether a most comfortable and companionable sort of thing to have about one. Indeed it was a companion, for Mary spent hours each week rubbing, oiling and polishing the various parts of its anatomy. As the years went by she had become accustomed to talking to it and telling it little secrets. She could confide in "Paul," as she so fondly called it, and be quite sure that it would never betray her confidence.

Now as she entered the room, her eyes went straight to Paul.

“Why, Paul,” she exclaimed, “you’ve gone and stopped!” With skillful hands she opened the case and pulled the weights up and down once or twice. She tapped it and even shook it ever so gently, encouraging it with a soft word or two. Paul, however, would not go. He stood there smiling as complacently as ever but he was apparently a stubborn old thing.

After several hours of tinkering, Old Maid Sanderson sank down on the battered old chest and buried her face in her hands. “What shall I do? What shall I do?” she said over and over to herself. “Now even you have gone, Paul, life just ain’t worth livin’ any more. What’s there to live for?”

The monotonous roar of the surf was broken by the sound of carriage wheels. Old Maid Sanderson, peeping from behind the blind, saw as she expected, the long legs and gaunt figure of Preacher Sampson just getting out of a dilapidated old buggy. A moment later, having tied his horse to the pine, he came and knocked at the door. Old Maid Sanderson’s first thought was to sit where she was and let the Preacher go on his way. She got up, however, slowly and hesitatingly, and unlocked the door. Preacher Sampson was indeed surprised; he had not expected so easy an entrance.

“Good afternoon to you, Miss Sanderson,” he rumbled pleasantly, “and may I come in for a little talk?” Miss Mary stood by to let him pass. The Preacher took in the bareness of the room with some surprise. The Cove people had told him the Old Maid’s story and he had half expected to see furniture of gold and fine silk rugs, treasure-spoils of the late departed Captain. He had expected a chilly welcome too. Old Maid Sanderson was cordiality itself.

The Preacher wasted no time. He got down to business at once and departed half an hour later, satisfaction written over his entire countenance. The old “tight-wad” had promised to give to the Famine Fund and he, Preacher Sampson, had turned the trick. He had spoken his mind fully, he was quite sure of that. Mentally he patted himself on the back as he gave Adolphus a gentle flick of the whip and turned down the dune road.

Miss Mary re-locked the door and resumed her seat on the old sea chest. It had come, the thing she had been dreading for so long. Now, everything was going to be found out. She would have to go to the Preacher in the morning and tell him the truth which she had not

had the courage to tell him when he called, that she hadn't any money and hadn't had for the last twenty years.

"I won't tell, I can't," she mumbled over and over again. "They shall know only after I'm dead and in my box. It's bad enough to have had a pirate brother without everyone's knowing that you're a pauper." Old Maid Sanderson had guarded her secret and only she and Paul knew that Captain Pete had taken all the money from the old chest when he departed on his last voyage. Puzzling out the matter, as she had done many times during all those years, Mary had decided that the pirate had paid someone well for keeping his secret. What little he had left of jewels and silks had gone soon after his death to pay for his burial. The Cove had called her eccentric and stingy when she came to Church in her old silk and her floppy bonnet. She had had no other. Thinking it all over, Old Maid Sanderson wondered how she had lived at all, but somehow she had managed it and secretly too. Something in that hardy proud old sea nature of hers had shrunk from the further disgrace of pauperism.

"What shall I do?" she said over once or twice. Her answer came directly from her old friend Paul, who without warning resumed his regular ticking. He seemed, so Miss Sanderson thought, to be saying, "Try me, Try me." Miss Mary looked at him sadly for a moment and then went over to the corner. "Well, Paul," she whispered, "I guess it's best that way. You'll have to go along with the rest of them. It won't be long, perhaps, that I'll be needin' you anyway, and we don't want to be called paupers, do we, Paul?"

"No Sir, No Sir," said Paul with an air of finality. Old Maid Sanderson leaned against Paul's mahogany side and wept bitterly.

Jim Ferris, pulling up in front of the General Store the following morning, saw with surprise that Old Maid Sanderson was waiting for him. In her hand she clutched an old-fashioned satchel. She wore the same black bonnet and dress, but there was an air of excitement about her. Faces came to the windows to take a look. Old Maid Sanderson was going to Portland. Such a thing had not happened in twenty years, but no one dared ask her why she was going or when she would return. People found it difficult even to say "good-morning." Some supposed that she was going to take her accumulated gold to the bank, others that perhaps she was going to buy a new dress. Mrs. Jim Purl ran over to see Mrs. Ford about it; Captain

Sol ambled over to the Post Office to see if perchance Miss Snow knew anything about it; and the stage rattled out of a very much aroused Cove and took the winding coast road to the city. Miss Sanderson was its only passenger and she proved to be an extremely reticent one, as Jim found out. The stage driver had never seen "The Old Maid" as near as this before, but after the first mile or so, when, in spite of his pleasantries, the Old Maid still remained as uncommunicative as ever in regard to her errand to the city, Jim concluded that she was "pretty plumb queer" after all and not only tight with her money but with her news as well.

Upon arriving in Portland, Old Maid Sanderson found herself somewhat dazed and confused by the bustle and rustle of the city. Utterly bewildered, she watched a large yellow trolley car dash by. When she thought of crossing the street she became panic stricken. "I'll jest run into this store," she thought to herself, "and jest perhaps they can set me right," and hesitatingly she started up the walk.

Pat O'Hara, Todd's handy man, perched on the top of a ladder, delicately polishing the plate glass show window, suddenly stopped operations for, as he later told his wife, "There coming right toward me was the funniest little ould woman oi did iver see. and when she got under me ladder, she said, 'And kin you tell me the way to Mrs. Black's', koind of hesitating like."

" 'Sure,' said Oi, 'and Mrs. Black keeps the bakery down our street.' "

" 'No,' says she, shaking her old bonnet, 'this Mrs. Black was a summer boarder down to the Cove once and she towld me she'd give me two hundred dollars for a clock of mine.' "

" 'Oh,' says Oi, 'that must be Mrs. Black, the swell Mrs. Black on the avenue,' and thin she pull a card out of her pocket and sure enough there was Mrs. Black's name all printed out on it as plain as day. Well thin Oi pretty near tumbled off me ladder, but Oi tould her as best Oi could where to git to and off she trotted. And now Oi'm asking you, what in the divil would an old bird like her be wanting of a clock loike that. Thim Cove people sure are queer.' "

Jim Ferris's stage returned that evening passengerless, and Jim as he rushed into the Post Office seemed greatly perturbed. "Lord sakes and do you know what's happened to Old Maid Sanderson?" He was at once surrounded by a large group of Post Office loungers.

"By Gum, she's been run over by an autermobile and lies at the pint of death, at the pint of death, I say, at the horspital. She's pretty much all broke up too." The loungers scattered to give the news to the rest of the Cove, and inside of five minutes everyone knew that Old Maid Sanderson was dying, and in a "horspital" too. People who had never so much as noticed her in the last ten years held up their hands and said, "How terrible." The accident was the talk of every supper table that evening.

"She won't die," was Captain Pease's comment, "for in the first place she's too tough, and how could she tug her money along." Preacher Sampson did not join in the general laughter which followed this remark for that would have been out of keeping with his position in the community, but the following morning saw him starting for the city and the "horspital". Contrary to predictions, however, the Old Maid had died early in the morning without regaining consciousness.

Visitors to the Cove will tell you of a deserted ramshackle cottage standing alone at the edge of the great dune and of its history which is one of Jim Tucker's favorite yarns.

"And, will you believe," he always ends, "not a thing did she ever give to the Fund, not one gol darn cent for Chiny. We couldn't ever find any money either. Her purse when they found her was empty and there was a dollar bill tied up in her stockin'. I low she must have buried a heap of money, but we dug all round her house there and in the dune, and all we ever got was a lung full of sand for our trouble.

"Well we had to bury her all ourselves out there by the dune. See that cross thar? Preacher Sampson thought it wouldn't be christian to leave a grave unmarked."

"And say, do you know what Mrs. Black did? She was a summer boarder here once. When she heard we was auctionin' off the Old Maid's furniture, she comes down and gets the clock for fifty dollars. Then she says that she ought t' of payed more for the thing so she goes and gives another fifty for our Chiny Fund. Mrs. Black sure is a generous woman. She jest put the Cove right on the map."

To One In Bedlam

ANNE WALSH

That faculty of expectancy, the hope that just around the corner of the years there is something waiting to happen to you—is not it at once the most pathetic and the most necessary quality in human nature? You find it in children and fools, notoriously the happiest classes of men. The question is whether Dawson was not right when he wrote:

“Better than mortal flowers
Thy moon-kissed roses seem: better than love or sleep,
The star-crowned solitude of thine oblivious hours.”

It seems to you “pathetic,” this self-delusion because it is so “untrue to life.” You smile in pity when you meet a man or a woman of mature years who still has visions, still has dreams of a future different from the past, more entrancing, more satisfying. It causes you a pang, you wince a little, prefiguring the blow of disappointment. But need you? Is the pang not rather because the illusion which seems no illusion to the dreamer is not more widely believed, than because it is believed so much?

You remember the boy who grew up wanting to be a pirate, who is now teaching mathematics in the Middle West; you remember the clerk in Richard Le Gallienne’s poem who wanted to sail the seas:

“He used to read the yellow penny dreadfuls,
And watch them where they fished for conger-eels.
But they caught him and they caged him—
So he’s lotting up accounts and going gray.”

You think of the little shop-girl gazing wistfully out over the roofs of the city, envisioning the Prince Charming who will come for her some day; and marrying a petty clerk who promises her a limousine—when she is old. And it hurts the more. You think of your own romanticizing, and the poor objects upon which it feeds itself . . .

It is rather funny, and rather painful—remembering the stories you used to weave about yourself. But is that really the source of the pain? You begin to be happy when you cease to dream, and look with critical eyes upon life. Perhaps half the game is in the

fact that it, in a way, disappoints your anticipation of it. You have the fun of forming ideals and of seeing how nearly you can hit upon the truth—or escape it.

But if you were to become insane, you might be ineffably happy, and yet the very condition which insured your joy would be destructive of any intelligent appreciation of it. You think—If only myself were to become insane, while the “I” could step out from its new milieu and look on—a spectator to its own destiny. To lose only partially the grip on reality would be the tragedy—and perhaps is the tragedy in the case of those people who pity others their illusions, having lost their own. And yet—there is the other dilemma if you sought your happiness in being completely insane!

When you are young—being so thoroughly mature myself, I can look upon adolescence analytically—you are happy, not only because you are still expectant of that adventure just around the corner, that miracle in your “Doll’s House” but because you do not realize that what there is of romance in the world is slow in happening, that a love story takes a year to unfold and that its emotion pulsates only now and then above the level of boredom, and that tragedies, which you think necessary to a well-developed life, are never completely told even when *Finis* is written across the grave. It is the loss of this ignorance which creates havoc among your fondest hopes. When you discover that life is not even miserable, only dull, then you are in a bad way indeed.

It appears that any existence is fascinating to you except your own. The poor relative of a Bourbon prince who enters a convent because she is thirty-five and unmarried might make a very good novel—at least of the latter-day sort—but to herself she must appear to have lived a very uneventful life. There she may enact a drama of the spirit, as infinite in its scope as the drama of fact is limited. Perhaps you think that she is pathetic too because she renounces what she never possessed. You run over a long list—your artistic acquaintance who is “hipped on Freud,” who thinks that only family considerations prevent her living the life of a demi-mondaine. She might be less happy if she penetrated to the real cause—circumstances which refuse her the opportunity and an innate respectability which would prevent her taking advantage of it, anyway. She is neither pitiful nor futile—though she may be amusing.

The futile thing is to be writing about her and her dreams, about

anyone and his dreams. "We are all like poor Emma Bovary," a Princeton professor wrote, "only we are not so sensual." Probably we are bitter and certainly it would be unfortunate if we were not basically fond of deluding ourselves with our own interpretation of experiences. The experience of a Flaubert may be equally false—or true.

A Sonnet

HARRIETTE POPE

Out of my life I'd make a bit of art:
Not as the painter, choosing as he will
His richest colors, turns with restless skill
To canvas, some new vision to impart;
But, like the shut-in weaver would I start,
Taking the colors as they came, to fill
My pattern, knowing none too dull, if still
My beauty of design did not depart.
So, when I'd finished and had left it here
For those to judge who'd long forgotten me,
They'd stand, impartial critics, and would say,
"A work of art, as lovely as sincere.
The colors, dull and heavy though some be,
Are blended with such skill that all seem gay."

The Old Dutch Door

CECILE PHILLIPS

Swing, my heart, on the old Dutch door.
See only the sky and its gauzy clouds,
And smell the sweet of the daffodils,
And hear the stinging click of locusts.
Throb on for that blue sky. . .

Oh swing, my heart, but you've grown so tall;
See over the garden, beyond the lawn
And into the cool white mist-wreathed swamp.
Sigh for the leaning willow tree,
And yearn for the height of yon blurred mountain.
But hist, tall heart, you have lost the sky!

The Makers of Song

ELSBETH McGOODWIN

“And what may the matter be?”

Well might she be asking! A sympathetic listener was all Peter needed to set his tongue wagging. That he was very young and despondent could be seen at a glance. A little friendliness, a well-chosen question or two, and the whole story was out.

It was just this way then. The only girl in the world Peter ever had loved or ever could love, had just had the cruelty to say ‘no’. Wasn’t that enough to make any one take thought and look a bit gloomy—his whole life ruined? Peter would leave it to the Stranger.

Well then, it was hard enough a bright spring morning like this. But after a bit of a lunch, perhaps, things might not be looking so bad.

Eh, it was not food Peter was wanting. He doubted whether he would ever eat again. Oh it was a sad business! And mark you, his was not a life to be thrown lightly away. His absence would not go unnoticed . . .

It was easy to see from the look of him that it would not.

A rare sensible woman was the Stranger. *She* recognized the true worth of Peter at a glance. Oh that the young might have the sense of the old! *She* now did not look like one that would ever have broken a man’s heart for a bit of a whim.

More well-chosen questions, soft sympathetic murmurs, and all the details came out.

It was for little enough that the girl had cast him aside—a mere fancy, but none the less obstinate because of its lightness. ‘Twas come of the books she read, and the artist lad she had lately met. Not so long ago Peter had noticed the change in her—an irritation at him for what cause he could not say. Then talk which he didn’t understand. The artist no doubt had put some of the notions into her head—an incomprehensible fool of a fellow, but not one to be seriously alarmed about for all his soft ways. No money ever jingled in his pockets, and Kathleen was not one to lose her heart where her head did not approve the pocket book. But this bluster about a mission in life—about not drifting along on a comfortable competence, but giving something to the world—making a place for

herself. *That* was the way Kathleen talked. As if a man who ranked as well as any of your country lords, and could support a wife in the best of style even if he never did a stroke of work, had not a place! What is life for, if not to enjoy? And as for fame, it was a foolish thing to strive for—right enough for those fellows who could turn out a poem or a picture with no effort at all, and revel in the doing of it; but it was not a thing given to everybody. Girls were fools. They talked as if one had only to desire to create something beautiful, and behold it was made. Peter now could never write or paint, not if he lived a thousand years. And why should he bother his head about such things? And why should not Kathleen be content with him as he was? He was not boasting, but there were plenty that would be! Oh! he was mightily indignant, was Peter. A nice, agreeable young man with ten thousand pounds a year (and several relatives still to die, and he the only heir) was not to be thrown away in Ireland every day. But as it was . . . Peter shrugged. A good day now, and a thank you kindly for listening.

Ho! but wait a minute, not so fast. Perhaps there was some help for his case. A talent for painting, or making poems he had said? Why that might be easily managed. Peter needn't look so surprised. Was not this Ireland, and were there not still fairies? Well then, he had but to say the word. Oh, it was all very well to think that peasants were the only ones who believed such nonsense. She did not doubt that he believed much sillier things. And as to whether she was a fairy or not, she'd leave that to Peter to say. Tarry a little, and she'd soon show him. There was a young man now, not so far away, a maker of songs—a peasant, but not to be despised for all that. His talent transferred to a proper background, Peter. for instance, and the Fairy could not say that it might not prove to be a good thing. She might even prophesy that with the golden support of his wealth he would become the lion of the hour . . . England would be calling for him—and the Girl—he'd soon see how she would feel about the matter. He had but to give the word, and presto! a little of that too abundant common sense of his should be given in exchange for the making of poems with no hurt to either peasant or lord, and life a deal pleasanter for both.

Well, there was no harm in trying. Not that Peter believed at all; the Stranger was having a little fun at his expense—a poor return for the confidence he had given her.

He should see. He had only to consent, and it should be done.

Well, wasn't it rather hard on the peasant, and he not knowing anything about it?

That was as may be. 'Twas small good his poems did him for all they were so fine—poor and unknown as he was. And he had the poetic temperament too! She had forgotten to mention that—a slight drawback to the gift it accompanied . . . But on second thoughts it would add to Peter's fame. And it was in beautiful working order. It would be a kindness to free the peasant from it; grown up as it had among people that would not indulge or respect it, it had gotten more capricious every hour. Humored and cherished it needed to be in the style that Peter could do it. But time was flying. Was Peter ready and willing?

Yes, Peter was ready. Foolishness. . .

A mumbling of words, a wave of the hand, the Stranger vanished, and it was done. Peter a poet—Peter with a temperament that must be humored and indulged. Ho! the world should see . . .

But how was it temperaments worked? Peter thought it might be this itching of his fingers to clutch a pencil, and a certain burning in his whole frame to write the words that seemed to run down his arm like an electric current. And so, it was done. Peter had made a poem with the fine gift the Fairy had given him not five minutes from the time she had left. And knowing nothing about poems he was immensely excited over this one. He surveyed the thing he had written with rapt respect, and then he began to read it aloud very slowly. The grand swing of it enamored him.

"'Twas not an ill-done piece of work," said he, cocking his head wisely.

And he read it again with great expression, stressing all the wrong parts, for he hadn't the ghost of an idea what it meant. The poetic gift and temperament had been given him, but not the least understanding of either!

It was in this second recitation, too, that he made a terrible discovery—not a single line rhymed with any other! Ah, that was what that ill-favored wench of a woman had done! Mocked him after all. Peter had heard of the strength of suggestion. She had only to intimate that she had made him a poet, and straightway like the fool he was, he believed himself one, and wrote a lot of nonsense on the strength of it.

It was an evil world, thought Peter, where one's love was not returned and one was the sport of women.

But way back in his head, during these melancholy reflections, some half forgotten remark of Kathleen's began buzzing.

"And why," she had said very scornfully one day, "could he not do something? 'Twas not so unreasonable she would be—a couple of lines of free verse now and then . . ." Any fool, she had intimated, could write free verse, but it would at least be a creative work, and that was all she wanted of Peter.

"And what might free verse be?" Peter had inquired very humbly.

"Well, it was written this way. Any subject at all would do—the grass for instance—and it mattered not what you said about it, but the form you put it in was everything. The first stanza would go like this:

Long green fields
That fade to grey
Sway down before
The wind . . .

"And then," said Kathleen making three fat little cannon balls after the last line, "it is most important to remember these." Without them the poem would be as nothing. It was those little dots, she gave Peter to understand, wherein the poetry lay.

She continued the poem without more thought than Peter would give to the making of a whistle, and finished it thus:

Sighing and bowing
To its unseen might . . .
Just so does my heart
To the shadows
That fleet across it . . .

And then more little cannon balls.

Seeing the ease with which she did it, Peter had attempted some verse, but Kathleen had been so sarcastic over the result that his creative work, had, for the time being, ended there.

Now however, he considered his creation not such a poor attempt. As a beginning he might have done worse. Rhymed lines would doubtless come in good season, he had only to wait—and in the meantime a rhyming dictionary might help. So Peter looked for the three little cannon balls in *this* poem and finding that the force of his genius had been so great that it had not allowed him to stop to make any, he

sprinkled them in now with a generous hand. Every other line received its triple quota. And with this addition he rendered it to the quiet country road another time.

"Ho, there," said a voice behind him, as he finished. "What may it be that you've got there?"

"Oh, a bit of a poem I've just made," said Peter swelling with pride. "It was reading it I was to see how it would go."

"Ah," sighed the other, coming to sit beside Peter, and surveying him with dreamy eyes, "and I—I was looking for the ending of my poem."

Peter regarded him in surprised silence. It was a queer place to be hunting a poem—on a dusty country road.

"Is it ever in a fever you are to write a poem, and then the very words that a moment before were hurting because you could not put them on paper fast enough, have suddenly flown together with the thought they clothed, and left you desolate?"

"No," said Peter honestly, "it was never so I was affected."

"Then you know only the joys, I take it, of creative work—nothing of the pain when it leaves you void?" questioned the other in a melancholy manner.

Peter had vague suspicions that this was no way for a peasant to be talking, but perhaps the poor fellow had a temperament, and needed allowances made for him.

"Ten minutes ago I was in the white fever of composition—"

"'Tis so that I write," Peter modestly interrupted.

"—and then," said the peasant, "in a moment my pen was dumb—my poetry stumbled—halted. And I had suddenly a feeling that I should be in the fields hoeing potatoes." He shuddered. "In the midst of a sublime thought, a feeling like that to come upon me!" He buried his face in his hands and groaned.

Peter shuddered too. "It's pity I feel for you," he said. And then a glorious inspiration came to him.

"You might read me the scrap you have written," he suggested. It would be only common politeness, he reflected, for the other to ask him to return the courtesy. And already Peter was hungering for another sight of his poem.

The peasant was willing enough to oblige with his own composition, but he did not ask a hearing of Peter's. The new poet waited a reasonable time, but no request was forthcoming.

"Have you got the dots right?" he inquired finally, peering over the other's shoulder.

"Eh, the dots are there right enough," the peasant returned gloomily.

"'Tis not so many you have in your poem, as I in mine," but the peasant sat moodily on, taking no hints at all. Peter made a final desperate attempt.

"See if you think mine are properly placed," he requested, drawing the manuscript from his pocket, and beginning to read.

The dreamy film gradually slipped from the peasant's eyes as he heard the poem.

"Those are my very thoughts you have stolen," he blazed when Peter had finished, red with triumph. "Are you so blind that you don't see that it is the end of my poem you are reading—the end for which I was hunting not a minute since?"

"It's crazy you are! No longer ago than ten minutes my own hand set the last line to this paper," said Peter glaring.

"But you must see that your poem is incomplete. It has no beginning at all. Mine finishes, 'The sun had set,' and yours starts in 'And when it rose again,' but nowhere do you mention *what* rose. It's not even clear you've made it what you're talking about."

Peter was furious. It was too much this peasant fellow was taking upon himself, telling Peter how his poem should be made. It was his place he needed to know, and not how his betters should write. The new genius arose therefore, pocketing his manuscript, and haughtily left the peasant staring stupidly after him. Around the bend in the road, he took out the paper, scratched the 'it' from the first line, and replaced it with 'sun.'

"It's making sense now, my poem is—though I did not know that was necessary," he reflected.

* * * *

That was not the last poem Peter wrote. The peasant fellow had evidently had a voluble pen, and Peter considered, as his book of press clippings grew fat, that the exchange of his common sense for such a gift had not been a bad one. Kathleen had come to see affairs in an entirely different light as the Fairy had promised, and Peter even had the satisfaction of making her wait, and reproach herself bitterly that she had ever had the temerity to refuse 'one of the foremost living poets.'

Thus in six years he had climbed to, passed over, and to the accompaniment of roars from a newly born lion, begun the downward descent of his summit of fame. All of which may account for the fact that on a certain sunny morning he was sitting by the same dusty road on the same stone where the Fairy had first met him.

"Ah," said Peter sighing deeply.

"And what may the matter be?"

"Well might she be asking, the cause of all his woe!"

The cause indeed—'twas a pretty way to be talking, after all she had done for him!

Peter was doubtful if it was any such great benefit she had conferred at all. A man at the mercy of first this whim, and then that—whims that gave him no rest, day or night, and made him write what no one read! It was a nuisance the poetic temperament was getting to be! In the middle of the night it would wake him to write a lingo of which he could not make head nor tails. And losing sleep was not the only thing it caused him...

The Fairy was sympathetic, but she had warned him when she gave the gift of its capricious temperament.

Peter had no doubt that the peasant was doing excellently with the good common sense he had foolishly traded?

Well, the Fairy couldn't say—it was as you looked at it. He had made a tidy little sum raising potatoes—but he wasn't happy. Poor fellow, the loss of his poetry seemed to grieve him sadly. It would make Peter's heart bleed to see him sit whole hours with a pencil in hand, when his leisure time came, trying to write a bit of a line or two. The Fairy had almost wept to see it.

Well, if this loss of a temperament, and a knack of combining words was running his life, Peter would be the last one to—

If Peter was suggesting that his common sense should be given back...?

The Fairy was undoubtedly clever to see that that was the very thing he was wishing for.

Then all should be as before. But was Peter sure?

Peter was positive!

A mumbling of words, a wave of the hand, the Stranger vanished. A last convulsive twitch of Peter's hand, and a savage little electric spark that chased down his arm, out through his fingers, and Peter was once more a man of abundant common sense. He sat a

moment longer on the stone whistling, and a peasant approached down the road.

“Ho, there,” he said stopping in front of Peter, his dreamy eyes shining with exultation, “’tis a poem I have just finished begun six year ago. Listen!” He read impressively. He came to a line, ‘The sun had set,’ and a faint memory chord sounded in Peter; he listened more intently.

“And what do you think of it?” the peasant wanted to know when he had finished.

“Well,” returned Peter, as a man who weighs his words, “the first of your poem is not very good. But that last part there beginning, ‘And when it rose again,’ why that shows genius, man!”

Ocean Mists

DOROTHEA DERBY

The fog is closing between us, the silver grey mists between us
Are drifting, are closing together, and the roar of the oncoming sea
Is drowning your voice in its thunder, in the muffled long roll of its
thunder.

The fog from the ocean is drifting in, hiding your face from me.

The grasses are weighted with silver, their tearing and curious fingers
Cling chilly against me. The burdensome sands weight my feet as I
tear them away.

You have faded before me, I follow the path of the quivering grasses,
And the faint wet print of your foot in the sand, is indistinct in the
grey.

A Gentleman's Library

ANNE AXTELL

I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—Biblis à Biblis—I reckon generally . . . all those volumes which no gentleman's library should be without.

Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading—Elia.

When we enter a gentleman's library we find ourselves in a graveyard. The place is enveloped in a funeral pall. We hopefully question the old familiar faces and, immediately from their pre-occupied scorn, conclude ourselves to be in attendance at a funeral of a public sort. There is no fitting quiet—no decent obscurity. The place is overrun with officious guides pointing at the gilt fixtures, the leathern coffins, the bold inscriptions, the glaring pretense and costliness of the mausoleum. The arena is one uproar of self-canonization punctuated with eecstatic shrieks from the gallery of gentlemen hastily listing the Hundred Best Books. The procession passes round and round in perpetual parade—desperate peacockish demonstrations are observed in members less securely fixed in the social scale—cold lumpish superiority in the First Families of Immortality. Vanity, Vanity, what glorifications are extracted from thy name? “Praise ye, Praise ye” rings the eternal anthem and the clamor is so great as to satisfy them that the world must be shouting too.

Here strides haughty Gibbon in twelve volumed majesty—the sublime Pretender of all ages! What right has the monster to the tune of the world? Let him be huddled in calf or deposited in books of that meaner sort; such as make cartage a consideration—in all guises he sits a ghost on the threshold of every literary enterprise. For the Dilettante or the Epicure he is nigh an impossibility, but the unlucky Student with the obstacle before him, will shut his eyes and bravely down the whole for the sake of antiquity, posterity and a degree. From this no doubt he gains tolerance for the history, and unbounded respect for the calculated intricacy of the structure. The way to reverence Gibbon is not to read him at all, but to look at him from the outside and think how much there is within.

Next this pillar of righteousness is a dreadful thicket—Hobbes,

Hume and the Moral Philosophy of Paley—a gloomy enough procession, insufferable snobs under their bobbing plumes, who suffering from a continuous state of agglutinative indigestion have slight recognition for any of their lesser and lighter brethren. John Locke and Adam Smith with the ponderous Buckle receive bows and, we may surmise, at-home cards in their infrequent relaxations. One can never too sternly hold to the sanctities of class.

Next in procession dodders Josephus, lamenting loudly that if his print were less fine, his bulk of this world's space would probably aggregate much more. Melancholic Burton intervenes with "The Lives of the Martyrs" limping behind. These stubborn gentlemen of strong stern countenances possessed an obvious conviction of the Ultimate. They were murmuring among themselves at the deep damnation of Fröbel and their neglect in modern children's education.

Milton's prose and Wordsworth's not-poetry next trail bulky trappings. What solid fellows! The man who turns their pages must in an hour have less pain in his head than in his arm.

A blare of trumpets and Aristotle makes a pontifical close, concluding with a prophetic analysis and synthesis the moral ideas of all civilization. How stupid the moral idea sometimes is! What a multitude of things there are in Heaven and earth not dreamed of in that philosophy!

Smoke

HELEN HARVEY

Your words are light and thin,
Like smoke the winds scatter—
When you've learned to blow rings,
You may say things that matter.

De Fessis Rebus

DOROTHY BENSON

What is this discontent that steals upon us now and again, this sudden weariness after an hour of merriment and chatter, this lethargy and distaste for all the tasks that fill the day, this momentary sadness and not infrequent wave of self pity that makes one feel infinitely alone and removed from tangible comfort?

Surely we all feel it at one time or another, and especially perhaps, on these desolate bleak days that would congeal even the optimistic Shelley, with their unvarying succession of frigid temperatures. And we turn restlessly from one thing to another, from study to the blustering solace of out of doors, or to friends, or finally, to the mental petrification of movies. One by one they pall upon us more quickly than usual, and, frightened at finding ourselves somehow cut adrift from all the things that have, up to now, pleased us, we seize upon that fatal thought, 'What's the use?' that turns up invitingly, or that, still more poisonous "I wonder if, after all, I am 'getting anywhere,' just poking around college!" The futility of things proves to be a fruitful thought; we analyze and weigh the value of all our surroundings, and we are surprised to see how easily their futility can be plumbed.

Perhaps we finally give way to the growing conviction that there is nothing here that can hold any fresh interest or novelty for us, and we go seeking other places and other ways. For a time we think we have found ourselves; then, one warm restless spring day, and again, without warning comes that sad lonely distaste for things, and a longing after something,—something different.

And perhaps, when this feeling returns, we shall know that the matter of occupation or of location can make very little difference, whether it be at college, at home, or in some business work; nothing we can possibly choose to devote ourselves to, will, of itself be satisfying to us. Whether the knowledge comes the first, or the second time, sooner or later we shall have to recognize the fact that what we give of ourselves to a thing, rather than what we get "out of it" is what really satisfies us. Only this realization will dispel the misery

of doubt and uncertainty whether or not to stick to a thing after some aspects of it have disappointed our expectations. It's always the same wherever we are, and whatever new opportunities we seem to have. If we have not cultivated the faculty of making things livable by our own receptivity it is useless to try to find, merely by varying experience, that essential germ of solace that can be only within ourselves. To be bored with what mere circumstance can offer us is like being annoyed that a mirror stands void and empty because we will not move near enough to make a reflection.

So when we wonder uneasily whether it's worth our while to come back to college, because we seem not to have got as much out of it as we expected to, or marvel that our friends have ceased to be amusing and dear, or our books to interest, let us spare ourselves as often as possible the futility of further searching and casting aside. It is only because we have left too long idle our own interest and sympathy that we have been unwittingly cut off from the outside world, and so, for a little space, we are sad; not from the tedium of the world about us, but because we are growing querulous and threadbare within ourselves, from too uninterrupted hoarding and speculating upon our own profit.

Nocturne

SYLVIA CLARK

Often upon a breathless, moonlit night,
Under the old elms' arching greenery,
While the enchanted hours took silent flight
I've wondered at the evening's mystery.
Always the cold moon smiled disdainfully
And of the things I sought vouchsafed no sign,
Always the old, old elms arched endlessly
Above my head. And like a heavy wine
The warm dark thrilled me.

Only, dear, tonight
On swifter wings each magic moment slips
Into the past; and, dimming even sight,
That draught of beauty trembles at my lips.
But never, never seemed the elms so old,
And never shone the cynic moon so cold.

Overheard In A Pail Of Water

MARGARET STORRS

"He's gone—he's gone away and I'll never see him again, and I l-loved him, I did!"

"My dear child, he went away before and he came back. You mustn't lose faith in your little Johnny Molecule."

"Yes, but it was an accident that made him come back that time. He told me all about it. He said that one day he felt so gay and giddy, just flew around this pail and ran into all our friends that he could find. And he was just thinking how awfully little this pail was anyhow, when he saw Fatty Molecule about an inch away. So he took a running jump and landed on Fatty from the top, and of course he bounced back. And he kept going, and going, and going, till all at once he flew out of the pail, and there he was all of a sudden in another world. Oh how I wish I could see that world!"

"So do we all—I am much older than you, my dear, and I am losing some of my energy—I have never been to the Great Beyond and I'm afraid I never shall go there until this water world has quite evaporated—and by that time I shall probably have gray hair. Ah me! To be a water molecule with gray hair—that is sad—".

"Never mind, you'll get there bye and bye—and so shall I, I suppose. But by that time where, where will Johnny be?"

"There, there, dearie. He'll be spinning around waiting for you."

"N-no he won't. He said all the Air molecules were so pretty. They are not like us, you know. They are not only Molecules but Atoms, too, and Johnny said they were so little and round and cute—oh dear!"

"But Johnny left them before and came back to you."

"Yes, but you know why. Because he didn't understand the air laws and ran into a horrid police molecule who knocked him over the head with a club. The nasty thing knocked an atom out of poor Johnny and he came flying back to us."

"Well, maybe he will again."

"No, because now he knows, and he will bump into all the civilians and dodge the policemen and bounce far away. He told me he would next time."

"There, there! Lots of other good looking molecules are in the pail. Now there's Tom—he's handsome and speedy, too."

"But I could never love him because his electric charge is mostly negative and so is mine. Now Johnny is thoroughly positive. Oh dear, I wish I could die!"

"My dear, look out! Quick! Here comes Tom in a most frightful hurry. Oh dear me, how dreadful! How could you have knocked her so hard? What a shock for one so young! Tom, you should be careful. Don't you come near me! I was stopped by your dear grandfather and I won't allow any one to set me going. I'm too old, I say. I have rheumatism in my hydrogen. So get away!"

"O-o-o-oh Tom! You hit me so hard! You knocked me up. I have never been knocked up before. Why, there's no one in my way! I'm going—I'm going—I'm gone—up! Tom is sending me to Johnny. Oh, I see the top of the water now. Can you hear me? Thank you, Tom, thank you. I—am—going—out!"

Portrait of Self for a Neighbor

ADELAIDE COZZENS

"What do you do with yourself all day long?"

My neighbor said to me—

"You do not cook,

"You cannot sew,

"I never see you read a book—

"You haven't got a beau,—Have you?"

I smiled and shook my head, "Oh no—

"It is this way with me—

"I wait for sun-up and for rain,

"And watch the roses grow,

"And when each day has sung its song,

"I wish it back again.—Do you?"

A Summer Bath

JANE CASSIDY

One day last summer I decided to take a bath. I had not had one for two weeks, with the exception of a few very unsatisfactory sponges, and, as my birthday was coming, I thought it proper to celebrate. So I gathered at random a few bits of information, 'hooked' a half-cake of Ivory soap from the kitchen shelf, and left the house quietly one afternoon after dinner.

My way led up the sandy road for a half mile, then at right angles down the Old East Road. Once before I had followed the Old East Road for a short distance, but on this occasion I was determined really to see what I had heard about, and to go on until I came to the end. As you haven't heard about it, I shall, in telling you, mix up what I found out on that day and what I knew before, and give it to you in a lump.

The first person that ever went there was Thomas Hooker, who supposedly founded Connecticut, and the last person was I. Between us many people had traveled over the path, but it is now in such a state that even the D. A. R. could hardly find it. If you are a good driver and have a steady horse, you can drive down for about half a mile, to where there is a barnyard and pieces of an unpainted house and barn, but after that you must walk. The path goes through the woods, and is cut by barbed-wire fences, and hides under bramble-thickets, and plays peek-a-boo around bushes, and in addition to all this, the woods are full of cows, who have made their own paths, so that you get all confused and can tell which is the right one only by keeping between the two parallel tumble-down walls that show where the road-borders used to be. I got a stick to keep the cows away—I am not afraid of them, but they are of me, and you never can be quite sure what a frightened cow will do—and went on, admiring T. Hooker more and more at every step. Of course there were no barbed wire fences when he came through, but there were even then small wood-flies, I suppose, and those were enough to discourage any but a brave man.

After a long time, just as I was beginning to fear that I had lost my way, the path went down the hill—and so did I. The path ran

down, and I slid down, and finally sat in a patch of raspberry bushes, and thought. I thought that no one had ever emphasized enough the skill and daring of the New England farmer, who would drive a team successfully down a place like that; and I thought that I preferred to toboggan in winter; and I thought that, while raspberry bushes were useful in ridding me of the small creatures riding on my neck and ears, I had sat in more comfortable places. Upon this consideration I got up and looked around, and then I was glad that I had landed in the raspberry patch.

The little river was very near, separated from me only by about two feet of black mud, in which were hoof-prints of cattle and deer. The mud was midnight-dark, but the river sands were golden and the shallow waters glinted in the sun, rippling around large gray rocks which obstructed their path. Across the brook another hill rose in a steep green tangle of woods.

I took off my dusty shoes and stockings and set out on a voyage of exploration. It was a perilous and painful journey. The river-bed was covered with stones, big and little, sharp and round; and the round ones rolled, and the big ones tilted and were slippery, and the little ones and the sharp ones hurt my feet, and the sun reflected on the water so that I could not tell one kind from another anyway. Down below the two gray piles that marked where the former bridge had gone across, I saw a smooth piece of water and, I made my way thither, alternately praying and swearing, being mindful that "Still Waters Run Deep." But they didn't; they only came up to my knee, so I had to go back, and oh, feet! but wasn't it hard! And then a big rock tilted, or was slippery, and I went into the water splash up to my waist. By the time I got back to the bridge-place I was very tired and cross.

I stopped by a big gray rock and used it for a dressing-table. Then I produced the soap, and used it profusely, and let it dry on until I was covered by billions of little bursting bubbles and a prickly feeling. Then I found a pot-hole about twice my length across, and at least three feet deep, and I played I was an eel. It was a new sensation, and very delightful. The running water carried all the soap-suds away, and no doubt the falls below were much more foamy that day, and the little fishes had tummy-aches, if there had been any one to notice it.

After a while I came out of my pot-hole and paddled gently

about. I couldn't really swim because if I tried to I either clasped boulders to my breast with great force, or kicked them with equal strength, and I did not think that my sentiments toward them were sufficiently warm to justify either demonstration. Therefore, I paddled. Bye-and by I came to another hole, with a sandy bank at its side. On this bank I rested and watched sundry little fishes sample my ankles, and then I let my hair down. It was wet already, you see, and it is so much more romantic and sylvan to have your hair down. So I let it down, and lay on the bank and looked up the river until the hills met, and down the river until it came to a bend, and listened to the water gurgling around the stones, and felt the cool wetness on my skin and the cool and cheeky nibbles of the fishlings at my limbs—until the sun went away.

He had been sitting on the top of the hill down which I had come, so when he suddenly disappeared I knew that he had fallen, just as I had. I watched with mild interest to see him land in the raspberry patch, but no sun arrived, so I thought it best to go and look for him. It was very lonely at the brook without him, and black shadows lurked under the rocks and looked dangerous. Besides, we always had supper at sundown, and I didn't want to be late.

Hastily I pulled on my sticky clothes, and, wet skirt flapping dismally, started up. I avoided the raspberry patch, for I observed that I had missed the path a trifle in coming down, as it had taken a sharp turn halfway up the slope, coming down to the old bridge-place. I climbed up the abutment and reached the road in safety. In so doing, I lost the soap, and It Floated, growing smaller and smaller the farther it went down the stream. But I couldn't stop to watch it, for I had to find the sun, and get home in time for supper.

I did both. At the top of the hill I found the sun busy turning the road into dust, which rose about my feet and clung lovingly to my wet clothes, and I got home at four o'clock.

The lady of the house greeted me in such a peculiar fashion!

She said, "Well, now you're all nicely messed up, you'd better get out the tin tub and wash up."

So I had to take another bath after all.

The Personality of Thoughts

LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL

You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted; but you must share a joke with someone else.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

It is as impossible to translate unworded thoughts into words and still preserve their individuality as it is to translate an exact shade of meaning from French to English. A blue-eyed child in a blue dress is altogether charming. Put the same child into green and she may be utterly unattractive. Thus an idea that pleases when clad in the language of Hugo and Maupassant, may dwindle down to insignificance if its dress is changed.

And thoughts! How poorly they may be costumed, unhappy creatures: how inappropriately, how extravagantly! A very elf of a thought comes glimmering into your mind, frolics about twirling into every corner, revealing a flash of golden-tissue petticoat under her rose and violet whirl of skirts. What do you do?—Catch the fay with a clumsy net of words, brushing the butterfly-dust off her tender wings and hampering her gay feet with polysyllables.

Or a pensive nun-like idea slips in on a breath of music, sober and yet not sober in a gown of grey that somehow turns opalescent. And you must needs bedeck her in diamonds, curl her soft hair and clothe her in free verse! It were better to let thoughts sleep like the Beauty in the Wood, and not make chorus-girls out of them. Nowadays it seems to be the taste of many a writer to take a poor shrinking little idea, pin it into a few scanty expressions, and pose it on a full magazine-page. There it cannot help but disclose its scrawny neck and shoulders to a mildly pitying public. That same thought, in the rich simplicity of a sonnet, might be even beautiful.

Therein lurks the most subtle danger of *vers libre* as a verse form. Even a blacksmith occasionally finds golden ideas among the golden sparks that haunt his anvil; will he not turn dressmaker when the trade seems so easy? Will he not work in burlap or homespun, fashioning crude blatant garments to the meagre best of his ability? And jealous for the thought his mind has begotten, a very princess of a thought, he will put her in burlap and rhinestones rather than

give her over to the poet to clothe in the soft satins a poet can clip and drape and embroider so artfully.

Could there only be a great universal court where ideas might be presented like knights and ladies! There they might find congenial foster-parents in poets and artists, with no children, but ample store of goodly words. There are phrases wrought by some one poet that would fit his neighbor's whimsicalities as bark fits a tree. But the neighbor locks his thoughts in behind triple-barred doors. And he hardly looks like the potential parent of children fair enough for our poet's words, which must consequently remain on their shelves in a musty mental cupboard, and never clothe in lustrous purple the thoughts they would so become. The queen lives lonely in her room for lack of a seemly coronet; crown-jewels in a shimmering mass collect dust in another chamber.

As a medium of contact we have, in lieu of the mighty court, only a sort of Circus Maximus where vagabond thoughts rub shoulders, forgetful of parentage. "You must share a joke with someone"! There are clowns and mountebanks, buffoons with painted faces, jesters hung with tittering bells. Little boys turn hand-springs around mother-in-law, and sailors jig by encircled by myriad wives. The dwarves and acrobats of intellect cavort together there, while the world shakes its foolish sides in sympathy.

And read Kant by yourself, if you like. Every word of philosophy is pregnant with great ideas; every word is like a steed mounted by invisible horsemen, who gallop through your mind leaving perhaps only a print of hoofs. But these ideas are hermits, aloof and inarticulate. They will not show themselves to you unless you are alone. They brood in solitary manner, and become wise, and develop long whiskers of connotation. They are unsociable beings, disapproving of fairies and caring not a whoop for fashion, proving themselves devoted and dependable friends, but peers, not subordinates to be called on casually to furnish amusement. Folks to meditate with are they; if they look out from their seclusion at dinner-parties or in company, their countenances are likely to terrify. Let your jokes delight in the comfortable mediocrity of publicity—read Kant by yourself.

On Asking Questions

ELEANOR GILCHRIST

Asking questions is a dangerous and upsetting habit, and one which, unfortunately, it is easy to acquire. Scarcely a question has ever been asked, but it had been much better left unanswered; it is in trying to see what makes the wheels go round that children break watches. For instance, suppose you ask yourself the old, old question—"Why did I come to college?" Sometimes that is neatly and conclusively answered by the fact that your father insisted on your coming. If not, you grope about among your muddled theories and conceptions, and finally decide that perhaps it was because you wanted an education. Then the demon that prompts such questions asks, "And why do you want an education?" And then you are up a tree where I shall have you.

The questions that undermine the very foundations are those that begin with: "Does it matter—" because if you ask them often enough you are invariably forced back on the conclusion that it does not, which is a very serious state of affairs. There is a poem by Siegfried Sassoon called *Does it Matter*, which is quite paralysingly dreadful. The only antidote for it is to recite 'Life is real, life is earnest' to yourself very fast until you begin to feel better.

The whole trouble is that the really important questions have no answer. The way to be contented and normal and healthy is to trample on your curiosity and become as stupid as possible, and if you are already stupid, you should do all that is in your power to remain so. Chesterton said, "When Nietzsche says, 'A new commandment I give to you, be hard', he is really saying 'A new commandment I give to you, be dead. Sensibility is the definition of life.'" One might almost translate that to "A new commandment I give you, be incurious," for lack of curiosity is a near approach to being dead.

There is little need to fear, however, that either time or intelligence will ever stamp out this most ineradicable of human qualities. Curiosity is a heritage that has come down to us in a straight line; Pandora had it first, and all the delightful old gods who were in-

capable of minding their own business; Herod had it, and Plutarch and Columbus and Henry the Eighth. Children have it in a high degree; their questions continually silence and confound one.

And invariably it brings trouble. Learn never to ask questions about things, and after a while perhaps you will reach the ideal state of never wanting to know about things. Then probably you will pay the price of your hard-earned peace and contentment by turning to stone, which after all will give you little satisfaction.

The Scullery Maid

PATRICIA BROWN

The red meat turneth slowly on the spit
And I sit in the corner watching it.
The fat drips down and sizzles, burning hot;
The broth doth bubble in the good black pot.
Old Grizzle, grumbling crossly to herself
Doth take the blue bowl from the corner shelf,
While Joan the minx, burnisheth silverware
And tries to see her own bright face and hair;
For now comes Tom, the master's lackey, he,—
Tall and well formed and good enough for Joan,
But not what I shall love when I am grown.

When crumbs are swept from off the gray flagged floor,
When shut and bolted is the great house door,
When long, black shadows in the corner's lurk,—
Then done at last are toil and weary work.
Grizzle with candle raised above her head,
Mumbling her prayers, goes slowly up to bed,
But I sit quiet in the chimney-place
And watch the orange firelight on Joan's face.
Now Tom has put his arm around her waist
He is well formed, and good enough for Joan—
But not what I shall love when I am grown.

Alack! 'Tis late, good folk are safe in bed.
A kobold brown doth prowl with noiseless tread
Into the patch of moonlight on the floor
And in the shadows, I sit all alone,
Thinking of him I'll love when I am grown.

Book Reviews

DUST

Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman Julius

I asked five girls what they thought of *Dust*. Four of them liked it. The fifth wavered, saw that I didn't agree with the others, and said she didn't care much about the book either way. My blessing rests on all their heads.

Dust is a lovely sweet story that touches the heart. It begins amidst the dust of the Kansas plains. There, through much toil and the funerals of the rest of the family, Martin Wade makes for himself a farm and a fortune. Enter the heroine, "Rose of Sharon," whom Martin marries, because he wants a woman. Unfortunately, she is the embodiment of the ideal wife and mother, brimming with tender emotion and yearning for husbandly love where no love is. Result,—her soul is cruelly bruised, and her fine sentiments tramped into the dust. Martin evolves into an excellent example of the village tyrant; to the world stern and bushy-browed and impressive,—to his half-cowed wife, a fiend. She grows old and ugly beneath his lash; at fifty he is still able to play Lothario. This, of course, is most unfair. The Wades increase in prosperity, prestige, and purebred cattle, but all is dust and ashes in their mouths. The patient Rose bears her burden as best she can, struggling to crush her ever-faithful love for the man who is her husband. But lo! grim tragedy stalks into their life. Their only son is killed, indirectly through a disagreement with his father. Then Rose loves her husband no more. Life goes on. Eventually Martin himself dies. His farm returns to dust and his wife leases a cottage in town. I believe I read that she intended to keep parrots.

Indeed yes, one turns from *Dust* with a dewy eye. These great, pure stories of the soil!

THE DOVER ROAD

ELEANOR KOHN

A comedy in three acts by A. A. Nulne

Faintly reminiscent of Barrie in his lightest, most fantastic mood, *The Dover Road* is one of the best examples of fine textured high comedy seen on Broadway in years. To attempt to describe in

detail the things which compose the gentle irony and tranquil laughter of this charming play would be as futile and absurd as to battle in bubbles of sparkling Burgundy. But perhaps some suggestion is feasible.

Mr. Latimer in the guise of Providence entraps and holds two eloping couples in his lovely, secluded house just off the road to Dover. In a manner which would be strongly sanctioned by the author of *Brass*, this quaint old man subtly shows them the error of their ways. His method of dealing with Anne, young, charming, and determined to run away with Eustasia's husband, is extremely whimsical. She is permitted to see Leonard (her intended) only when properly chaperoned by Sammie, the unperturbable butler or one of his efficient staff, and then at odd times. Such painfully odd times, for example, as at breakfast when he has a cold and hasn't shaved.

Several days of this gradual familiarity, suffice to dampen even Anne's ardor, and we are quite ready for the denouement, at least part of it, that is, her renunciation of Leonard. But her suddenly awakened love for Mr. Latimer seems to strike a false note. It is here that Charles Cherry's interpretation of Mr. Latimer falls down; for to visualize the middle-aged, almost old man of Act I and II as the husband of Anne seems a bit incongruous.

Despite a few minor discrepancies, the play is well constructed and is replete in clever lines. Wisely cast and well staged, *The Dover Road* is quite worth seeing for its own intrinsic value.

THREE SOLDIERS

(*John des Passos*)

H. L. Mencken says of *Three Soldiers*: "It is unquestionably the best war story yet written in America. It ought to make a sensation." To label a book a "war story" and then predict its popularity in placid 1922, must mean that it is extraordinary of its kind. After reading *Three Soldiers* one is convinced that it is more than that; it departs entirely from its kind and rules its own field unquestioned. Many books have been written in which the war was conceived as a futile, degrading thing, but in none of them is the downright stupidity of bloodshedding brought home as it is in this. It is applicable to war in general,—any war, all war,—but it is powerfully illustrated by the war of 1918. In fact, so strong is the illustration that one is likely to think that the author aims no deeper, and to be ready to take

offense at his handling of the glorious American Army and the fight for Democracy. The book is crammed with the sordid details of army life, the injustices, the senseless blunders of the authorities, the hopelessness and the monotony of it all. Of the "three soldiers",—Chrisfield, Fuselli, and Andrews,—it is through the eyes of the last that we see the greater part of what happens. He is a musician and a thinker, criminally out of place in the ranks. We know that there were thousands like him.

The chief criticism to be made of the novel is that it is top-heavy. There is a great mass of material, so great that it needs to be cut, or else managed very skilfully. When we reach the end of the book we feel that the author has made his point, but he could have made it with about half the effort used. He has so much which serves as concrete illustration that his theme is almost crushed beneath the weight of it. The story is loose and disorganized, but it is remarkably virile. *Three Soldiers* is not easily forgotten.

There is so little to be said about a book like this. The people are realities, the events are vividly told, the style is forceful and energetic. Furthermore, the author speaks the truth. We should be more comfortable if he didn't.

* * * * *

The annual conference of the Intercollegiate Association of Magazine Editors is to be held this year at Mount Holyoke College on March the third. Representatives of Barnard, Vassar, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke and Smith will bring to it material previously selected by their boards, and will decide on the contributions to represent each college in the Intercollegiate number for their respective literary magazines. The *Monthly* urges all its contributors to hand in their best poems, essays, or stories, to help make the Smith part of the Intercollegiate number worthy of the highest standards of which undergraduate fiction is capable. The material must be in before the end of February, the sooner, the better. The best work from the Sophomore and Junior classes will be considered also in the March trials for the new *Monthly* board.

Exchanges

The Christmas number of *The Fordham Monthly* from Fordham University contains two interesting prose articles and some poetry. "Blasco Ibanez and Thomas Walsh" is a well-written critique, the subject of which is pertinent to our present-day curiosity about Spain. "The Strength of the Weak" recalls Hale's "Man Without a Country," but "The Kindling Fire" is a typically orthodox Christmas tale. There are some trite phrases such as "like a lump of lead" which do not color literary style. "The Grate Fire" is a poem that savors of Riley in its colloquial expression and easy flow.

The Concept from Converse College is a rather slender issue, in spite of its awkward size. There are some good poems: "The Phantom Argosy" has the lilt of a chantee; and "Wild Thyme" consisting of two songs, has a certain rhythm. Longer and more carefully finished articles of both prose and poetry would improve the magazine.

In *The Goucher Kalends* from Goucher College, there are several contributions that show exceptional promise. "Reserves" is a poem that suggests the witchery of Millay. An appreciation of "The Young Enchanted" is constructive. The Exchanges appear in a new way in a new position, and the stories are not miserable attempts that have outreached themselves.

There is a delightful piece of writing which is full of atmosphere in *The Chronicle* from Wells College; in fact it is only one of several attractive informal essays. They should not, however, be allowed to intrude themselves to the exclusions of fictions.

The Hollins Magazine from Hollins College is a well-balanced periodical. The sonnet "In Looking at a Bust of Dante" appears at the psychological moment. "Far from the Maddening Crowd" and the group of familiar essays are particularly good material for college publications; but "On the Threshold of Womanhood" is too anticipatory of the things told at commencement to the long suffering graduating class to be appreciated.



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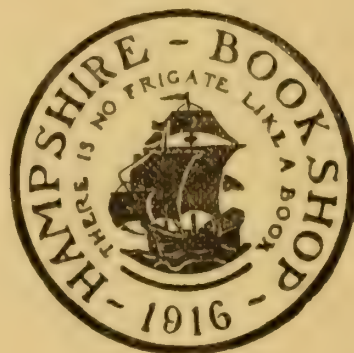
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THE SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



MARCH

Nineteen Twenty-Two

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	175
THE JOKE	<i>Elizabeth Marshall, 1922</i> 176
ON "INTER-LECTURAL ACTIVITIES"	<i>Prof. Robert Withington</i> 177
ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	<i>Sarah Randle Riggs, 1923</i> 180
OLD GREEN SHUTTERS	<i>Margaret Pendleton, 1922</i> 182
THE POET MUTE	<i>Virginia Moore, 1924</i> 183
A LITERARY OPPONENT IS WORSTED	<i>Elsbeth McGoodwin, 1923</i> 184
HAIL, A DANIEL!	<i>Alice Parker,</i> 187
SUNFLOWERS	<i>Eleanor P. DeLamater, 1924</i> 190
DARK PLACES	<i>Margaret Harvey, 1924</i> 199
THE SPOTLIGHT	<i>Charlotte Dorian, 1922</i> 200
LA MISERABLE	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i> 206
POPLARS	<i>Ruth Tyler, 1924</i> 207
BOOK REVIEWS	208
Exchanges	211

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXX

MARCH, 1922

No. 4

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Editorial

The time for trials for the new *Monthly* board has come almost unbelievably soon, and the old Board, reverting to type, utters the perennial sighs and regrets for those things it has left undone. But in its hopeful optimism for the new Board it ventures to believe it excels in trustfulness all former boards. Though its insatiable thirst for material seems little likely ever to find satisfaction, the *Monthly* must acknowledge that it has been supported excellently well by the undergraduates during this past winter. The increasing number of informal essays, covering a wide range of subjects, show that thoughts were flowing swiftly, despite skeptics, and into new unexpected molds. We find prose impressions, sketches, and very many kinds of poetry also among the things that have helped to vary and enlarge the table of contents. It has been our aim to make the *Monthly* interesting to the college as a whole, and due to this variety, as well as the quality

of the material, we have been able at least to print things for many kinds of minds.

With such encouragement, we are justified in expecting even better things from our Freshmen, Sophomore, and Junior *littérateurs* in the coming year. Perhaps they will be able to reenforce the *Monthly* where it is weakest; we lack the graceful satiric sketch or essay, so aptly done in "Cassandra". In fact, the dearth of satire or humorous writing of any kind in the *Monthly* exposes us to that irritating and familiar accusation from the eternal masculine; especially since the *Cat*, heretofore the inspiration and guardian angel of all humorous output, has been for some time mysteriously ailing. Of course we have as keen a sense of the ridiculous—and, if we choose, can express it as characteristically, if by different methods—as do the untrammelled inmates of our brother colleges.

But most of all, we long to see in the *Monthly* "good stories". Not merely well written stories, not too many fanciful stories,—these, we are inclined to believe, are best in the college atmosphere only as an occasional relish,—nor yet the popular, pseudo-popular kind. When we designate the sort of story we should like to see more of in the *Monthly* as a "realistic" story, we do not mean realistic in the literal sense of the word. Let the imagination work with character and plot as freely as it will, but let it still keep that quality of convincingness that is obtained only through the element of personal experience. However palpably improbable, even impossible, a story may be, it is still realistic in this sense if it has that certain significance and interest that unifies and humanizes a story and relates it to those qualities underlying the surface-individuality that we recognize as existing in all of us.

The Joke

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

You think that I'm at home,
Watching for your return.
How little do you know!
The evening star and I
Are waiting for the moon.

On "Interlectural Activities"

ROBERT WITHINGTON

In a recent paper (published elsewhere), I warned pedagogues to expect an essay based on an inspired remark culled from a Freshman theme, concerning the "interlectural activities of the students." Unfortunately, the author of the theme in question meant to speak of the "intellectual activities" of his associates; his slovenly pronunciation was reflected in his spelling—and he suffered academically. I regretted, when I made the threat (or the promise) recorded above, that the student's mistake had been made unconsciously, and I noted the error as an example of the pathos of humor unawares. Long since have I forgotten the name of the Freshman; but had he made his mistake intentionally, he would have been writing these words, defending himself against charges of what his classmate called "illiteration," and deriving whatever benefit this paper might bring him.

For there are, in every college, "interlectural activities," because there are lectures. And undoubtedly much benefit comes to the student from participation in them, although too much of this kind of thing will lead—has, indeed, led—clever members of the Faculty to refer to studies as "student passivities." When we look back on our college days, do most of our memories centre around the class-room, lecture-hall, and laboratory? or do the afternoons on field and river, the evenings at club or society, the games and banquets, the excursions with classmates, the meetings of the *Monthly* Board, the talks around the fire—do these come more readily to mind? Is not to ask the question to answer it? We may have met Sophocles—we may even have made a friend of Shakespeare; we may have learned to marvel at Professor A's eloquence, or Professor B's scholarship; we may have been inspired by Professor C, or charmed by Professor D—but the thing that brings us back to reunions is the memory of our inter-lectural activities.

Few are the facts we can point to, five years after we graduate, with the definite feeling of ownership which we bear to things. "This picture I bought in Prague in 1892—this book I picked up on the Paris *quais* in, let me see—was it July of '97?—" Not: "unearned

increment"—I heard that first from Professor Z on the tenth of November, 1910—in Ec. 21—I remember, Sophomore year... Many of the facts we pick up in college stay with us, I admit; they may become our most important mental possessions, and occasionally one will find a college graduate who seems to take pride in the antiques with which his mind is furnished. We also gain—though we are not usually so keenly aware of it at the moment of acquisition—a mental atmosphere, or way of thinking, which should lead us to weigh and consider, to avoid making snap judgments, to look at both sides of the question. This may be carried too far in practice; witness the remark of the scholar whose excessive caution led him to say at the end of a Senior's recitation, "Well, Mr. Jones, I won't say you're wrong—but *I think you are!*" We do manage to gain an ability to think, in college, and this ability is likely to be of advantage to us in after-life; we also absorb certain ideals which do not wholly wear off when we come into contact with the world outside the college walls; and we have—we like to think—certain standards, not only of criticism, but of conduct, which will be ours always.

Much of this we get from our classes and from the Faculty with whom we study; facts and tastes we may acquire from books and from men. And there are important by-products, too: habits of concentration, accuracy, punctuality, which we form *à notre insu* as we carry on the work of our curriculum. Indeed, it is generally recognized that the lessons we learn, when we are least conscious of learning, are the ones that stay by us the longest—and for this reason alone, if for no other, the inter-lectural activities are important. The manager of a football team, the editor of a magazine, the star in a college play, the captain of a crew, the leader of the glee club, the president of a class—all these are learning many lessons of value which they can only get from experience—that laboratory of life, wherein each has his desk, in college or out, and from which one's diploma is his death-certificate. Valuable supplementary lessons these are—but, in college, supplementary; and the student's mistake is that he is apt to exaggerate their importance, as the mistake of the Faculty is to underrate them. Without them, the atmosphere of the college would be gone; the institution would become merely a correspondence-school, and the distinction between "Bachelor of Arts" and "Associate in Arts" would disappear.

There is, then, no reason for pedagogues to worry at the growth of such activities. Machinery has been devised to prevent their eating their way into the course of study—and no one would for a moment deny the importance of these courses. They are the college heart; if it were not for them, the college would cease to exist; and—as was pointed out in these pages last month—the student gets out of them just what she puts in, and has only herself to thank if she gets nothing. Most teachers are ready to admit that the student cannot be expected to punch a time-clock; that education—at least, that part of it which considers itself “liberal”—cannot thrive with an eight-hour-day schedule; that to apply the standard of business to scholarship would spell ruin; that even students need relaxation (not organized gymnastics, or prescribed hygiene, good as these may be), time for contemplation, opportunity to assimilate the feast of reason at which they are guests. It is this relaxation which gives such a place as Oxford its air; this does not depend on architectural beauties, or the charm of nature, both of which would die unnoticed in a “knowledge-factory.” Where is the professional school which has left its imprint on the *spirit* of the youth who sharpens his mind at its grind-stone? Such there may be, but they are rare. On the other hand, where is the professional school which has not left its mark on the *mind* of the youth who has gone forth armed with its diploma? Why, as a general thing, does the graduate school fail to arouse—I do not say *any*, but *the same*—affection, emotional loyalty, the enthusiasm, at times amounting to a deep and abiding love, which a collegian feels for his “Alma Mater”? If it be—and I do not say it always is—an “Asper Pater,” the graduate school, or technical school, or professional school—call it what you will—is so, largely because it has few “interlectural activities.”

In choosing Rhodes Scholars, the committee pays some attention to the achievements of candidates outside the classroom; it recognizes the value of such poise as “interlectural activities” may be expected to give,—a poise which, perhaps, may be achieved before the student begins his graduate work.

One danger—and that is not confined to these interests outside the classroom—is that these same activities will become so highly organized, that much of their spontaneity will disappear from them, and they will become as mechanical as many courses—almost in the nature of things—have become. This is an age which is suffering from

over-organization. Organized minorities have grown up, and have begun to dictate to vast unorganized majorities. In some of our colleges, athletics have become highly organized; one sometimes wonders, as he watches a football game, whether he is witnessing a contest between teams, or between the coaches. The inroads which organized "outside activities" are making on the students' time have begun to alarm the Faculty, and many teachers are beginning to talk about suppressing them. This is never a satisfactory proceeding, and it would be better to require a higher standard of work from the student, or direct such students as maintain a satisfactory grade toward Honors. The value of these "outside activities" is being recognized abroad—particularly in France, where the universities have been little more than classroom, laboratory, and library. Athletics are encouraged; students' unions, or *foyers*, are smiled upon, and in various ways attempts are being made to build up, among the students, the *esprit de corps* which exists among the graduates of practically every American college. In pre-war Germany, there was a spirit akin to that of our intercollegiate fraternities which knit the members of the different students' societies together; but this was largely independent of the universities. With us, the college is still the unit, focussing the loyalty of its students.

This loyalty is important to the college, and it is also a stimulus to the graduate. We should be sorry to lose it. It is largely—though, of course, not entirely—fostered by the "interlectural activities" of the undergraduate, and the resulting friendships. Remembering the words of the Roman poet, *In media tulissimus ibis*, we should see to it that, while not allowed to encroach on the more serious pursuits of the student-body, these activities be not permitted to vanish utterly. In this way, we may save our colleges from being swept into the whirling current of "Efficiency" which drowns the finer sensibilities, and threatens to engulf our civilization.

Ode for Washington's Birthday

SARAH RANDLE RIGGS

Too loath are we to turn our eyes again,
Our thought sustain
On those dim years before our time began,
On those dim heroes, who with eager eyes

Behold our enterprise.
We follow where they led ; the course they ran,
Worn by their steps, is smoother to our feet ;
The air we breathe is yet more free and sweet
Which by their sacrifice was purified.
But we pass, careless, not remembering
The glory whence we spring,
Nor the first greatness of the land which is our pride.

Ah, well for us that from the shadowy years
There yet appears
Some glow of former splendor on our life,
To guide us when our feeble torches fail,
Quenched in a whirling gale
Of furious rivalries and futile strife.
Our littleness is lost in majesty
When through the tumult of our days we see
The august face of one, grave and serene,
Knowing our weakness and our high desire,
Who quickens with his fire
Our deeper purposes of good that burn unseen.

O Washington, yet living to our age,
What heritage
Is ours, who call the beauty of this land
Our own, and by your presence consecrate
To freedom's high estate !
In gratitude and reverence we stand.
Let us recall your faith that left us free ;
Let us recall your great humility
That bore with common men their suffering ;
Let us recall your kindly will to bless
In simple friendliness,
Rejoicing in the name of Father, more than king.

Let us return to those more noble days,
When worldly praise
Was left unsought, and glorious deeds were done
In the calm strength of everlasting right,
And in the vision's light
Such as we yours, immortal Washington.
More than the wealth of universal power,
We need a humble courage for this hour.
The new America of purer worth
Needs an assurance in the conquering Good.
Then, standing as you stood,
We shall in meekness rise, inheriting the earth.

Old Green Shutters

MARGARET PENDLETON

“Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, waiting for its hour—”

A Gossip on Romance—R. L. S.

“Old Green Shutters” is an appetizer, the *hors d’oeuvre* at that luxurious, glittering festive board, of which the *pièce de résistance* is a peep within, a glimpse into the mysteries of storied walls and deep hidden chambers, reeking of tales untold.

Many a time have I tasted of the *hors d’oeuvre*, only to have Cold Reason drag me away from the other tempting delicacies half uncovered before me—

Oh, for that get-thee-behind-me-Hardfacts spirit of the true romancer! He it is who, fascinated by the creaking of ancient hinges and tantalized by the sheen of sun-blistered paint, throws back those enticing old green shutters and explores the darkest and dankest recesses of fancy’s realm.

Such a one was Robert Louis Stevenson, Imagination’s Knight-errant, the guiding spirit of True Romance—.

To follow in his lead one must don the swathings of insatiable curiosity and go shod with Imagination’s magic boots. Most important of all, one must take Adventure, that elusive, whimsical wraith, as “guide, philosopher and friend”. Thus arrayed and accompanied green shutters are swung back without reserve, and Adventure, fleet of foot, glides on noiselessly, alluring. Once within, she calls with resonant voice from the crannied nook of a tumble-down wall to which the last of the lichen of ancient lineage cling; or whispers startlingly through the shroud-like greyness of dust-smothered, web-hung corridors—with a ghastly sound as of heart-whipped moanings she sweeps through darkened chambers where all seems dead and murderous in the unseemly brightness of a single shaft of golden mote-shot sunlight. She slips through deserted rooms, and as with the tinkle of faint mockery rustles the faded blue of long-hung draperies and vibrates the tarnished gold of a harp’s strings. A creak, and a gentle swaying-open of French windows, and she glides onto

the deserted terrace with its grass-choked flaggings and weather-greened sundial. Adventure lurks in the lean grass and the unshaven shagginess of the shrubs which cluster 'round, and flutters through the lank weeds which scramble over the erstwhile flower-beds. The blue sky stares overhead. The sun burns down and a thrush sings jubilantly.

Adventure stirs in the rose-entwined skeleton of a summer-house.

A siren whistles . . . a clanging, clanging. A caught breath, a gate flung wide into the street.

The old green shutters swing closed.

The Poet Mute

VIRGINIA MOORE

Never is Fall
Never is May
But my lyre stilled
Straineth to play.

Line of a hill,
Color of rain,
And the old, old urge
Stirring again.

Pulls as the tide
Tirelessly
From her shallowed shoals
Pulleth the sea.

Beauty is pain,
Grace but a need
When the bow is bent,
Broken the reed.

Ah, for the notes
That I might fling
From my bursting heart
Autumn and Spring!

A Literary Opponent Is Worsted

ELSBETH MCGOODWIN

Frances was quite the most fascinating person I had ever met; she had such a glorious imprudence, such amazing ideas, and such extraordinary courage in carrying them out. Moreover, she was a good two years older than I, and yet for all her superior age, she stooped to me with such flattering condescension that I was enchanted. I followed abjectly in her footsteps. To show my worthiness I even at times tried to surpass her in courage and daring—but this latter mark of devotion was not well received, for Frances liked to be supreme. I might approach, but never equal her exploits; I was required chiefly as an admiring audience—it would not be well with me if I took too much upon myself.

Imagine us then, if you please, one hot summer day, lazy to the point of dullness. Frances with narrowed green eyes lay staring at the lake. Presently she spoke:

“We had an author for dinner last night!”

Her nonchalance made me burn to say that authors were a frequent item on *our* menu. I even considered for a glorious moment the effect that a certain distaste on my part for such a diet would produce. But, hampered at that time by a truthful nature, I held my peace.

“You know what an author is?”

I made a neutral movement with my head which might be interpreted almost any way. Frances chose to explain the word, from which I judged that it had only recently entered her vocabulary.

“An author is a person that writes books,” she volunteered. “I am going to write a book!”

I was impressed. I too decided to write a book and become an author. Frances was insultingly incredulous of my ability. I was indignant. I made a mighty resolve—I would surpass Shakespeare in writing; (my respect for his works was based entirely on the fact that he occupied two shelves in our library, whereas most of the other writers had only one to their credit). I would surpass my own beloved Grimm—I would surpass everybody, even the redoubtable Frances.

She began her book. I began mine. Her tale was based on Grimm, "Alice in Wonderland," and the "Oz" books—and mine was quite slavishly based on Frances'. My style differed from hers in that while she sometimes used comparatives, I dealt only in superlatives. If her hero had two dead dragons to his credit, mine had three, and an ogre thrown in for good measure. If her heroine had locks the color of spun gold, mine had hair the color of the sun (which Frances assured me was a much too dazzling comparison, and therefore in bad taste). Then in the matter of chapters we clashed. I would never allow Frances to beat me there! She could turn out a chapter in fifteen minutes. I reduced the time to ten. She came neck and neck with me. In desperation I decreased the length of my chapter to one sentence. Frances was exasperated—who wouldn't be? I had broken all rules of fair writing.

"And you call 'he killed the dragun' a chapter!"

Her scorn was fine to see. I was cowed by it. I implored her not to go home. I promised never to be so mean again. I offered to increase the line to two whole pages. I said that all my future chapters should be of that length. My literary opponent was mollified. She consented to stay, and we wrote. But bound down to rules more hard to follow than those maintained by the classicists, I had the agony of seeing Frances winning out. Her book grew faster than mine to judge from its increasing chapters—and I saw that I might possibly vanquish Shakespeare, put L. Frank Baum in the background—but never Frances.

Her book became an obsession with me—its swelling chapters pursued me in my dreams—they increased to infinity. I could not get away from them—they pressed around me, suffocating. And then I regret to say it, I took a dastardly step. An inspiration descended upon me by which I might come off victor in this "battle of books", and I followed without thought the course of action. Now it had been one of our rules that whenever a page was finished, it should be read aloud for the approval of the other. It was the self-satisfied smirk with which Frances announced and read her fifty-sixth chapter, that decided me. Her hero was still battling with unconquerable odds, or at least odds that would be unconquerable for another fifty chapters, where he was to emerge, victorious. Mine seemed doomed to a like fate, but my friend's complacency was too much to be borne. In two pages *my* hero killed all the "draguns", his enemies obligingly

fell under his sword; and the heroine (I felt quite proud of this latter, for she was the one original stroke in the book) entirely deserted her former character of disdainful reserve, and fell with an indecent haste into his arms. Thus my tale ended in the forty-seventh chapter of its existence.

I announced the fact in clarion tones. I would have risen to the house-tops to have shouted it, but Frances rose before me like an avenging soul. In more fiery and dramatic language than ever she had written, she delivered the dictum that she was through with my company for all time. She would never return to my backyard—I might live or die—henceforth my existence would be as nought to her, and then, a fitting climax for her impassioned speech, she pronounced my book not literature, but *trash*!

I was speechless, crushed—that I did not know what literature might be, did not detract from the effect of her words. But I was not wholly vanquished—I had finished my book first!

Frances and I avoided each other for a week. I did not call her back, but I played ostentatiously near her side of the fence. Then one day, by some strange chance, my ball fell over onto her grounds, and by a still stranger chance, Frances happened to be near the spot where it landed. She tossed it back. I thanked her with excessive politeness, asking her if she would like to play ball with me. She consented with a glorious indifference. I tried to emulate her carelessness. For half an hour we played without speaking more than the rules of the game required. Then I remarked with what I considered an inspired tact:

“I have decided not to be an author.”

Frances was superb to the last. She took aim, she threw the ball with exquisite exactness:

“You never could be!” she replied.

Hail, a Daniel!

ALICE PARKER

The ultimate aim of all men in life is happiness. So nine-tenths of the world agrees, and the other tenth can find but shadowy and uninviting goals for substitutes. We do want to be happy, which means in most cases that we want to be comfortable and admired by our little world and interested in ourselves. In fact, when the formula is narrowed down, it resolves itself into the last item. We must, somehow or other, persuade ourselves that we are interesting. For if interesting, one is admired, and if admired sufficiently, one is not particularly uncomfortable, to say the least.

The age-old panacea for the unhappy, the bored, and the disillusioned has been: "Brace up! Look about you. Forget yourself, and try to be interested in outside things. Do a kind deed for someone each day, for instance." There may have been those to whom such a message has brought relief. There are undoubtedly a good many more who say they have found in it the way to happiness, because such is the accustomed and proper and unselfish thing to be said. And the bulk of bored and unhappy people are made more bored by each repetition of the well-worn piece of advice, and make the rest of the world much more unhappy by any attempts to carry it out. Forced interest in "outside" affairs,—which include everything save one's self, and therefore little indeed,—kind deeds consciously done (for the good of the "do-ce"),—altruistic sentiments expressed and re-expressed for truths,—the whole of the tasteless and theologically correct prescription has at last,—thank heaven,—been superseded. It is now admitted that man's interest, and so man's happiness, lies in himself,—artistically rendered. This is an age self-centered, and unashamed. Our noble older generations were doubtless equally self-centered, but hypocritical.

Once brought into the light, developed with a few simple exercises, and polished into sufficient versatility, a self offers unlimited possibilities. What a relief it is, indeed of being conscience-bound to seek interest in charity, or God's great outdoors, or the soul of one's room-mate, to find it in a new phase of self, slipped into at will! Instead of puzzling over the burdens of those whom it will be "happiness" to relieve, or cudgeling one's brain for a thought of some new,

healthy hobby, it is necessary only to lie awake,—or sleep, it doesn't much matter,—and dream of all the delightful selves which can be cultivated. It really isn't at all difficult to think of self,—although you may not believe it,—if one but removes the barriers erected by convention and Sunday School teachers.

The beginner in selfish thought may be somewhat puzzled, just at first, as to what is meant by "phases of self," and to be discouraged at the prospect of cultivation. But he must not lose heart before he has given the system an adequate trial. It is really all very simple.—oh, quite simple,—and a bare word of explanation usually suffices to convince the most rabid idealist. As I read in some ancient manuscript or other,—or perhaps it was only in somebody's old theme for "Thirt,"—"Life is but a gallery of portraits, or poses, into each of which we step as occasion demands." Such is the basis of the self-interest idea. For the benefit of those who shrink from "pose,"—which does have unpleasant connotations,—has been substituted the mellow "phases of self." Isn't it euphonious?

There are many different methods by which one can develop one's phases, dependent, of course, upon individual originality. The systematic soul, with a passion for order and logarithms, would undoubtedly do hers with the aid of a neat schedule card: "Tues., Feb. 21, 11:17 A. M., shift from bored, cynical self to vivid, passionate self. Thurs., Mar. 2, 6:32 P. M., shift from vivid, passionate self to innocent, girlish self. Mon., Mar. 13, 2:46 A. M., return to bored, cynical self, from innocent, girlish self, et cetera." And so she could arrange her varying natures for weeks ahead and changes could take place with little loss of time and effort.

While that plan might succeed with certain persons, however, it would fail to charm the most of us, lacking as it does the element of surprise, and failing to adapt itself to altered circumstance. It is also well to time our altering selves by the indulgence of our friends, although this is not strictly necessary. It must be understood that one's phases may be entirely mental, and need not entail radical changes of the outward being,—such as in costume,—at least not in the beginning. Eventually, however, a new self cannot be hid, but takes possession of the outer, as well as the inner man.

There are only two requirements for the adoption of this delightful idea,—proved remedy for ennui as it is. One is the complete abandonment of the stupid idols of self-sacrifice and service of others,

which never really interested us anyway. The other is the maintenance of one impersonal and observant self as overseer,—or scene-shifter, if you like,—which sits and enjoys the antics of the others. For what would be the sense of having interesting selves if there were no one to be interested? As to these various phases of interest, little is needed for their cultivation except a mirror, a self-centered will, and a rich imagination.

Once in running order, the system will be found a source of great comfort. Just fancy,—on any dull, rainy afternoon when the soul of a poet yearning for the Unknown is just a little tedious, one cries “Ho! my self of simple, childish pleasure!” and goes home enjoying the slush of mud around one’s arties, and the wholesome odor of frying doughnuts greeting one in the hall. Or when tired of being called cold and critical and blasé, what fun it would be to burst into a self which burns with passion and zest for life! And besides, there is the big advantage of never being actually hurt in any self, because one is never actually present in any of them. It is all play,—a jolly little game for one, quite bloodless, and oh, so interesting.

In a last phrase or two, let me advise,—be brave, be selfish, be ingenious, and you will be amused by life. For what is life but one’s self, and what is self but what you make it? If a work of art, or better yet, a gallery of artistic portraits, it will be an interesting subject to consider in after years. And to be interested is to be happy.

Sunflowers

ELEANOR P. DELAMATER

PART I

Mary Lee was watering her sunflowers. She looked very little beside them. Even the war, with its occasional thrill of bugles and marching feet, and its increased toll of duties, could not interfere with the evening ritual of watering the sunflowers. They grew up against the brick wall, just where the sun was strongest, and some of them were over six feet tall.

From the outside, the wall was a nice, mellow patch of color in the shady New England street. Some of the sunflowers looked over its top and they were very vivid against the dull red.

Inside the wall, it was very quiet. There were bachelor's buttons in saucy rows, and close green grass, and two sedate little beds of pansies beside the white steps, and a brass knocker on the door. And there was Mary Lee.

She looked very little beside her sunflowers. But as she emptied the last blob of water around one sturdy stem, and turned, you forgot, if you were there (which you weren't, of course, for strangers never came into the garden), you forgot that she was little. It was just something about her—that you couldn't possibly get hold of—it made you catch your breath. But she wasn't beautiful. She was only rather pretty.

After she had watered the sunflowers, she picked two purple pansies and a yellow one and brought them to where her mother sat in her arm chair on the grass. She was like a faded, ailing Mary Lee. But perhaps it was only the tender glow of affection that lit both faces, as Mary Lee half helped, half carried her into the house, that made the resemblance so marked.

After a while Mary Lee came and sat down on the immaculate white steps, to rest.

There had been peaches to preserve today, and the glittering old silver tea-service to polish. And then there had been supper to prepare and each blue and white dish to wash and wipe and put carefully away. Now the sun was setting and Mary Lee was a little tired.

She was very young,—and life behind the brick wall had not taught her much. Someday she would marry and have lots of children, and meanwhile there was Mother—and the garden. That was her philosophy. But lately there had been a kind of ache in her which refused to be satisfied by so simple a creed. And somehow the thought of prosperous, eligible David Lawrence, with his promises of luxury, did not help, either. Quite the opposite. Perhaps the war, which even the guardian sunflowers could not quite keep out of the garden, had something to do with this puzzled, tight feeling that made her a little ashamed. She had it now as she sat on the steps.

She stayed there for a long time, while the sun slowly pulled the shadows up over the garden and tucked them in. Then the gate clicked and someone came up the paved walk between the bachelor's buttons. Mary Lee looked up at the tall figure.

“Hello Tom,” she said.

Tom Steers and Mary Lee did not get along. They would start bravely into long, serious talks. But they always ended by squabbling. Sometimes Mary Lee cried afterwards, but more often she was too angry.

Tom Steers was tall and he had very blue eyes. There was a place over his right temple where his hair grew in a queer little swirl. He wrote music and played it on his violin and people said it was quite wonderful. He said so too.

Mary Lee was a little afraid of him, though she had known him always. Now she braced herself for the cutting things he was sure to say.

“Hello, Mouse,” he hailed, “Still in your hole?”

He put his violin case on the step and looked at her. He always brought his violin when he came to see her. Then he dropped down beside her and she sighed with relief as she saw that he was settling for a talk. Perhaps—*this* time—he wouldn't be disagreeable. She always thought that.

“Did you see the soldiers go by, this morning? They were Artillery from Pennsylvania. Going to camp up-state somewhere.”

Mary Lee had seen them. There was a silence while she remembered how that ache in her had grown as she watched the dusty troop go by the garden gate. The silence drew itself out. Finally,—

"Terrible thing—this war," Tom said—and paused as if to hear her opinion. He had come to say something, she knew that, so she merely waited. He began again,

"It's awful—but, do you know, I'm glad it happened, in a way. It makes a fellow think deeper somehow. I mean—death—and all that sort of thing—"

She felt he was embarrassed when he paused but she didn't know how to help him.

"You probably think I'm crazy—coming here and saying these things all of a sudden like this."

He paused again. He *was* embarrassed.

"Oh no—I don't think you're crazy," murmured Mary Lee, quite seriously.

He didn't really hear her.

"Don't you think you've got to—sort of—get used to the idea of death and dying—nowadays? Oh I'm not morbid about it—only—those fellows over there just going up and *feeding* guns—where does it get you? So many of 'em being wiped out at once—it rather makes you wonder if that's all there is to it, for them. I've read a lot of stuff about chaps getting killed and then—er—coming back. 'getting through'—they call it. Do you believe that?"

He shot the question at her. She was quite surprised to hear herself say,

"Yes—I think you could come back if you wanted to enough. I mean,—if you wanted to see someone a lot—or something."

"Of course you *can't* be sure," he mused, "but—*if anything happens to me—*"

He stopped and glanced at her. She was still so surprised at this thing she had never known she believed that she missed the significance of his remark and said nothing. When he went on there was a little note of exasperation in his voice.

"If there *was* a way, I'd find it. I'd come back if it could be done. To anyone who grieved for me—"

She surprised herself again. "But you wouldn't want anyone to grieve, would you? That would be selfish."

He didn't like that and cut across her sentence, bitterly, with,

"Well, I came up to tell you something—because I know I could certainly count on *you* not to weep. I've enlisted. I go into camp tomorrow. They expect to send us over in a hurry."

Then, as she sat silent,

"Oh go ahead! Don't be hypocritical. I know it's no blow to you and there's no call to be polite!"

"I—" said Mary Lee, "why no—I—think it's fine. Congratulations." She smiled vaguely.

He looked at her—and away again, quickly.

"So you see, that's why I've been wondering about these things. Sort of felt as if I wanted to be—reassured. I'm glad you think—what you do. If anything happens to me—"

This time, when he paused, Mary Lee jerked her head up suddenly. She didn't look at him, but gazed past him at the sunflowers.

In a minute he changed the subject abruptly—

"I made a tune last night," he said and then rather desperately. "Like to hear it?"

She said yes, mechanically. So he took out his violin with careful, tender fingers and stood up.

The music was like nothing Mary Lee had ever heard. It sang and wept and cursed all at once. Listening to it she felt the ache in her growing. It was rising and rising like the water in the lily pond when you turned on the spigot. She couldn't quite tell what it was, thought it seemed that she *almost* had it. It hurt her throat.

Then Tom Steers stopped playing and the music he was making ended on a high note.

Mary Lee put her hand to her throat uncertainly. The music went on in her head. There was an instant—and then she looked up. His gaze drew her right up from the steps to her feet.

She had it now! It was so simple. He was going away. That was it! He was going away and—he might not come back!

He said huskily,

"I think—I made it for you—the song." Then he added. "I love you"—and blushed scarlet.

She tried to say something but she didn't seem to have any voice.

Somewhere inside the house a clock chimed eight. He drew his breath.

"I've got to go now."

He picked up his violin.

"I won't ask you to wait for me, Mary Lee—only—"

She put up her face—but he didn't kiss her. She felt him stiffen and then he straightened up.

"I guess *that* wouldn't be fair. You're so young. Well—goodbye."

And Mary Lee found herself raising her desperate, pleading little face to the empty air, and the "Please" she had struggled with was drowned by the slam of the gate. After a moment she sat down again on the white steps.

Then she heard a scramble outside the wall and suddenly his face appeared over it between two sunflower blooms. She could see the whiteness of his knuckles as he clung there, and that queer little swirl in his hair.

"Don't forget—if anything happens, I'll come back!"

He smiled, and the last words came to her over the wall. She heard him go away. He was whistling that tune of his.

When it died away she tried to hum it to herself—it went on so plainly in her head. But she could only manage a little monotone mumble. Mary Lee could not carry a tune.

PART II

Juggins was a little boy. He lived in a very big house with a very wide green lawn around it. There was a wall, too—a high stone wall that you couldn't see over. Sunflowers grew against it. Mother had planted them there, and every night she watered them herself. None of the gardeners were even allowed to do it and even Juggins could only do it when he had been *very* good.

Juggins was five years old. He was small and round and serious and he had wide open blue eyes and a surprised sort of smile. He wore knee breeches and blouses with leather belts. Some times the breeches were a little tight and it was rather hard to sit down.

Mother had named him Juggins. His real name was David and it made Papa angry to have him called Juggins. He would take off his glasses and rub his head (Papa had almost no hair on his head) and say:

"Really, Mary, I don't approve of these silly nicknames. The child's name is David, just as mine is. Why not call him that?"

But Mother always laughed and said that David was much too long a name for such a little boy—and he *was* such a Juggins!

Mother was the most beautiful person in the world. Especially when she laughed. When she did, it made Juggins want to hug her.

Only she didn't do it very much, especially now that Grandma had gone away.

Juggins remembered Grandma very well, and how there had always been something about her eyes that made him want to cry. And he remembered how once, he and his nurse were sent to the country and how, when they came back, Grandma was gone, from her white room upstairs.

Mother said she had gone on a long, long visit and he must be glad because where she was now nothing would ever hurt her any more. Juggins *was* glad but he wanted to know,

Won't she ever come back? Not to see you and me, p'raps?"

Mother turned her head away. "No, dear," she said, "Grandma won't come back. She can't. People who go to that place can't come away from it again. They would come back and see us if they only could. Oh I *know* they would! But they can't! They can't!"

She said it quite loudly, in a funny voice, and for a minute Juggins thought she was angry with him.

And so, now that Grandma had gone, Mother laughed even less than before. Juggins didn't like that, and he asked Tunster about it.

Tunster was a friend of his. No one but Juggins had ever seen him. Next to Mother he was the most wonderful person on earth and he had everything that Juggins wanted most himself.

He had six goats and an ocean steamship and a train and a sharp knife and he wore long black stockings. Juggins wished passionately for black stockings. And oh—how Tumster could play the violin! Juggins was always on the point of remembering one of the tunes he played for him on his violin. He could hear it in his head, quite plainly sometimes, especially just before he went to sleep at night. But although Juggins learned very early to carry a tune in his shrill little treble he never could *quite* get that tune of Tumster's.

So Juggins asked Tunster why Mother didn't laugh more often. But Tunster couldn't—or wouldn't—tell him. That was strange. Still Juggins used to lay plots to surprise Mother into it, just the same.

Once he suggested to Papa that he grow some hair on his head. Juggins thought it would look nicer than all that shiny place, and Mother would surely be pleased enough to laugh. But somehow Papa did not understand. He said a great many things to Juggins in a loud voice.

“Just because her mother is dead now and I’m not needed to ‘make her last days comfortable’, she needn’t think her obligation to me is ended! She’s my wife! Don’t you let your mother put you up to these tricks, David. They aren’t funny.”

Juggins didn’t understand what it was all about, but it was quite clear that Papa didn’t want to grow any hair on his head, so he went away.

One day Mother told Juggins that he was to go on a journey. Quite a long journey. Papa wasn’t going because he was too busy and because he didn’t like the place they were going to. It was the place where Mother had lived when she was a little girl. No one lived there now.

Mother preferred to go on the train.

It was only the second time in his life that Juggins had ever been on a train. It fascinated him. Men kept walking through, calling out strange things in loud voices. A fat lady went to sleep in the seat behind him. She opened her mouth very wide and made queer noises. When Juggins turned around he could look right into her mouth. It frightened him a little because it looked so big. He wondered if he could possibly fall into it.

The train took a long time and Juggins was hot and tired when they finally went through the gate in the brick wall and into the garden.

It was a very old garden and there had been no gardener to take care of it. The grass was all grown up tall,—almost as tall as Juggins, and there were no flower-beds. Over by the wall were three sunflowers. They were very big. Much bigger than the ones at home. Juggins could hardly see their tops. There was a path up to the house, made of queer flat stones and the grass was growing up between the stones.

The house was little and white and all the blinds were closed. It reminded Juggins of a little white kitten he had once seen—before its eyes were open.

Mother pulled out a big key and told Juggins to be good and play by himself in the garden. She went into the house.

Juggins was worried about the garden. He knew only one thing to do so he found an old pail and began busily to water the grass and the sunflowers. It was hard work. The grass brushed his ears

and tickled his nose as he plowed through it. And the pail leaked. His face began to get very red.

After a long time, Mother came out and found him. She took Juggins onto her lap and explained to him that it was no use, the garden was too old. Presently she went inside again.

So Juggins sat down on the white steps. He felt quite badly about the garden and he was a little tired.

After a while the gate clicked and someone came up the path. Juggins looked up. And then,—although he had never *really* seen him before, he knew it was Tunster.

Tunster put his violin on the step and sat down.

“Hello,” said Juggins.

Tunster said, “Hello,” and then quickly, “Where is she? Your mother?”

Juggins started to call her.

“No!” said Tunster and his voice made Juggins jump. “Don’t call her. It’s not allowed. Only you.”

Juggins sat down and waited. There was a place on Tunster’s head where his hair grew around in a little twirl. Juggins liked it.

Tunster was looking at him.

“How do you like the place where Mother lived when she was a little girl?” he asked.

Juggins liked it. What big sunflowers there were! Had Tunster ever been here before?

Yes—Tunster had, but that was ages ago, before he went away and found out about things.

“What things?”

“Oh—everything—almost.” Then, suddenly, Tunster laughed out loud.

“Remember the time we climbed the big tree and tried to get the goats up into it? And the time we went to Africa in my steamship?”

Oh, *didn’t* Juggins remember though!

“And the time we *almost* dug through to China?”

Juggins was bouncing up and down on the step. But he wanted to know, “Why didn’t you never come before—*really*—like this?”

Tunster wasn’t smiling when he said, very low,

“I wasn’t allowed. I wanted to come. I wanted to—an awful lot. But, where I was, they wouldn’t let you,—if you weren’t—the

way you ought to be—good—do you see? I used to try to come at first. But I found out that the only way to do it was to get to be—well—really nice, you know.”

Then he smiled and said,

“I’ve seen your grandma. She has a nice time there.”

“Do you *still* live there?”

“Well—sort of—only further out along the line. I had to learn not to want things before I could move out there. I’m better now, though.”

Juggins didn’t quite understand, but, before he could ask about it, Tunster said in that low voice again.

“Do you think your—your Mother is happy?”

“Oh yes.” Juggins was quite sure Mother was happy.

Tunster waited for a moment and then he said,

“I’m not allowed to stay much longer.” He glanced down at his violin. “Would you like one tune before I go?”

“Oh yes, please.”

So Tunster took his violin in careful tender fingers and stood up. He began to play.

It was like nothing Juggins had ever really heard before, but suddenly he knew it was that tune he had tried so often to remember, especially at night before he went to sleep. He would remember it—now.

Juggins liked the tune. He felt happy and smiling all over, until Tunster, when he stopped playing, said in a new voice,

“Goodbye. Will you tell her I *tried*?”

Juggins heard Mother coming out of the house behind him.

“Oh look!—” he exclaimed, and turned to her. But when he looked back—Tunster wasn’t there.

Juggins was surprised. He jumped up and started to the gate to see if Tunster was still in sight. But Mother called him back.

“What were you doing, dear? Did you call me? I thought I heard someone call me.”

She looked troubled and Juggins tried to explain everything at once.

“Well—Tunster,” he began.

“Oh you were playing with Tunster, were you? That’s my good little boy.”

She sat down beside Juggins on the step.

He tried to tell her all about it but somehow the words got mixed and he couldn't make it clear. After a while he saw that Mother wasn't listening. She was looking off at the sunflowers.

"Moth—*err*," he said.

She looked at him—and her eyes were full of tears. He didn't like it!

Then he remembered Tunster's tune. He could hear it plainly in his head and he began to sing it softly to Mother in his reedy little treble. Perhaps she would like it too. She might even laugh!

When he had finished he sat quite still and smiled to himself. It was very still in the garden and he *did* feel so happy.

Then he looked at Mother. But she was sitting turned away from him, in a little heap. Juggins moved around in front of her and tried to look into her face—and suddenly the world reeled and everything tottered.

Mother was crying!

Dark Places

MARGARET HARVEY

A moment's crouching in dark places—
Grateful for each shadow—
Yet sorrow-clogged, still creeping on,
A furtive looking into faces
Always passing by,
A longing (greater than desire)
For full-brimmed life—yet shrinking from it
When it comes—an endless fear,
A choking dread of things unfelt:
Of pain and love and joy and grief
And haggard sacrifice.

A weary draining of the dregs,
Yet never tasting of the wine
Some happy heedless one gulps down—
The wine we might have drunk,
Had we but dared.

The Spotlight

CHARLOTTE DORIAN

Noel Desnoyers sat in his front-row orchestra seat, and watched attentively the stage where inferior acts of vaudeville succeeded each other. He was not interested in the performance—much of the repartee and the harsh singing he did not even hear—but his attention followed continually the movements of the spotlight. This was the third successive night that he had sat in the same seat, but even now he did not know the content of the acts. He came in, settled himself, and began his ceaseless watching of the spotlight. Not what it lighted upon, for jugglers and dancers had no interest for him, but the yellow glow itself, held him enthralled.

He began each evening by wishing dully that he were upon the stage, the center of attention—he, Noel Desnoyers, seen and applauded by all. Presently he seemed to see himself where he wished to be; he imagined himself bowing low, receiving the approval of the audience; he thought of clever, slangy comments of approbation to be shouted at him from the gallery. So it was that he saw nothing of the show, but always Noel Desnoyers, moving about the stage in the yellow circle of the spotlight. The idea had become a mania with him; night after night he came, to imagine himself into the position he craved. Some day, he believed, his longing would be strong enough to bring its own accomplishment, though he did not know how.

It had begun, this desire to attract attention, to hold a great audience fascinated, a great many years before, when he was a little boy in France. He had been an odd child, silent and sensitive, and the other children were inclined to leave him alone, since he did not join easily in the noise and romping of their games. Left to himself, he imagined spectacular events in which he would rise to leadership, and show them that they could not afford to ignore him. He brooded about the matter, until it became a habit to sit and dream himself into positions of prominence. But even in his dreams, it was not the accomplishment that was of importance, but the need of recognition by others. He wanted to be looked at by a great many people, to stand out before an audience and impress them. But even his name was a handicap. There were any number of Desnoyers families in the town,

and an even greater number of Noels. His desire was not lessened by that, however; it remained and increased as he became a man. After his marriage at twenty-three, he was satisfied for a time. His wife admired and looked up to him, and her appreciation gratified him. But in the flush of the confidence she gave him, he decided to go to America, where his family name was not so common, and where, everybody said, it was easy to make a fortune. Roselle, his wife, would appreciate him the more then, he felt. The effort was not a success; he had not made a fortune, or anything more than an income that could be stretched, with good management, to their wants; and she had gradually shifted to an attitude of disappointment in him.

It was when this manifested itself that his earlier dreams came back in full force, and he began again to brood over imagined opportunities that should bring him before the public eye and gratify his longing for recognition. Then while walking alone one night, to escape from Roselle's harangue on the unpaid bills, he had wandered into the little vaudeville theatre, and discovered the spotlight. It gave a new turn to his imaginings; this, after all, was the ideal way to make one's public appearance, for here one not only appeared, but also heard the comments of the audience. It did not much matter whether or not they were favorable; his first night there one of the actors was hissed, and he found that the thought of hissing gave him the same pleasurable exhilaration as that of applause. Just to be there, in the glare of the light, and have so many pairs of eyes turned toward one seemed to him the height of achievement. From that first visit, the place had fascinated him; it made realization seem nearer—less a matter of imagination, and much more a question of time only. As a result, he dropped into the habit of coming more and more often. He took always the same seat in the front row, and the management had begun to notice him; he had seen one usher nudge another when he entered tonight, for it was the third successive night he had been there. He did not know that one had whispered to the other, "Say, there he is again! I betcher he's crazy!"

He was sitting forward on the edge of his seat now, his eyes fixed on the dancing circle made by the spotlight. Back and forth it went, from one side of the stage to the other, and he sat tense, his hand gripping the arm of his seat, watching. His excitement had been growing throughout the performance; the recognition of the usher had made him feel that at last he was being noticed. His hour was

about to strike. It was he, Noel Desnoyers, and his place was up there, where the dazzling glow of yellow hovered upon the stage. He belonged there, and he would be there. His time was coming—it *had* come! Suddenly, with a hoarse cry, he was out of his seat, scrambling over the orchestra, climbing desperately to the stage. He clutched at the footlights, almost fell, caught himself, and staggered toward the tantalizing circle of light.

But someone blocked his path. An actor, a mere juggler, stood squarely in the center of his coveted position. Infuriated, he sprang at him, taking him by surprise, and knocked him so that his head struck the table where his ivory balls were piled. Everything fell in confusion; people screamed; the spotlight disappeared; and abruptly the curtain fell. Angry, bewildered, he noticed only two things: the yellow light was gone, and the curtain stood between him and his audience. Someone seized him violently and held him while someone else tied his hands; he heard stray words—"doctor," "ambulance," and after a time, "killed instantly"—but he was conscious of only one thing; he had reached his goal, and then, at the moment of triumph, the goal had been snatched away. After a while, they took him away. He went passively; since he did not know where the yellow light had gone, it did not matter much what they did with him.

More time passed, and he was in a dull, gray room, and a stranger was asking him questions, but he felt no inclination to answer. They gave up after a while, and led him to another gray room, where he was shut up by himself. There was no one to watch him there, and he felt very tired. Finding a small cot in one corner, he lay down on it and went to sleep.

He stayed in the gray room for several days, spending most of his time in sleeping. Sometimes they brought him food, and on two or three occasions men appeared and tried again to question him. But he would not answer them; he was again the silent, sensitive little French boy, and they were his companions, who taunted him, but who, if he did not answer, would soon go away and leave him to dream of the day when he should be the great leader, Noel Desnoyers, and all the people would turn to watch him as he passed. His dreams, too, had gone back to those days; he had forgotten the yellow gleam of the spotlight, and remembered only that his playmates had teased him, but that some day he would be great and proud and wonderful, and they would all bow before him and address him as "Sir." His out-

ward behaviour was normal; he ate the meals that were brought to him, and obeyed orders docilely. Only he would not answer questions, so that those who came to ask him, knowing nothing of his dreams, thought him sullen.

Then one morning two attendants came and led him to a new place. It was a large room, with a number of people seated in it—rather as the audience sits in a theater. At one end of the room was an open space in which stood two long tables that faced a raised desk. Around the top of this desk ran a brass railing, terminating at each end in a round brass knob. The knobs, thought Desnoyers, as he seated himself according to instructions at one of the long tables, were vaguely like something he had seen before. He glanced around the room, and then back at the nearest knob. Suddenly he remembered: it was like the round yellow circle of the spotlight. And he was before it, and out beyond him was the audience, whispering while they waited for the show to begin. Presently the time would come, and he would show them what he could do—he, Noel Desnoyers, would leap to fame in an instant.

Abruptly the audience grew silent and rose to its feet. Desnoyers rose too, and turned to face them. But they were looking beyond him, and turning, he saw an elderly man in a black robe enter the room and seat himself behind the raised desk. Then everyone else sat down again, but Desnoyers remained standing. He would speak now, before anyone tried to take the place that belonged to him. He was about to begin, when someone took hold of his arm, forced him into his seat, and began to say incomprehensible things about being the counsel appointed by the court, and having tried unsuccessfully to talk with him before, but having still some hope of getting him out of it, and finally, to be sure to plead not guilty. Desnoyers did not understand him in the least, and was furiously angry that his chance had been taken from him, but he resolved to keep silent and be crafty this time. For he had remembered something else by now; his last attempt to take his rightful place had come back into his mind, and he recalled that when he tried to seize it by force, they had taken away the spotlight and rung down the curtain. So he kept quiet and waited; but he grew more and more angry as one person after another was called forward to a chair that stood beside the raised desk, and questioned. He did not listen to what was said, and he had no idea that he was on trial for murder; it was as it had been that night

in the theater—his attention was fixed on the shining brass knob that represented the spotlight to him, and his only thought was that his chance *must* come.

It came, finally. His name was called, and he went forward, proudly, to the chair beside the shining knob. He was about to begin speaking, when someone asked him a question. Collecting his wits, he answered; it was, then, to be a play, and his part had not been given to him beforehand. Well, if he thought quickly, he could get his cues. Oddly enough, the play seemed to be based on that night at the theater when he had tried to reach the spotlight. That was lucky for him; he knew all about that, and he began giving rapid, perfectly coherent answers. Yes, he had been in the theater on the night mentioned; yes, he had occupied a front seat on the center aisle; yes, his name was Noel Desnoyers. On and on the questions went, and he answered smilingly, confidently. He admitted climbing to the stage, admitted striking the juggler who blocked his path. The next question was something he had not thought about before, and he was obliged to hesitate before answering.

“What was your motive in striking the man?”

A pause. It had not occurred to Desnoyers that it was necessary to have a motive; the fellow had stood in the place that belonged to him, Noel Desnoyers, and he had removed him—that was all. But he must not miss his cue, and disappoint his audience. He must say something.

“The place he had was mine. It belonged to me, therefore I took it.”

“Did you intend to kill him when you struck?”

This, too, was a new thought. He had struck blindly, in a fury, with no intentions whatever, but he must not miss; he must give the answer they wanted.

“There was no other way to remove him.”

A sigh of horror went over the audience; Desnoyers, proud and joyful, heard it. At last—he had come into his place, and was appreciated; his name would be remembered. But in a few minutes more, he was told to leave his place, and reluctantly went back to the chair by the table, where he again sat with his eyes fixed on the shining knob of brass. The act was over, it seemed. But he had distinguished himself, there must be another act soon to come. On the far side of the room, a group of men rose and went out, and then the audience

rose, and the man behind the desk went out also. There was whispering then, and someone tried to talk to Desnoyers, but he was wrapped in his dreams, and paid no attention. He had vindicated himself at last; now Roselle would look up to him again. He wondered where she was, and wished that she had seen him before the spotlight. But it was not of great importance; his name would be in all the papers, and she would see it there.

A long time passed, and then those who had left the room came back, and Desnoyers was summoned again to the seat by the desk. Several things were said, to which he did not listen. He was waiting to hear his name, and when at last it came, sternly, from the man at the desk, he rose instinctively to his feet.

"Noel Desnoyers," said the judge, "you are convicted of murder in the second degree, and I hereby sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Desnoyers hesitated. This was not a question, and it conveyed nothing to his mind. Yet obviously some response was expected of him. Turning in the direction of judge and jury, he bowed elaborately, and sat down. The audience gasped; the utter callousness of it was appalling, and they had no way of knowing that the man's mania for public recognition had wiped everything else from his mind.

Elated at this tribute to his ability, jubilant at what he felt was the perfection of his acting, Desnoyers allowed himself to be led back to his narrow, gray room, and, tired with his exertion, went to sleep. Triumphant he demanded the papers next morning, and read the account of the trial, cutting out and putting away the huge headlines. Never once did the significance of his act, or of his condemnation, reach him. His only thought was that at last he had attained his goal. He was Noel Desnoyers, the great, and Roselle and all the world would see what he could do. When, after a day or so, his name no longer appeared, he was insulted; it could not be that he should be so quickly forgotten, and he searched frantically each day for some mention of his name. At last he found it, in a small notice announcing that he was to be hanged the next morning. Even then, no realization of the meaning penetrated to him; he thought only that at last they were advertising him in advance. He was a personage, and what he did was of importance to the world.

That night, he was all impatience. The chaplain came to see him, and tried to talk to him of such vague things as sin, and the next

world. But he could think only that tomorrow he would again appear in public, and the chaplain was obliged to give up and go away.

In the morning, when two attendants came for him, he was eager to go, and strutted proudly between them. They took him to a narrow courtyard, where a few people stood about. This was too small an audience, he thought, but it was early yet. There was some conversation in low tones, and someone spoke to him, but he paid no attention. He was absorbed in dreams again, and barely noticed when a rope noose was slipped around his neck. He was remembering his former triumph, and that he was the noted Noel Desnoyers, of whom everyone had heard, and who was soon to duplicate his achievement. He died smiling triumphantly, a famous man.

La Miserable

FRANCES CURRAN

I do love being sad. Today
It seems as if the heavens gray
Had poured upon me everything
That I had feared today might bring,

And several other sorrows, too,
That I had hardly hoped to view.
Full pale and drear I walk the street
With mind quite low and dragging feet;

My friends, so innocent and gay,
Shan't steal my lovely woe today;
I would not stoop my grief to share
But walk with martyred saint-like air.

I chaff not with the bourgeoisie,
My sorrow so ennobles me.
Death cannot offer me a sting;
I would not smile, for anything.

Poplars

RUTH TYLER

I heard you say that you were very glad
The poplar trees which stood upon a ridge
Behind your neighbor's wall were broken down.
Quite merciless, the ice and wind had left
Only a few short stumps that must soon go,
Surely the neighbor would not leave those there!—
“Those poplars clutter up so in the fall,” you say,
“And keep the morning sun at other times
From the east windows.”

Yes, you *would* be glad.

Hot summer days I've watched those slender trees
Peering on tiptoe over that high wall
—Of a light saffron hue that almost throbbed with heat.—
With long cool hands stretched far across the edge,
Each chatting with the pansies in gay fun,
Who turned their rounded purple chins far back
To smile in thanks for even distant shade.
And in the autumn under a brisk wind
I've seen the poplars toss their yellow leaves,
Thin golden coin upon the darkened grass,
Like children in a frantic joyous game,
They chase in whirlwinds, till at last they drop,
Worn out with laughter.

I recall one night
When the once friendly sky drew back
And frowned in silence with a hostile face,
I was too frightened to acknowledge fear
And would have screamed for Death had I not felt
That Death might pay some heed. And then I saw
The poplars standing straight and unafraid.
Facing the sky.

No one can ever know
All that it means to have you gaily say,
“I'm very glad the wind has torn them down.”

Book Reviews

ERIK DORN

(By Ben Hecht.)

FRANCES CURRAN

Erik Dorn is a brilliant newspaper editor whose consciousness of his own cleverness is too great to admit any conception of the outside world but that of a stupid brightly-colored bubble, blown expressly to be pierced by Erik Dorn's acute and scornful wit.

The book centers on the cynic who is at one moment utterly wearied of the life about him, and at the next childishly delighted with his own perspicacity in seeing through the illusion. To quote, "—a momentary awe would overcome him, the awe of listening to himself give utterance to fantastic ideas that he knew had no existence in him—a cynical magician watching a white rabbit that he had never seen before crawl naïvely out of his own sleeve."

The common paradox stressed throughout the story is that the main character (one would hardly term him the hero) is at once profoundly indifferent to humanity and deliriously in love with it—as exemplified by his exceedingly tender feelings toward the several ladies of his heart. It would hardly be fair, in this instance, to call him immoral; as the word privilege implies the existence of law, so must immorality imply lapse from positive morality—and Erik is quite entirely devoid of moral feeling of any sort.

By a series of scenes vividly drawn, and strung together as loosely as actual experiences are connected in retrospect, Mr. Hecht has succeeded in dragging the reader along with his characters through their emotionally exhausting and bitterly futile careers, to an equally bitter and bootless ending.

Why a talented young writer (and the author is obviously too cynical and morbid to be anything but young) wastes his talents on a plot like this is hard to understand; possibly he is hereby working

something undesirable out of his own system, a Dorn-complex, as it were, and emptying his mental ash-can on the public highway. In that case, it is to be hoped that this effusion will leave Mr. Hecht free to fulfill his literary promise in a way which may be, if not purer yet and purer, at least more representative of the whole of present-day life, rather than some of the less wholesome back-alley-ways.

LIZA OF LAMBETH

By W. Somerset Maugham.

ELEANOR KOHN

It is a long and tedious journey from the tropical beauty at the South Sea isles which provided a setting for Mr. Maugham's latest book *The Trembling of a Leaf* to the gray, swarming London street of this earlier tale, pathetic in its stark realism.

In Vere Street, Lambeth, the houses were all alike, "three-storied buildings of dingy, gray brick with slate roofs, without a bow window or even a protecting cornice or window sill to break the straightness of the line from one end of the street to the other."

Liza's vivid personality is a living, breathing protest against this drab similarity. Mr. Maugham being a dramatist as well as a novelist excels in the erst-while difficult art of providing adequate entrances and exits for his characters. It is a memorable picture—this of Liza's entrance on a sultry August evening when the women of Vere Street sat about on door-steps talking of obstetrics and "an opportune murder" in a neighboring doss house, while the lounging men smoked, and the scrawny babies sprawled and the young girls danced—danced solemnly until Liza appeared and lent a certain indefinable gaiety to the occasion.

This scene so characteristic of Liza—high spirited, reckless, avid for pleasure is apt to linger in one's mind. Mr. Maugham, however, is too sincere an artist and too true to the dictates of realism to picture his Liza as a snow-white lily, untouched by the slime and beer-drenched mud of Vere Street. We see her candidly and thoroughly inebriated and her language is at times quite unfit for publication. Her tragedy, that common tragedy of the woman who loves "not

wisely but too well'' is so capably handled that under the cold blue light of reality which is turned so mercilessly upon her, the dual danger of triteness and false sentimentality are overcome.

The story moves swiftly about this central theme to its inevitable conclusion in the Vere Street sitting room where the two brandy-drinking women discuss the relative merits of ''hook or helm'' for the making of coffins. Mr. Maugham has shirked nothing of the ugliness of his subject here nor elsewhere in the book. The accounts of the various events with their coarse pleasures and coarser pleasantries are unsoftened by any roseate light of sentimentality, and beer and whiskey blow through the book in a steady stream.

The novel develops logically and dramatically, growing more swift in movement as it approaches the climax. It shows all the vigor, the feeling for character and for dramatic development which have helped to make known its author's later works. One misses the subtlety and complexity so characteristic of *The Moon and Sixpence*, yet somehow these qualities would be out of place in the recounting of a tale so sordid and pitiful as that of *Liza of Lambeth*.

Exchanges

Whimsies, Michigan's Literary Magazine, is as delightful as its title is promising. Beside the two prize essays, "Road-sides" and "Cakes and Cream," that offer a challenge to all prose written in colleges, "A Coyote Hunt with Russian Wolfhounds" is worthy to be mentioned, as an extremely well-handled exposition. The choice of poems and the drama, "A Flower of Old Japan," show that the editors know the art of compiling.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* for January, a humor department comes to light. It is refreshing to find so admirable a magazine that does not take itself with hide-bound seriousness. The editorial states the quandary in which this literary organ is plunged. The poems, "Change", "Patterns", which is interesting to contrast with one of Amy Lowell's touching the same theme, and "Acceptance" show poetic feeling.

The *Barnard Bear* seems to face the same problem of expressing student opinion that all college magazines must cope with—hence the department, "Across the Table," which lets a stimulating breath of air into the literary atmosphere of the *Bear*. "The Individualist," the "Sonnet," by Alice DeSola, and "Heroics" are well-chosen contributions.

The *Amherst Writing* contains some very good poetry. "Thorstein" shows sustained expression and true poetic feeling in a return to the old saga form of verse. Somewhat Frostian in their quality of resembling the speech of the human voice are the poems, "No Trespassing", "The House She Left", "Some Day"; while "Dusk-Danger" suggests the subjects treated in Carl Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel."

The *Round Table* for January lives up to its high reputation. The informal essays are particularly well done this month. "Eleven Days in Siberia" is interesting description of a difficult sort to do. "Lines on Sleep" and "For a Neglected Fountain in the Park" are carefully written poems; and "She" is as true to form as it is delightful in subject.

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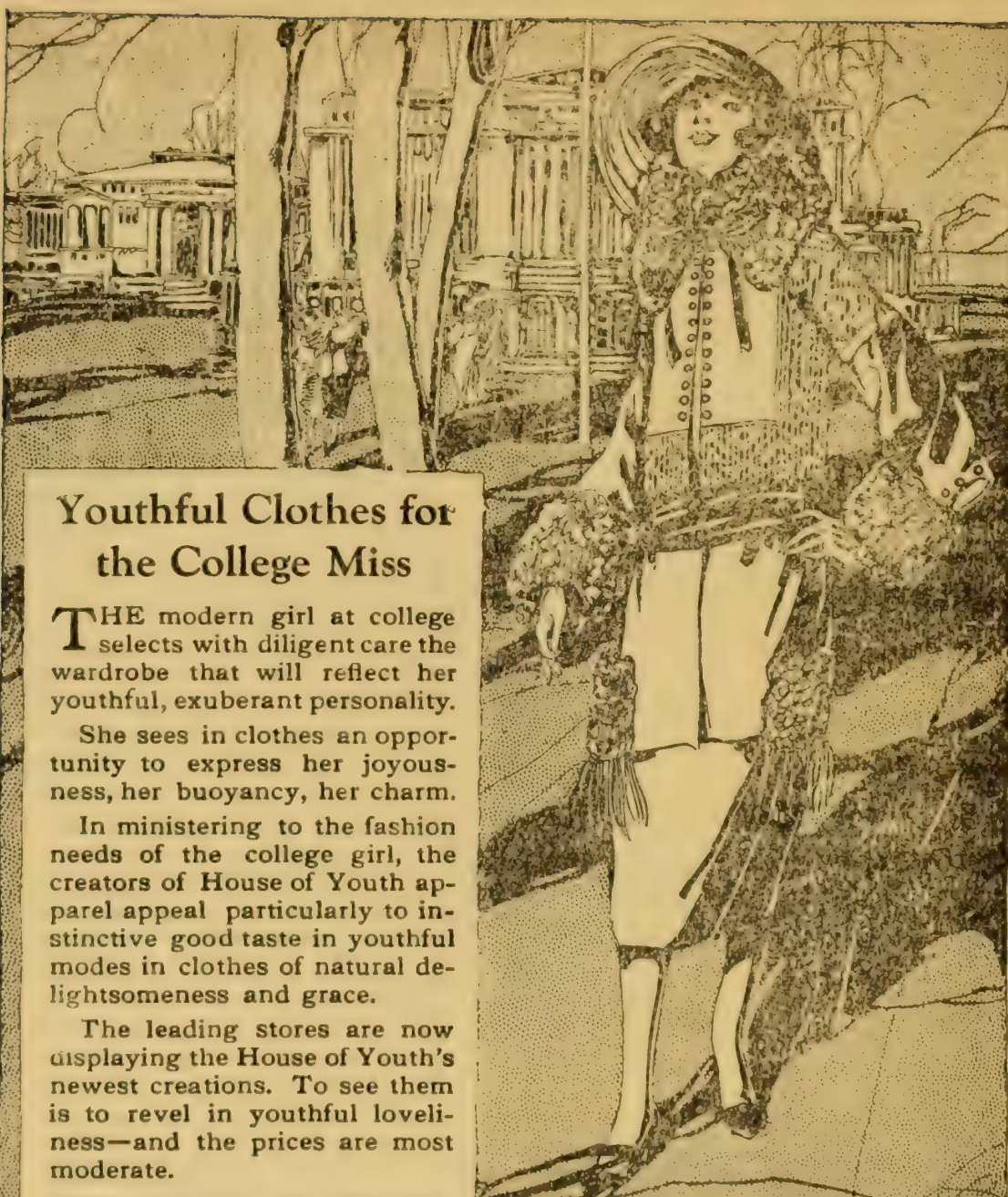
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Intercollegiate Number

APRIL

Nineteen Twenty-Two

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD

HENRY JAMES AND HIS SHORT STORIES	<i>Sidney McLean</i>	214
NINETEEN SPEAKS	<i>Grace Hardy, Vassar, 1922</i>	220
NOTHING AT ALL	<i>Isabelle Lawrence, Radcliffe, 1922</i>	221
TUNES FOR A WILLOW WHISTLE	<i>Harriet Cogswell, Mount Holyoke, 1922</i>	234
THE MAGNANIMOUS EGOTIST	<i>Anne Axtell, Smith, 1922</i>	236
STORM—A POEM	<i>Leonie Adams, Barnard, 1922</i>	238
BROKEN GLOBES	<i>Katharine Bowman, Mount Holyoke, 1922</i>	239
SPRING ON CHARLES STREET	<i>Dorothy Benson, Smith, 1922</i>	251
I LOVE THEE IN PROSE	<i>Edith Shearn, Barnard, 1922</i>	252
WARES	<i>Marjorie Cook, Mount Holyoke, 1923</i>	262
TRAVEL—A WARNING	<i>Irene Mott, Vassar, 1922</i>	263
GONZALO'S JEST	<i>Martha Keller, Vassar, 1924</i>	266
A STUDY OF WALTER DE LA MARE	<i>Eleanor Chilton, Smith, 1922</i>	269
TWENTY-ONE	<i>Eleanor Shaler, Vassar, 1922</i>	274
GEORGE—A GENTLEMAN	<i>Ruth Sandburn, Radcliffe, 1922</i>	276
THE BEGGAR	<i>Eleanor Chilton, Smith, 1922</i>	284
THE DEVIL	<i>Sarah Banks, Vassar, 1924</i>	285
LUCIFER	<i>Courtenay Halsey, Vassar, 1922</i>	286
CLOUDS AT NIGHT	<i>Robertta Swartz, Mount Holyoke, 1925</i>	288
THE INCALCULABLE INFLUENCE OF FOOD	<i>Louise Guybol, Smith, 1923</i>	289
ON GOING TO CHURCH	<i>Corinne Eastman, Mount Holyoke, 1921</i>	291

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Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

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APRIL, 1922

No. 5

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Foreword

At certain times, while we are ploughing a familiar field, it is both interesting and wise to cry "whoa" to the horses, drop the reins, and go up to the fence for a talk with a fellow worker ploughing in the next field. It is pleasant to compare our methods, our progress, our points of view, and our points of advantage or disadvantage. But when many ploughers come from many fields, to discuss what they have been doing, we remember their names so that we may look for them some day in magazines and newspapers, on theatre programs, and the "Book Shelf" of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

There is beside the intellectual curiosity about our mutual interest, a feeling of self-importance akin to that which members of a spelling-bee or a labor convention are inclined to indulge. We can recognize this emotion whether it is expressed in a new hair-ribbon, or a clean collar, or a sweater and homespun skirts, such as it wore at the conference of college magazines.

A. J. C.

Henry James and His Short Stories

At the present moment the tide of favor seems to be turning toward Henry James. He will never, plainly, reach entirely down to that mysterious, ill-defined group known as the General Public, but he is now more near it than he has ever been. The fame of the remarkable prefaces to the revised edition of his novels is spreading; one looks to see them bound in one volume and used authoritatively by novelists and critics as the last word on the construction of the novel. His "Letters" have been widely read; their delicacy and charm have made them irresistible. His more serious works, the novels, are becoming more and more appreciated.

In his short stories, as well as in his novels and the prefaces, is shown that meticulous skill in craftsmanship for which he is noted. Seeking in an author's writings anything nearly resembling a statement of his personality, his religious convictions, or his purpose in life always seems rather in the nature of a "mean trick" to play on him. But when the creed to be found is no more intimate than his idea of writing itself, scruples are cast to the winds, for such a statement is entirely becoming. The more so does the matter seem less personal when it is put into the capsular form of fiction. "The Author of Beltraffio" loses some of its interest as a story when it is found to be such a form. As a creed of authorship it is extremely interesting. "This new affair," says *Mark Ambient*, the writer, when speaking of his projected book, "must be a golden vessel, filled with the purest distillation of the actual; and oh, how it bothers me, the shaping of the vase—the hammering of the metal! I have to hammer it so fine, so smooth; I don't do more than an inch or two a day. And all the while I have to be so careful not to let a drop of liquor escape! . . . Ah, polishing one's plate—that is the torment of execution! The effort to arrive at a surface—if you think a surface necessary—some people don't, happily for them! . . . Life is really too short for art—one hasn't time to make one's shell ideally hard. Firm and bright—firm and bright! the devilish thing has a way, sometimes, of being bright without being firm. When I rap it with my knuckles it doesn't give the right sound." This is James speaking through his author;

and instead of merely theorising he practises as well. His own surface is bright and firm,—sometimes so firm, one might flippantly remark, that it is hard to penetrate.

Beneath this highly polished surface there is a solid foundation for his “artistic floor.” In the beginning he knows his characters; it is they who create the story, and not the story which manufactures them. They are nearly always of about the same social status. They are aristocratic and leisurely, with time to enjoy the good things of life. In “The Tree of Knowledge,” he frankly admits it. “There was luckily,” he says, “a certain independence, of the pecuniary sort, all round.” His people generally do have that “independence.” Henry James was himself one of those rare and blessed souls to whom money is happily a secondary consideration and who yet give their leisure to work for its own sake. His people are, to a large extent, projections of himself. Their problems, no less vital because they lack action in the ordinary sense of the word, are mental. They have time for more interesting and more important things than the acquisition of wealth. In “Paste,” the chagrin of *Charlotte* is not that she has been deprived of the money that ought to be hers and which certainly would prove of advantage to her, but that her cousin has not been honest. In “Four Meetings,” lack of money, does, it is true, bring about a kind of passive tragedy, but it is regarded as a means to an end, and not at all important in itself.

Instead of having, in the author’s own phrase, to “count their shillings,” his characters have opportunity to attempt the solution of some of the more engrossing problems of life. Their solutions are nearly always inactive. In “The Abasement of the Northmores,” *Mrs. Hope*’s great ambition is to make the public appreciative of her dead husband; but instead of loudly proclaiming his worth she wisely leaves it to be discovered. Time means no more to her than it does to *Caroline Spencer*, in “Four Meetings,” who is entirely willing to do anything to gain the means to take her to her Promised Land. James frequently leaves his reader with a problem in mind, a question still unanswered. Sometimes this is because of intentional obscurity; sometimes the answer is so clearly stated or the road to it so unmistakably indicated that it seems a mere blind alley. In “Maud-Evelyn,” after accomplishing, seemingly, the impossible,—that is, making affection for a dead person the lover has never seen, a logical thing,—he leaves us still with the impression that it is all in the nature of a bad dream,—that if we were allowed to go on a little

past his end,—“They’re really marvels, it appears, treasures extraordinary, and she has them all,”—we should find the treasures he speaks of and the palace which contains them, mere articles of the imagination. So it is in “The Great Good Place.” It seems so entirely incredible, so Utopian, that sleep and a pleasant dream should prove so permanently refreshing that we expect a revelation of something more dramatic. In “The Third Person,” too, James shows the same reluctance to be usual, and to indulge in the more cheaply melodramatic which we expect, in what is at least half a ghost story. It is, however, this same hesitancy, this inability, even, to be all cheap, that makes James the fine writer he is. In view of his often expressed hatred of “twaddle,” as he so picturesquely names sentimentality and its close allies, one does not wonder at his reticence.

Even when, as in the above, James steps into the realm of the super-natural, his sense of logic and its relation to character does not desert him. “The Turn of the Screw,” (a pot-boiler, he frankly admits in his “Letters,” and one of which he is in no sense proud) is nevertheless one of the most harrowing and exciting ghost stories to be found, but it never becomes grotesque in an unpleasant sense. It is a ghost story, but it is a ghost story with a difference. Antagonistic forces are from the beginning pitted against each other, and it is from the beginning a losing fight for one side, but the struggle goes on with increasing fierceness. A different end is impossible, although by the time it is reached and the reader is wholly in sympathy with the protagonist, it is difficult to realize the justice of the conclusion he has written. All things considered, “The Turn of the Screw” is one of those tales which makes you wonder that people who have read it do not insist that their friends also share the pleasant agonies of suspense they endured while reading it.

He sees, as well as the deeper inner nature of these characters of his, their external appearances quite clearly, and photographs them for us with accuracy. In “The Great Condition,” we successfully get his two young men, “*Bertram Braddle*, . . . his pleasant monocular scowl so religiously fixed . . . ; *Chilver*, silver and comparatively colorless, rather sharp than bright, but—in spite of a happy brown moustache, scantily professional but envied by the man whose large, empty, sunny face needed, as someone had said, a little planting with no particular ‘looks’ save those that dwelt in his intelligent eyes. In “The Path of Duty,” *Ambrose Tester*’s physical appearance is forever fixed by some nameless, “bright Bostonian” who cries enthusi-

astically, "At last, at last, I behold it, the moustache of Roland Tremayne!" "Of Roland Tremayne!" questions her interlocutor. "Don't you remember in 'A Lawless Love', how often it's mentioned, and how glorious and golden it was?" After that, we do not need the author to tell us, in his rôle of stage manager and interpreter, that "the best description I could give of him would be to say that he looked like Roland Tremayne." One could go on indefinitely quoting more excellent bits of description,—but in this case one won't.

Besides his half-humorous references to characters in the author's aside, the situations James creates are often extremely amusing. If it were not rather pathetic, the story of the young man who falls in love with the defunct *Maud-Evelyn* would be uproaringly funny. It is not often that one can label his humor as funny, however. Its kind is far too delicate for such an adjective to be applied to it. In details he often inserts a sly laugh which the casual readers,—if a reader of James can be casual,—might very easily miss. In "The Abasement of the Northmores," after *Mrs. Hope* has lost her husband, he writes: "Two or three solemn needles in 'administrative circles' wrote her that she must have been gratified at the unanimity of regret, the implication being clearly that she was ridiculous if she were not." Then, too, he is always making quiet good-humored fun of the American abroad. In "The Author of Beltraffio," *Mark Ambient* says to the young writer in whose words the story is told, "I haven't the advantage of being an American. But I also notice a little, and I have an idea that... even apart from your nationality, you are not destitute of intelligence." *Lily Gunton*, in "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," is made superbly ridiculous in her cock-sureness and certainty. But the American is himself not altogether without intelligence, as *Mark Ambient* intimates, for in a conversation with the author's sisters, the young American remarks, "Oh, I guess I agree with them all"; and adds in a pleasing aside to the reader, "I was very particular, for Miss Ambient's entertainment, to 'guess.'"

Both American and English as his characters are, the conversation in which they indulge might be accused of similarity; but it is only the similarity which the conversation of people in "polite society" always shares. Such a dialogue as the following from "The Great Condition" may prove illustrative.

" 'Of course I do see you're thoroughly happy'."

" 'Thoroughly'."

"Braddle still waited. 'Then it isn't anything—?'"

“ ‘To make a row about. I mean what you know’.”

“ ‘But I don’t know’.”

“ ‘Not yet? She hasn’t told you?’”

“ ‘I haven’t asked’.”

And so forth. Were it not for a judicious hint thrown out every speech or so as to the identity of the speaker the reader might well be lost in the tangles of similarity. Despite this, the conversation does have a certain undeniable charm, due perhaps to its story-book flavor and the frank effect it gives of having been written, as well as to its unvarying correctness. Even the illiterate *Mrs. Grose*, the altogether unusual housekeeper of “*The Turn of the Screw*”, demands quite faultlessly, “Of what other things have you got hold?” “Sometimes, however, she is allowed an expression which serves, undoubtedly, to put her at her ease. “Land!” she ejaculates; and the author apologetically adds, “The exclamation was homely.” The air his conversation has of possessing a foreign accent is also charming. In “*The Given Case*,” “‘Is Kate today at Pickenham?’ Miss Hamer inquired”; and such a variation from the usual order of words is not at all extraordinary in his stories, but quite to the contrary.

If his people do, in their style of speaking, sometimes echo each other, their personalities and characters, apparent through the author’s direct analysis, are clear cut and very distinct. Perhaps one of the most striking things about his stories and the ends they achieve as well as his people and their actions is their absolute unswerving logic. He understands his characters, and makes them act as they would act if they were living in reality. One seems to detect some shadow of artistic self-reproach in himself when the author of *Beltraffio* says, “All the more shame to me to have done some of the things I have! The reconciliation of the two women in ‘*Ginestrella*’, for instance, which could never really have taken place. That sort of thing is ignoble; I blush when I think of it!” James never yields to the delights of a happy ending for the ending’s sake. If a happy ending is consistent, by all means, he concludes, let there be one. He appears rarely, however, to find it consistent. Still his endings are happy ones in another sense of the word, in that they are completely fortunate and almost always for the good of the characters, too, although they themselves may not realize it. Take “*Miss Gunto of Poughkeepsie*.” Imagine such a plot in the hands of,—well, of any one of hundreds of present day writers. There would be two touching scenes, at least,—one of reconciliation between the *Prince* and his

“mamma”, and another of propitiation between *Lily* and the same “mamma”. Instead neither of these scenes takes place. One must be constructed by the reader, and there is no necessity for the other. *Lily* goes back to her own Poughkeepsie where she logically belongs, and the *Prince* remains in Italy to discover at leisure that the outcome of the affair is, after all, for the best.

If Henry James is steadily becoming more popular his following yet remains a comparatively small one, although it is larger than it has been. It is, however, devoted, supplying by its enthusiasm the approval which mere numbers can never give. But James might still, with his own *Mark Ambient*, speak of “The people who dislike my prose—and there are a great many of them, I believe.” He is not for the unthinking. He makes no allowance for the wandering of the mind. Let your thoughts go from his words for a moment and you are lost. His tales are not for the reader whose custom it is to read down the middle of the page. I doubt if even the most practised reviewer could do it.

SYDNEY R. McLEAN.

Nineteen Speaks

I walked in the world of youth tonight,
The world where today is tomorrow,
The world where pleasure is real delight,
Where sorrow is terrible sorrow ;
Where color is loud, and passion hot,
And impulse is never ruly—
And never a middle-aged God to thank
For meddling with life unduly.
I walked in a world quite filled with woe
That has never been felt by the wise—
The misery only we young may know,
Who admit of no compromise.
And life was a wonderful, mystic pain,
And nobody knew what it meant,
And youth be praised, there was no one sane,
Or normal, or quite content.
Then I walked in a world where all was grey,
Where everything moved by rule,
Where one loved by the plan of an eight-hour day,
And nobody played the fool.
A world full of ease, and of bread and cheese,
A novel without any plot,
Where one drops with a wheeze to one's creaking knees
To worship—well, who knows what ?
A world with no room for the hunger in things,
But only for pillows and plenty ;
A world with more cabbages in it than kings—
O Youth ! Let me die when I'm twenty !

GRACE HEALY, Vassar, 1922.

Nothing At All

Place:—Outside the Wall.

Time:—Anytime.

Characters

THE YOUNGSTER.

THE YOUNGISH MAN.

MADemoisELLE CHERRY, A BAREBACK RIDER

(The curtain rises to a burst of gay music, the clown's hurdy-gurdy, the merry-go-round band, and the big grandstand band, all turning out different tunes simultaneously. From half-way down the stage right, to left, runs a white board fence, some nine feet high, on the middle of which is posted a huge poster of a bareback-rider on a white horse, with the caption, "Mademoiselle Cherry—Greatest Bareback Rider—Finest One-Ring Circus in the World—Wednesday, July Thirteenth only." Above the fence, right, is seen the side of a big tent, spreading down to the fence itself at the nearest part, right, and shading away into the background. It stops a few feet before the fence, reaches rear left, so that there is a short space, filled only with a bunting, against a bright blue sky and a background of more bunting and innumerable lines of gay flags. The foreground is a dusty white road, so that the whole effect is one of summer glare, hot dust, and riotous color. There is a bench, without a back, down front left. To top off with, there should be, if anyway possible, a strong smell of hot popcorn..)

A moment after the curtain rises, all the strains of music drop away, save one, the Grandstand Band playing the Dixie chorus. It softens, and above it is heard a pistol shot, then a whir as of racing hoofs. It is now that one first becomes aware of the youngster, half on his stomach in the very centre of the stage, peering through a crack at the side of the poster. We hardly noticed him at first, perhaps, so perfectly did the faded blue of his small overalls blend with the dust of the road. Now he begins to hump up and down with excitement.)

YOUNGSTER—Hi, there! Yah! Go it! Oh, p-o-o!

(There enters from the right the Youngish Man, in a somewhat

shabby suit. He goes slowly up to the boy and touches him on the shoulder, at which he jumps erect with a growl and backs off left.)

YOUNGSTER—Aw, you ain't the cop.

(Like a rabbit he is back at his hole. As he jumps there is a yell from within, then dead silence. He gets up angrily.)

It's all over and I dunno who won. What'd ye have to stop me for?

MAN—I'm sorry. What was it?

YOUNGSTER—The Chariot race. Four of 'em, and four horses to each—and them guys drivin' with leaves round their heads. The little black ones was just gettin' ahead—and you had to go an' pull—

MAN—I say, I am sorry, beastly sorry. I just sort of wanted to know what was going on, don't you know. You looked so awfully jolly.

YOUNGSTER—What's goin' on? It's the CIRCUS. Can't you see?

MAN—It's a good many years since I saw a circus.

YOUNGSTER—*(still grieved)*—I ain't never seen one—and now—!

MAN—Never! Hasn't it ever been here before?

YOUNGSTER—It came three years ago—and I had the measles, and three years befur that, and guess it was whoopin' cough, and three years befur that—

MAN—*(respectfully suggesting)*—Mumps—or scarletina?

YOUNGSTER—Weren't born!

MAN—*(with an air of discovery)*—Then you're nine!

YOUNGSTER—Some little addin' machine, you are!

MAN—But you haven't anything—er—catching this afternoon, have you?

YOUNGSTER—None o' yer business.

MAN—Come on, tell me—*(He waits.)* Wouldn't your father take you?

YOUNGSTER—*(wriggling afar off and examining his toes.)* I ain't got no father.

MAN—*(Gently)*—Is he—?

YOUNGSTER—*(Advancing upon him)*—Yes, he is, and if yer say, "Poor little boy!" I'll punch yer face.

MAN—I hadn't thought of saying just that. Is your mother dead, too?

YOUNGSTER—*(Defiantly)*—Yep!

MAN—Poor little boy!

(The Youngster, with a growl, leaps at him.)

MAN—(*Grinning*)—Don't punch my face, I apologize.

YOUNGSTER—What's that mean?

MAN—I'm sorry.

YOUNGSTER—That's most as bad. I don't need no one bein' sorry for me. I get along all right 'thout anyone.

MAN—You don't live all alone, do you? (*Lights cigarette.*)

YOUNGSTER—Naw, I live with me uncle, but—(*With a glance at tent, growing more boyish suddenly*) it ain't nothin' but wantin' things yer don't get.

MAN—What don't you get? Things to eat?

YOUNGSTER—I guess I get enough victuals—though I am hungry a lot.

MAN—Things to wear?

YOUNGSTER—Who cares 'bout shirts and pants?

MAN—Then what?

YOUNGSTER—Bats!

MAN—Bats?

YOUNGSTER—The kind yer have to have money fer!

MAN—That kind are no good when you get 'em. It was lots more fun, just wanting them.

YOUNGSTER—Don't you believe it. (*Pause.*) But I have swell times, all samee. Look at to-day!

MAN—Wouldn't you rather be inside?

YOUNGSTER—Aw, shutup!

MAN—Is it more fun dodging the cops?

YOUNGSTER—What d'yer think I am anyway? Yer make me tired. Wouldn't I rather be inside? (*Back at his hole.*) I can see the Lady Combination Snake and Lion Tamer's Tent and I can't see her. I can see just-the-end of the elephant's tail. Gee he switched it. I can see something goin' round on' I don't know what it is. An' I can smell popcorn. Wouldn't I rather be inside? You got yer nerve right with yer!

MAN—Then I suppose you couldn't get any chink.

YOUNGSTER—Suppose again! I sold some papers for a guy, sixteen cents worth—and then he lit off with the dough. Then I did some weedin' for an old lady. She gi'me a quarter. An' I chopped wood for another. Gee, old skinny face! She'd only give twenty cents. I tried and tried for another five, an' then—

MAN—(*who has listened almost as excited as the boy*)—Yes, go on! Then?

YOUNGSTER—(*In a sort of breathless awe.*) This mornin' I found a nickel!

MAN—(*Carried away out of himself by the narrative.*) Hurrah! Then you had the whole fifty!

YOUNGSTER—I skinned out the back way, 'thout any dinner, and got here to the gate, an'—they'd gone up.

MAN—Gone up?

YOUNGSTER—Yep! Five cents for tax.

MAN—What a rotten shame. High cost of living. I suppose. Tough luck!

YOUNGSTER—Gee! Oh, but the hole ain't so bad. Come on and look. Cherry, the bareback rider (*pointing to poster.*) she ain't got on yet.

MAN—The bareback rider. (*Gets up.*) I say, is there room for me, too?

YOUNGSTER—Sure, I guess so. Would yer dares't tear the poster a bit?

MAN—To-day I'd dare do anything. D'you know why? (*The boy shakes his head.*) I was having all sorts of trouble down there in the mill town—I don't know as you'd understand—

YOUNGSTER—(*sagely*) I know 'bout trouble.

MAN—You oughtn't to. But I did today. Then I came round the corner there into a magic country.

YOUNGSTER—It's River Street.

MAN—The Magic Kingdom of my youth. The land of long ago—with you and the circus and Mademoiselle Cherry.

YOUNGSTER—Seen her before?

MAN—Everytime I went to the circus, when I was your age, I adored her.

YOUNGSTER—She must be awful old, then.

MAN—Do I look so—awfully old?

YOUNGSTER—(*Realizing that he has hurt him somehow.*) Oh, I ain't but nine, yer know.

MAN—I'll tell you a secret. Look now! One! (*He pulls off his cap and tosses it over the fence.*) Two! (*With both hands he ruffles his hair till it stands up straight on his head.*) Three! (*He drops down by the hole where the boy was at first.*) I'm only nine, too, or I will be if I tear the poster and look at Mademoiselle Cherry.

YOUNGSTER—Aw, quit yer kiddin'.

MAN—This is serious. Who cares what her name is this time. She's the bareback rider, and when I was your age—well, when I was your age last time—I'd have given anything I possessed, which wasn't much, to speak to her—and then I probably shouldn't have dared.

YOUNGSTER—Gee, I would.

MAN—How do you know? She's little and light and all in white. She's a fairy. She can charm you.

YOUNGSTER—What's that mean?

MAN—Bewitch you. Steal your heart out. All fairies can.

YOUNGSTER—I ain't afraid!

MAN—Then tear the poster.

YOUNGSTER—(*Tears it and reveals a slightly bigger hole.*) Come on and look. It must be most time for her. She's to come. (*Looking at poster,*) at three o'clock.

MAN—(*Holding up his hand to look at his watch.*) It's three now.

YOUNGSTER—Gee, you got a gold wrist watch. Ain't that a beauty!

MAN—Look! Look! (*A great blue balloon is seen above the fence rear left, beyond the farther dip of the tent, slowly but steadily rising.*)

YOUNGSTER—Oh, somebody's lost hold o' it. It's goin' up to the sky. (*Makes swift desperate attempt to jump for it and falls back.*) If I could only catch it. Can't you reach it?

MAN—Here, quick, on my shoulders! (*He puts up the boy, then after a grasping second, lowers him, balloon in hand.*)

YOUNGSTER—Gee, you are a decent guy!

MAN—You got it. I'm not good at getting fairy things alone.

YOUNGSTER—Ain't it a peach. (*Caresses it. There is a pistol shot.*) Quick, it's her! (*Both jump to hole, the man a bit sideways, the boy back to, as before.*)

MAN—No one yet, and it's five past.

YOUNGSTER—Wish't I had a watch.

MAN—Which would you rather have, this watch, or that balloon like a bit of the sky?

YOUNGSTER—What der yer take me for?

MAN—No, think carefully. The watch was made by a tired man in a noisy shop. The balloon—it's full of all the joy in the world, while you hold it—shining, floating thing—don't I remember—then

you break it and there's nothing in it, like all one's dreams, nothing at all.

YOUNGSTER—I know what's in the watch.

MAN—What?

YOUNGSTER—Wheels that go round.

MAN—Wheels that go round. My God! Like a squirrel cage. Somebody gave me a choice once, and now I go round on my wheels like the time. Choose the balloon!

YOUNGSTER—I guess you got wheels in your upper story. I choose the watch.

MAN—If you'd only said the balloon, I'd have known 'twould be safe to trust you with the watch.

YOUNGSTER—Yah, that's easy enough to say. You knew I'd say the watch. Any fella would.

MAN—Any fella would. That's the trouble with the world. (*A pistol shot.*) What's that?

YOUNGSTER—(*Leaping to hole.*) It's her!

MAN—(*Over his shoulder.*) I don't see her.

YOUNGSTER—There's a man leadin' in a white horse, way over there. See!

MAN—Her snow white charger.

YOUNGSTER—The curtain's movin' there. Oh—ee!

MAN—She looks like as she always did.

YOUNGSTER—See her spangles. Ain't she sweet?

MAN—Fluffy skirt and little feet.

YOUNGSTER—Gee! She's standin' up to ride.

MAN—Would that I were by her side.

YOUNGSTER—See her go! Say, ain't that seary!

MAN—Boy, the lady is a fairy.

YOUNGSTER—What kind of talk is that?

MAN—Mildly poetical, half parenthetical.

YOUNGSTER—(*Retreating a step.*) You a poet?

MAN—(*Ingenuously.*) Among other things.

YOUNGSTER—You're a poet about like you're nine, I guess.

MAN—Oh, that was some time ago. I'm nineteen now, just nineteen. (*Pistol shot.*) Ah!

YOUNGSTER—She's going to jump through the hoop. Whoo-e-e!

MAN—Whoo-e-e!

YOUNGSTER—She's comin' closer. She's gettin' off. She's ridin' over this way.

MAN—She's looking this way. Do you suppose she can see us?

YOUNGSTER—Dunno. Maybe! She looks kind o' scared o' that feller with the whip. She's so little and soft. You don't believe he'd hurt her, do you?

MAN—If I thought he'd dare hit her I'd (*remembering*) punch his face.

YOUNGSTER—So would I. I say, d'you 'spose she did see us? She's smiling at us. There she goes again.

MAN—Off she goes. Ah-h! She's gone.

YOUNGSTER—I wisht I could see her again. (*Both sit back, facing audience.*) Gee, she was pretty. (*He watches man light cigarette, then he gets up and slowly takes a step forward, then, with sudden exuberance, begins to turn cartwheels, as the man speaks.*)

MAN—(*Half to himself*)—

Loveliest flower of weary old earth,
Sprung in my heart in a season of dearth,
Star of the first twilight spaces of night,
Gleaming and pure and eternally bright;
Come to the heart of me, empty and sad—

Youngster, what rhymes with sad?

YOUNGSTER—(*Interrupted on the third of three beautiful cartwheels in succession.*)—What you doin'?

MAN—Making up poetry.

YOUNGSTER—I'm turnin' cartwheels. Bet you can't do that.

MAN—I bet I can turn as good cartwheels as you can poems, anyhow. So there now!

YOUNGSTER—Let's see yer do it.

MAN—I'll turn one if you'll make a poem.

YOUNGSTER—I don't make no poem fur just one cartwheel.

MAN—What's a poem to a cartwheel! Never mind, I'll turn three cartwheels.

YOUNGSTER—'Thout stopping!

MAN—'Thout stopping! Get on with your poem.

YOUNGSTER—(*Fast.*) Say 'So help me-God-and-bury me deep-if this-my-swear-I do not keep.'

MAN—"So help me—" say it again, please—

YOUNGSTER—Oh never mind, I guess I can trust you. What'll I make a poem about?

MAN—About Cherry, of course. Mine was.

YOUNGSTER—(*Hands clutching at his sides, toes wriggling inwards, and tongue working frantically out one side of his mouth.*) Cherry, she's a—peacherina. (*Pause, then the rest in a burst.*) Gee, I'm awful glad I seen her.

MAN—Hurrah! That's a great one.

YOUNGSTER—Huh, that ain't nothin'. Le's see them wheels o' yourn.

MAN—(*Bends forward slowly, then begins. The cartwheels are not so bad as one might have expected. As he is turning them Cherry enters left unobserved. As she enters he drops breathless to the ground against the fence.*)

CHERRY—(*In full regimentals, fluffy white skirts and tights, with curly hair and a profusion of gold spangles, and a big tulle bow on her right shoulder. She has a little foreign accent which might be almost anything.*)—Oh you funnee leetle boyees! You goin' to be clow-owns?

MAN—(*In a stagy aside, crouching behind the boy.*) 'Tis she!

YOUNGSTER—(*Taking a step forward.*)—It's Miss Cherry.

MAN—(*Jumping up, too.*) Don't touch her or she'll vanish.

CHERRY—Oho, you're not a leetle boy at all, you. I thought I'd come out and see who was peeking at me.

MAN—(*Still addressing the Youngster only.*)—Don't you see what I told you. She's a fairy. She knows I was only nine a few moments ago—and she knows I'm nineteen now.

CHERRY—Onlee nineteen.

MAN—(*Advancing upon her.*)—Ages changed while you wait. How old are you?

CHERRY—(*Drawing herself up and yawning, behind two dainty fingers.*)—Me, I can nevaire remember.

MAN—Of course, you can't. You're a fairy. You cannot remember anything, but you know everything. You'll tell me all the things I've always wanted to know. Come, what do the little waves see on the shore, that they scurry back so fast to the sea?

CHERRY—What?

MAN—What kind of game do the shooting stars hurt, when they stream down the sky in a pack in full cry?

CHERRY—Is that—a song?

MAN—Tell me the tune that the humming birds hum? Tell me! Don't say you don't know!

CHERRY—What's biting you?

MAN—You bubbling thing. I've always wanted a shining golden balloon, and now (*makes a gesture to include her fluffy roundness of costume*) you see, I've got one. I must find out what's in balloons!

YOUNGSTER—You've forgotten what's in balloons. Nothing at all.

MAN—Ah, but this one is different. This is my special one at last, just for me. Aren't you, Cherry?

CHERRY—Say, you not—half-baked, are you?

MAN—Oh, I hope not.

YOUNGSTER—(*Seeing the man's puzzled expression.*)—Nutty, you know.

MAN—What makes you think that, little Mademoiselle Cherry?

CHERRY—You talk so different to anybodee else.

MAN—Does that show I'm crazy?

CHERRY—Crazee—or verree reech!

MAN—What an awful alternative! Anyhow, I'm not crazy.

CHERRY—(*Coming closer to him.*)—Then you must be verree reech. (*Drooping a bit.*) I'm so tired.

MAN—Isn't there somewhere we could go and rest?

YOUNGSTER—There's a bench over there.

MAN—The very thing. Will you come over there and sit down?

CHERRY—(*Who has had her eye on that bench from the first.*)—Oh, a-right. (*To the Youngster.*) There'll be some dear leetle dogs on now, boyee.

(*The Youngster, with a cry, returns to the hole. The other two sit down at either end of the bench.*)

CHERRY—This seat hasn't anee back.

MAN—(*Putting out his arm, magnificently doggish.*)—I'll make you one, if you're sure you won't disappear.

CHERRY—Oh, no, not if you don't ask me anee more of those funnee questions.

MAN—Just one more. Who's the most adorable little darling in all this whirling world?

CHERRY—Oh, I know that question. I've heard it before.

MAN—Oh, you have, have you. Well, who is?

CHERRY—You tella me. (*She leans toward him. It works.*) Oh, naughtee.

MAN—You let me.

CHERRY—Oh, oh!

MAN—You didn't vanish. At last, after all these empty years, I've kissed my bareback rider. (*Pistol shot is heard.*)

YOUNGSTER—Oh! Ee'd! see 'em!

MAN—Darling. (*Kissing her again.*) Why is it, Cherry, that you're the first girl I never felt shy with?

CHERRY—(*Who could tell him that, but knows better.*) You shy! You great big naughtee boyee!

MAN—(*Suddenly holding her at arm's length and pointing to her shoulder, where his hold has her strap and great tulle bow.*) What's that? That scar?

CHERRY—(*Pushing back the strap quickly.*) Nothings. An accident. (*Pistol shot again.*)

MAN—It was that scoundrel with the whip, the ringmaster!

CHERRY—(*Shrugging him out of existence.*) Oh, Him!

MAN—(*Leaping to his feet.*) I'll thrash the daylights out of him.

CHERRY—(*Tugging at his coat.*) Sit down and don't be sillee!

MAN—The infernal scoundrel, I'll—

CHERRY—(*Seizing his hand and pulling him down.*) Please—how could you thrash that great big man—and you onlee nineteen?

MAN—Oh, well, I'm a little older than that now. Family cares do age one. I'm twenty-nine.

CHERRY—You grew old prittee fast, didn't you?

MAN—(*Looking at his wrist watch and sighing.*) In about ten minutes. (*Boy ties his balloon to nail in wall.*)

CHERRY—That's a beautiful wrist watch. Have you lots of monee?

MAN—Oh, money. My beautiful, golden balloon, don't talk about money, please. It makes me think of wheels that go round.

CHERRY—Wheels that go round?

MAN—Yes, down there by the river. And make things, you know.

CHERRY—(*Glad to understand something.*) Oh, factories! You own factories!

MAN—And just at present the wheels with which I am unworthily connected are giving me more trouble than usual. What's worse than wheels that go round?

CHERRY—(*Out of her depth again.*) What—

MAN—I'll tell you. Wheels that don't go round.

CHERRY—But—

MAN—All my wheels are on strike.

CHERRY—(*Beaming.*) Oh, strike! That's good, if you don't want them to go roun'.

MAN—It's the wheels themselves I don't like. They ought to go round, you know, if they're wheels. The great thing in life is to keep on going if you once get started. (*Cherry's head slips to his shoulder.*) Cherry, darling. You're asleep. Cherry, I bored you. I grew twenty-nine too fast, I guess. Wake up, sleepyhead, I am sorry.

CHERRY—Where—am—a—I?

MAN—Here, in my arms. (*She stretches and smiles.*) Let's talk about something nice. What shall it be?

CHERRY—Monee, lots of monee.

MAN—Oh, no. Well, I tell you what. Let's pretend, as I used to when I was nineteen. Let's pretend what we'd do if we were rich.

CHERRY—(*She knows that game, too.*) If you were reech, what would you do?

MAN—I'd buy the whole round world for you.

CHERRY—A diamond collar for my chin!

MAN—And soft, brown fur to wrap you in.

CHERRY—And lots and lots of pretty dresses?

MAN—And ropes of pearls to bind your tresses. I say, Cherry?

CHERRY—What?

MAN—They're real, aren't they? Your curls? They're naturally curly? I'd want them to be.

CHERRY—Oh, of course. (*The Youngster has risen and now comes down in front of them.*)

YOUNGSTER—I say, you two are spoonin'. (*Both laugh up in his disgusted face.*) What comes next? They've had two cute dog things, and some tame monkeys, and now he says a "Vampire Dance." What's that?

CHERRY—(*Jumping up.*) My lord, I'm in that.

MAN—You! Why?

BOY—You goin' to ride again?

CHERRY—Oh, the bareback ees my beeg act, but I help in one or two oder things. I can dance, too. (*She makes a pirouette.*) So long. I'll be back in a few minutes.

MAN—You shan't go.

CHERRY—Oh, I'll come back. And sayee! They're going to have anoder show tonight, thees one went so big. Why don' you come and see me?

BOY—(*Turning wistfully away.*) Gee!

MAN—(*Seizing her hands.*) You're not going back to that brute, not another performance and not this.

CHERRY—Don' be sielee! (*Struggling to get away.*) I will be late, and the boss, he will be verree mad.

MAN—You shan't go back to that brute who struck you.

CHERRY—He wouldn' dare touch me. If he did, do you know what would happen? I'd tell all the oders, and they would—

MAN—Kill him?

CHERRY—(*Scornfully.*) No, we'd strike. (*Recoiling a step.*)

MAN—Strike! You, strike!

CHERRY—Chee! He wouldn' dare touch anee of us.

MAN—(*Fighting to his last ditch.*) Then what brute gave you—

CHERRY—(*Wrenching herself free.*)—I did with my tongs. My curling tongs. Cheer up, old boyee! I'll be back in a few minutes. (*She runs out left.*)

(*The man goes after her a step or two, and stops by the balloon, which sways in the wind, from the nail. He makes a motion as though to squeeze it.*)

YOUNGSTER—Don't! You'll break it! It'll explode!

MAN—What do you care if I do? You said yourself there was nothing in it.

YOUNGSTER—But you mustn't let the nothing get out.

MAN—Oh! The nothing got out of my balloon. (*He laughs bitterly at first, then more heartily.*)

YOUNGSTER—I wonder if she'll come back, like she said. I hope she will don't you?

MAN—Heaven forbid! She's exploded! Here! There'll be another performanee to-night! (*He digs in his pocket.*) You go, do you hear, and take somebody, and take in every side show, and try every prize shooting—

YOUNGSTER—(*Taking the money.*)—It's a five dollar bill.

MAN—Is that all. That's not enough. Here's another. You get lemonade and popcorn and candy, and the best peanuts—

YOUNGSTER—(*Still dazed.*)—Is there more than one kind of peanuts?

MAN—Yes, there are the nice little brown ones, like you, and the burned ones, like her, and the half-baked ones like me. (*He laughs, but with no fun in it.*) Here, you must get there on time. Take the watch.

YOUNGSTER—I say, you musn't.

MAN—I'll trust you with it. You were right about the balloon. You knew more than I. Quick, or she'll be back. And don't forget somebody to go with you.

YOUNGSTER—I'd rather have you. (*Taking watch, still in a daze.*)

MAN—Youngster, I'll never forget that the longest day I live. But I'm thirty-nine, youngster and tomorrow I'll be forty. I'm going back to my wheels and I'm going to make them go. You take somebody with you, and take somebody YOUNG. (*He goes out right quickly, calling over his shoulder.*) Circus at eight, sharp!

(*The youngster looks after him a second, then down at his hands. He stuffs the money into his pocket, one bill at a time, and fastens on the wrist watch. Then he begins to turn cartwheels again as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ISABEL LAWRENCE, Radcliffe, 1922.

Tunes For A Willow Whistle

RED HAIR

If a little girl has red hair, red hair,
If a little girl has red hair
There are two things, just two things
That she can never wear;
And one is a pink dress, a pink dress
The other is a red dress, red dress.
These she must not wear
If she has red hair.

WISHES

I wish by day
On loads of hay
For anything that rhymes,—
Such as apple trees
With leaves of cheese
Or a gallon of lemon and limes.

I wish by night
On first star light
For things I really need,—
Such as new clothes-pins
And baking tins
Or a little garden to weed.

IN BETWEEN MEALS

If it's in-between meals
I eat my bread and butter,
I bite half moons around the slice
Just like a cooky cutter!

TUNE FOR DISH WASHING

Three yellow bowls with stripes bright blue
Two muffin tins and a cooky pan;
Six old pie plates piled askew
A bent lard pail and a measuring can!

If anyone asks where you found this tune,
Say to him, "In the doughnut jar!
If you'll beat time with this wooden spoon,
I'll reach in again for another bar!"

TWO FAIRIES

Two fairies live in the pasture lot;
One wiggles the stone when you cross the brook,
And says, "Wet feet! why not, why not?"

The other drops the barbed wire too soon
And whispers as you measure the tear;
"Won't a nap be fun this afternoon?"

MAKING CAKE

Beat cake in a brown bowl;
Beat cake with a silver spoon!
And you shall have a clematis crown
To wear tonight for the new moon.

You shall have a cinnamon scepter
A fragrant stick of cinnamon bark;
Beat cake in a brown bowl.
(The new moon comes with the gentle dark.)

I'll sit and make your clematis crown
From the over-grown kitchen vine;
And wonder of all the cakes you'll make
Which little cake will be mine!

Beat cake in a brown bowl!
Beat cake with a silver spoon!
You will be wearing a clematis crown,
Will be holding a cinnamon scepter soon.

HARRIET M. COGSWELL.

The Magnanimous Egoist

Introducing the Marchioness of Presburg.

"Inevitably lies in the future, but the present flips scorn at any lie," said the Marchioness of Presburg. She was distinctly angry at the last turn of events and with the smallest effort in the world succeeded in being more than usually occult. The chief cause of offense was the architect—secondarily came the word "neverness."

They were all having high tea, the Marchioness, the Architect and Mary Poppet. The architect had a beautiful character but he did perspire a mite too much in the midst of his intentions of making a great house to suit the Marchioness and Mary Poppet. Mary Poppet dispensed with character altogether as she could well do when living with the Marchioness, and she was quite difficult enough without it. It took the soothing effects of the loftiest of high teas debased with the richest of jams to make Mary Poppet even marriageable. However the architect thought,—but what am I saying?—for every one knows that an architect thinks of nothing but the pitch of roofs and spot patterns and what to make stair rails of.

The great house was a particularly difficult question, for the Marchioness had any number of queer people staying with her at odd times, and things had to be right. That much seemed obvious. But "right" can mean so many things.

To the architect it meant headspace, and face brick and plumb. When pressed to explanation this "Plumb" appeared to be a purely negative virtue which, as such, was negligible, but woe to that which was out of! To Mary Poppet "right" meant righteous giving and the Marchioness' diamonds and forks for one's ice cream. And the quintessence of this seemed hard to get into a house. But to the Marchioness it meant the democracy of espionage, and the nightmare of the pretentious. And this you can see, is even more difficult to get into a house.

Hence the despair at the high tea. So they gave it up and started to eat—the Architect, I regret to say, quite greedily, and that of something he didn't even know the name. It was *pate de foie gras*.

“And now,” said the Marchioness looking sternly at the two when she had finished, “we shall have this matter out.”

“But how did you know?” stammered Mary Poppet.

“Know?”

“Yes, know, no-no, I don’t mean that, what do you mean?”

“She means about the house,” put in the Architect hurriedly. He was terribly nervous.

“Yes *I* mean about the house, but what does Mary Poppet mean?” said the Marchioness. “Probably you’ve done all sorts of things—you can’t hide anything from me—you’ve broken the yellow pitcher, or you’ve lost my toothbrush, or you’ve been to the conservatory out of hours! Mary Poppet, have you done that again?”

“Yes,” breathed Mary Poppet, very obviously relieved, which was not as it should have been, of course. And the Marchioness was rapidly becoming sensible of an atmosphere that was positively murky with mystery and insubordination.

“I will sift this matter down instantly. Something new has happened. Mary Poppet knows it and I do not, therefore it can’t be in the town but is in my own house. It doesn’t concern me, so it must concern Mary Poppet. I have always said that life could be conducted on two principles, ‘Know the other woman’ and ‘There’s not much fun in being dead.’ Let us test this. Do I know Mary Poppet. I do. Mary Poppet blushed—that opens up three possibilities:

“I. She is going to sneeze. But she hasn’t, so that isn’t it.

“II. She has done something which she is afraid I’ll find out. But she appeared positively relieved, shameless girl, about that conservatory.

“III. She is in love. That requires a man. A man is here. That is it, Mary Poppet is in love. Mary Poppet, did I ever tell you you could fall in love?”

“But did you ever tell me not to?” said Mary Poppet.

“In very truth,” quoth the Marchioness, “I will die of old age while I am still a child.”

ANNE AXTELL.

Storm

The moon has set a tawny sail,
Through the torn clouds the sudden stars
Flash the keen golden of their mail,
Or sweep their golden scimitars.
The hills drown in a ragged sea,
The birch-tree trembles, leaf to leaf,
And for her white limbs' jeopardy
The pines' proud heart is swayed to grief.
There is a madness on the night,
As though all being cried out for close,
For one magnificence to smite
A planet and a sleeping rose.
Cried: "Surely now his hand were up
To stay the travail in this hour,
When dark has filled the valley's cup,
And dew the harebell's swaying flower.
O slaves to the primeval bond
Surely he mocks us or is not;
No perfectness there is beyond,
And much of perfectness forgot.
Since time was mother to this hour,
Shaping its gentle loveliness,
She dug the grave, and from her flower,
Shed petals for its dusty dress.
All things grow gray from breath to breath,
And now may bright disaster mate
Beauty to beauty in high death,
And the long dying consummate."

LEONIE ADAMS, 1922, Barnard.

Broken Globes

Ralph Plimpton was a creature of his own imagination. He was fifty years old and pudgy and commonplace to look at. But Plimpton disliked being fifty and assured himself over and over that he neither looked nor acted his age. Once he told his wife that he didn't believe anyone would think him more than thirty-nine or forty, and she had laughed. The laugh nettled Plimpton, and for a time he felt very resentful.

Plimpton had always been a passive man, inclined to shun all urgent problems. He was a mediocre person, and as the proprietor of a small down town hardware store he made for his family a mediocre though adequate living. Things had not gone very smoothly in his youth; his business had at first been poor, so he had acquired the habit of penny saving. The need for this was no longer compelling, but the habit had persisted. He was excessively fond of accumulating in small amounts; it was easier for him to sign a check for a hundred dollars than to lower his account of the day's sales by spending fifty cents and taking his wife to a vaudeville performance.

But Plimpton was a dreamer. When he was fourteen, he had been forced to leave school, and it was upon this fact that he liked to rest the blame for his venture into the hardware business. He had a fair voice, but no ear for music. "If I had had an education," he liked to say, "I might have been a singer!" Plimpton recalled an age, long before the advent of the movies, when elocution was the great indoor form of amusement. As a young man, he had liked to recite, and had learned long "pieces" for his own edification.

"I'd have made a mighty good actor, if I could of had the training," he told his family several times at table, and upon one occasion his son had made an answer under his breath.

As a matter of fact, Plimpton had been a very backward boy, and was now becoming a backward old man. None but his family knew of the extreme powers of attainment which he imagined were his. He belonged to no lodges, and had very few friends. Plimpton did not understand men, and couldn't talk to them very well. He imagined, though, that women approved of him, and was fond of their society.

Before his marriage, he spent most of his evenings sitting with his mother; he now spent them sitting with his wife. He was unsophisticated, and like most simple people was very easily flattered. But within the last years, Plimpton was aware of a strong atmosphere of dissension pervading his entire home life. There were family quarrels, bitter, vigorous, and without meaning, and the combatants were usually Plimpton and his two grown children, with Mrs. Plimpton vainly attempting to act as mediator and herself eventually taking side with one or the other. There was no tangible reason for these quarrels, yet they occurred all the time. A word, a look even, could provoke a tumult. "They're just plain disrespectful," Plimpton thought to himself, and he was heartsick, and disgusted.

Although he never admitted it, his wife was a superior sort of woman and he had two really exceptional children. His twenty year old daughter was very popular and pretty, and held a responsible position in the largest bank in the city. Frank, his son, was almost eighteen, and the entire family was proud of him. The boy was a senior in high school, and in him Plimpton hoped to see all his supposedly thwarted ambitions realized. He was sending Frank to college. The son was clever and very handsome, and Plimpton never wearied of using him as his mirror.

"He's like me," he would tell people, "—looks and acts just the way I did at his age," and Frank, from his superior height of five feet nine inches would look down at his father, blush furiously, and sometimes leave the room. For the younger Plimptons had long passed that delightful stage when they believed that father was the most remarkable person in the world. Their maturity confused their father; every conversation with them left with him a discomfiting sense of embarrassment and futility. He was puzzled as to how he could assert himself effectually.

One evening the three of them were in the sitting-room awaiting the call to supper. Plimpton was seated in his morris chair, apparently reading his paper, but in reality meditating with pleasure upon an honor recently acquired in school by his son. He was in a very cheerful frame of mind. The little group about him was silent for some minutes; then Louise spoke,

"Father?"

"Hm?"

"Commencement's only a month off now,—it'll seem funny to have Frank graduate, won't it?"

“Um-hm.”

“Well?”

“Well?”

“Well, Father, I thought Mother told you about it out there in the kitchen. Frank was elected Class Orator to-day,—and that with all the other things he’s doing! We’re both so proud of him. I think it’s great!”

Plimpton put down his newspaper. “Yes,” he said, “oh yes! Well, Frank, it’s just what I’d have expected! You come by it naturally, all right. Why, when I was your age, I could recite,—I used to be invited out everywhere to recite! They told me I should have joined a company. Why, lots of times, when the bunch’d come to the house, I’d get up there and give them—” Plimpton looked at his son, as if expecting approval, but the boy’s head was turned away. His face was flushed, and he looked crestfallen and disappointed. Immediately his daughter grasped the situation. She must say something to relieve the tension and say it quickly;—but her choice proved unfortunate.

“Oh Dad, what a bore you must have been!” she exclaimed flippantly.

Plimpton rose to his feet; that feeling,—that now familiar feeling that his children were ridiculing him, swept over him like a hot wave. He was angry; he had a compelling desire to put them both in their place.

“What do you think you are?” he said, turning to his daughter. “I can’t open my mouth in this house, I can’t say a word but what I get back talk—back talk and sass and impudence, and I’ve had enough of it. I tell you this is my house, and if either of you don’t like what I say,—well, you know what you can do!” He wheeled his chair around so that his back was toward them, picked up his paper, and sat down again.

“I-I,—why, father!” exclaimed Louise. She made a step toward him, then rushed from the room, Frank rushing after her. As they passed down the hall, Plimpton caught their voices.

“I can’t help it, Frank,—awfully mean to you,” he heard Louise saying; “He’s so afraid he’ll say something nice all the time. Their voices were lost for a moment, then,

“Don’t you care, Lou,—you *know* you can’t tease him!”

Plimpton tried to read, but his cheerful mood had vanished. “Impudent,” he murmured to himself over and over. “Impudent”;

think they either have to say something smart or go off and sulk somewhere. I'm sick of it!"—and when his wife called him to supper, he threw down his paper and strode out to the dining-room noisily.

In his store, Plimpton had one clerk, a girl of nineteen or twenty, by the name of Myrtie Grant. She had worked for him about five years, and her employer had watched her grow up and had become rather fond of her. Myrtie was an uneducated girl;—a good clerk, but an indifferent worker in small matters about the store. She had no sense of humor and was very independent, but she talked little and was a splendid listener. Plimpton appreciated a woman who could listen. He was very patient with Myrtie; she was planning soon to be married, and he let the young man to whom she was engaged come to the store of an afternoon and sit for hours on a stool behind the counter talking to her, while he waited on occasional customers or unpacked crates.

Plimpton not only felt a rather paternal affection for Myrtie Grant; he also admired her type. She was a tall girl of very ample proportions, and Plimpton thought stout women beautiful. His wife had lost her youthful plumpness, and become painfully scrawny. His sprightly daughter had stopped growing at thirteen, and had come to a very meagre adolescence. Often in Louise's presence, Plimpton found himself comparing her with the Grant girl, always to his daughter's disadvantage. Both Mrs. Plimpton and her daughter disliked Myrtie Grant exceedingly; the one because she thought her lazy and indifferent, the other because both to her and her associates the girl appeared stupid and common.

Myrtie Grant had heavy features, and almond shaped blue eyes which never seemed more than half open and were enigmatic, or perhaps merely obtuse in their expression. She had beautiful arms,—a little too plump, but firm, and well-shaped. There was something sinuous about them,—a something living, which presented an odd contrast to the girl's characteristic heaviness. When she reached for anything, she had a strange way of holding her arm up, and twisting about it at the elbow in a graceful, serpentine fashion. This odd trick fascinated Plimpton, and he sometimes sent her to the stock shelves for some article, solely for the purpose of seeing her accomplish this particular feat. When he asked her to do anything, she obeyed him unsmilingly, but without comment, and that pleased him. They had worked out a good system in their business relations, too. In the town in which the store was located, it was customary to keep open

until ten o'clock every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evening. On Tuesdays and Fridays there was rarely sufficient business to necessitate the presence of two clerks, so that man and his helper took their turns alternately. Plimpton spent Tuesday evening at home, and on Friday Myrtie left at five o'clock and her employer remained in the store. Both stayed on Saturday; and during their five years together this system worked regularly and without exception. But there were times when Plimpton felt that he did not understand his clerk.

One day, soon after the sitting-room episode they had just finished unpacking a case of glass globes for kerosene lamps. Myrtie was dusting them and putting them away on the shelves, when the bell of a trolley-car rang suddenly outside in the street. The girl started, wavered for a moment on the insecure step-ladder, then, struggling to maintain her balance she dropped the globe in her hands, and it went crashing to the floor. In a moment she had climbed down from the ladder.

"Oh, dear, I've broken it!"

Plimpton was already picking up the pieces. He rose from his stooping position.

"Never mind," he said consolingly, "you don't often break things," and he patted her arm in a fatherly fashion. Instantly she straightened up.

"Don't," she exclaimed shortly, and jerking her arm away from him, she continued with her dusting. Plimpton was bewildered and hurt. He couldn't understand it; he had done nothing to the girl and certainly didn't deserve this pert reproof. He thought about it that day, a little, but in the evening the incident was forgotten. His family had again returned to its norm of indifference. He and his wife and daughter played cards together in perfect amity; and next morning he ate his breakfast in better spirits than he had known for several days.

Then, just as he was leaving for work, his wife stopped him. It was nearly time for school, and she was packing her son's lunch. She paused suddenly, her butter-laden knife held in mid-air.

"I declare, Ralph, I almost forgot to tell you!" she ejaculated. "Ask Myrtie to change nights with you this week, won't you? The Greens want us to come up for a game of pinochle, Friday night, and I know how you like to play cards, and how seldom we get a chance to go out together. You just tell Myrtie you want Friday."

Plimpton paused.

"All right," he said slowly; he started to go, then hesitated. For the past few days he had been dealing with a problem.

"I ought to get Myrtie a wedding present," he said, "it's almost June now. She won't be with me very much longer. —But I don't know what to get her. What *will* I get her?"

Mrs. Plimpton took up a piece of bread and began to spread it.

"Oh, any little thing," she said carelessly.

"But what? I don't want to get her any little thing. Any little thing won't do. I've had her in that store for five years, and she's been a good girl. I wish I knew what to get her; of course, nothing elaborate."

Mrs. Plimpton was undisturbed.

"Oh, anything will do," she rejoined. "Wedding-present! You give her a wedding-present every week when she gets her pay envelope; eight dollars a week, just for sitting there and looking through your plate-glass window;—and she has two afternoons and a morning off every week besides;—and now with Frank's suit and white trousers for Commencement—"

"Oh, I don't know," put in Plimpton, "she works pretty hard when there's a sale or anything. But what in the world will I do when she gets married?"

Frank,—his son, school books under his arm, was just entering the room,—“Frank, how'd you like to work in the store this summer after school closes?"

The boy stopped and looked at his father over his shoulder, without even turning around. He still remembered the sitting-room episode.

"How much?" he asked coldly.

"How much what?"

"How much a week?"

"Well, let's see; about three-fifty?"

The boy gave him a look of utter contempt and put down his books.

"Me," he said, "Three-fifty! Well I guess not! Why, if I just carry for the Post Office on Saturdays I get that much! Now look here, Dad,—what's the idea? I'll work eight, maybe nine hours a day, and at the end of it, you'll hand me three-fifty. How much do you pay that girl of yours? Three-fifty?"

Plimpton bridled.

"That'll do from you," he said sharply. "What do you expect?"

I'm educating you, ain't I? You get your board and keep, don't you? Many a son wouldn't ask for money of any kind;—many a son,—”

“Yeh,—who?”

Mrs. Plimpton, eager to restore peace intervened hastily.

“Let him alone, Ralph; let him alone! You can't argue with him. Let him work for the Post Office. He'll put in eight hard hours a day, there—”

“And I can come in Saturday afternoon and evenings, Dad,” put in Louise, who had just come in from the kitchen. “I have them off.”

“Yes,” rejoined his wife. “Honestly, Ralph, I believe that's the only time you really need a clerk. I believe that except for Saturdays you could manage by yourself. I declare,—paying a girl eight dollars a week, just to sit around,—”

Louise wished to reinforce her mother's sentiments, but, as usual, she was unfortunate.

“Oh,” she burst out vehemently, “*that Myrtie Grant!*”

With a loud bang, down came Plimpton's fist on the table. His voice rose loud above the rattle of the plates and silver.

“Now, look here,” he blurted out, “I won't have any more of this talk about Myrtie Grant. She's a fine girl; she does all I want her to, and it's no concern of yours!”

“I didn't say a thing about her!”

“You turned up your nose at her! You're always doing it. And I want you to know, she's as good as you are.”

“Oh, is she? I went to school with her. She's a bold stubborn thing!”

“She is not.” Then all at once, a sudden impulse seized Plimpton, and unreserved desire to tell yesterday's episode; to translate its occurrence in a manner that would prove his point. “Why, I just touched her arm, yesterday, and she got as mad as anything,” he said.

For an instant there was silence, then Plimpton's children simultaneously gave their father a look of disgust.

“I think, father,” said Louise coldly, “if you were my age, she wouldn't have been so terribly cross; I know some,—” she stopped abruptly. Plimpton, turning saw his wife making frantic signals for silence, behind his back, and her gesture infuriated him. He began to talk, but was interrupted by Frank. The boy did not forget easily, and the hurt of several days before, was still rankling.

"Shouldn't have taken her arm, father," he said contemptuously. "That wasn't the way to make a hit. Now, if you'd *recited* something—"

Slowly Ralph Plimpton rose to his feet; his face was white; he glared at his son speechlessly. Since the beginning of the argument he had felt himself floundering, and the boy's disdain infuriated him.

"That'll be enough from you," he said tersely. "I've stood all of your smart remarks I'm going to. You're old enough to earn your own living now; much more of your back talk and you'll get out! Buy your Commencement outfit? Get you new clothes? Well I guess not! The way I've worked for you; the way I've sacrificed and saved just so's you could go to college!" Then; his voice rising in sudden anger, "Go to college? Send you to college? No! This is the end of it! You can go to work tomorrow!"

Somewhat in the manner of Jove discerning the effects of his thunderbolt, Plimpton looked around him. Both his children had gone very pale; there were no more signals from Mrs. Plimpton. She rose to her feet almost majestically, and her blue eyes were fixed on her husband with a pale, steely glitter.

"You'll send that boy to college," she said coldly. He'll finish out in High School, and then he'll go to college. What do you think I've been doing all these years,—working and slaving year in and year out, going without amusements and pretty clothes? Do you think I'm doing it just for you to put so much money away and hoard it? Years ago you promised me Frank should be educated.

"You give me fifteen dollars a week for the house expenses—fifteen dollars a week,—same as when I was married, and I manage on it! And who pays for it? Me! It's been no sacrifice for you to save your money, Ralph Plimpton. You've enjoyed it. Hoarding's been your greatest pleasure. I've been the one who's made the sacrifice and it's been for my children, and now you'll pay up. You'll send that boy to college,—do you hear me,—you'll send him to college, or I'll tell you there'll be trouble in this house!"

For one brief instant, Ralph Plimpton looked at his wife dumbfounded. Then, hastily seizing his umbrella, he turned his back on all three of them and made a hurried exit out the kitchen door.

He was beaten, he knew it. In the controversy he had been worsted and humiliated, first by his children, then by their mother. Far behind him, on the flagstone pavement, he could hear his son's footsteps; they were lazy footsteps, and he knew that the boy was

purposely lagging so that he need not overtake him. What a quarrel it had been! Just a clashing of hasty tempers,—a typical family quarrel, involving nobody in particular, having neither point, issue nor focus. It had begun with the discussion over Myrtie Grant's wedding present, had shifted somehow to Frank's ingratitude, returned to the subject of Myrtie Grant and ended with Frank again, and the entire family had been involved. And he was the man of the house, and should have put them all in their places. But instead of that,—oh, there was too much talk. The children were grown now, he didn't even insist upon obedience from them, but respect, that was it,—respect! Plimpton, in reality, never intended to deprive his son of a college education, but this threat was his only weapon against him, and now his wife had taken it and deliberately broken it before his eyes; his wife who had always seemed so much his ally! Myrtie Grant! The quarrel had been a family affair and yet what a vital part this girl had played in it. Though not about her, it had concerned her very intimately.

Suddenly, and quite as a surprise to himself, Plimpton felt his heart warming toward Myrtie. The episode of yesterday was forgotten. Myrtie never argued, she never gave him impudence. Myrtie understood him. He wished she were his daughter. He was supremely grateful for the long days he had spent with her in silence,—and soon she would be getting married.

Then all at once, Plimpton hesitated. He was passing a jewelry store, and something behind the plate glass window caught his eye,—a something white and scintillant which sent out a darting radiance, vividly shot with red; a silver white bracelet set with three large rubies.

A wedding present? Well, there wouldn't be one occasion in twenty years for Myrtie Grant to wear a bracelet like that but Plimpton didn't even stop to consider. In that moment of hurt pride and vexation with his family, his pleasant memory of Myrtie's tacit sympathy seemed to transcend everything. He entered the store.

"How much for that silver bracelet with the red stones?" he inquired.

The jeweler looked at him in surprise. "Silver nothing, that's platinum. Seventy-five dollars."

The blow was a hard one, but Plimpton was undisturbed. He had been used to a life of the most extreme sort of penny pinching, but, strangely, seventy-five dollars did not sound more exorbitant to

him than a quarter of that amount would have done,—and his heart was warm toward Myrtie. He hesitated a moment.

“Wrap it up,” he said finally.

The jeweler gave him a look of astonishment. “Not been playing the market, have you, Plimpton?”

Plimpton grinned. “I said, wrap it up!” This extravagance, this one folly of his life was somehow exhilarating. It gave him a novel sensation of confidence,—a feeling of being a “good fellow.” And the vague notion that his family would disapprove made him feel like a small boy in the first delicious stages of truancy.

Arrived at the store, he found Myrtie Grant standing on the flagstones outside, talking to the tall, indolent looking young man, who had brought her to work. Both nodded as he unlocked the door. Fifteen minutes later the girl came in and took off her coat in a leisurely manner. Her employer watched her for a minute, then cleared his throat.

“Myrtie?”

“Yes, Mr. Plimpton?”

“You’re going to leave me soon, aren’t you? This month. What day did you say it was, Myrtie?”

“A week from next Tuesday.”

“Well, Myrtie, you’ve been with me a long time, and I’ve enjoyed having you here. I’ve liked you a lot,—I—I—oh well,—here,—and he pushed over to her the carefully wrapped pasteboard box that contained the bracelet.

Myrtie undid the wrappings, uncovered the blue plush case, and opened it.

“Oh,” she said placidly, “Platinum,—how very pretty. Thank you.” She closed the case again, put it back in the box and laid it on a shelf under the counter.

Plimpton stood very still and looked at her. Her calm acceptance of the gift was most discomfiting. It was characteristic of her, certainly; she accepted everything with unruffled demeanor. But, manlike, he wanted a fuss. He thought vaguely of his daughter’s pleasant effusiveness when things pleased her. He thought over the incident when he went to lunch. All day long he kept vainly hoping that she would mention his gift, again.

So preoccupied was Plimpton over the cold reception of his present, that he had almost forgotten the scene at the breakfast table. But at closing time, just as they were preparing to leave the store, the

thought of once more being about to join his family brought it all back to him vividly. It had been a nasty business,—how had it all started anyway? Why yes, that was it,—the card party,—their invitation to play cards on Friday evening.

“Wait,—by the way, Myrtie,” he called, “Couldn’t you change nights with me this week? The Mrs. wants me to go to an entertainment with her on Friday, so I thought you could take this evening off, and come back then, instead? It won’t make any difference will it?”

The girl turned around, and her expressionless, half open eyes rested on Plimpton.

“Yes, Mr. Plimpton, it will make a difference,” she said slowly. “It’s my usual night, you know. Tom and I always have an engagement Friday.”

Plimpton was thunderstruck.

“Why Myrtie, you and Tom have engagements almost every night. He always meets you after work anyway. You can close at nine-thirty on Friday, if you want; that’ll still leave time.”

The girl shook her head.

“No,” and there was a gentle finality in her tone, “I always keep engagements with Tom, Mr. Plimpton. So this week, I’ll take my usual night, same as ever. Of course I’m sorry. Good night!” and lifting Plimpton’s bracelet from the shelf under the counter, she slipped it into her bag and was off up the street with the round shouldered young man who was waiting for her outside, his back against the lamp post.

For some moments Plimpton stood at the door gazing after them. He did not see them. His heart was full of an overpowering sense of injustice. The revelation of Myrtie’s selfishness had dumbfounded him. Were all young people like that, then? They were almost animals in their indifference and blind self interest. Myrtie,—he could scarcely believe it! She could not comprehend him,—none of them understood. It was frustration at every turn.

Finally he turned away, seized his hat and slammed the door abruptly. He was angry. He’d like to fire the girl, send her off and tell her to get another job;—no, that wouldn’t do,—she was going soon anyway, and there was a sale next week. Spiting himself,—that’s what he’d be doing.

Plimpton walked up the street very swiftly. Seventy-five dollars, seventy-five for that bracelet and all the expense coming: his son’s Commencement flannels. Well, he didn’t deserve Commencement

pants, and maybe he wouldn't get them. His family would be cross.

"I won't tell them about it," he thought fiercely, "and if they find out about it and say anything,—if they say anything,—if that young pup opens his face to me, I'll tell him to get out!"

Well, they'd have to stay home from the party, that was all. And if his wife questioned him about it, he'd say,—what would he say? No matter what he told her his wife would know it. She'd know certainly that Myrtie Grant had refused to give up her night! Well, he'd tell her to shut up, that's what he'd do.

Breathlessly, Plimpton halted,—he had reached his own doorstep, and his chest swelled with that peculiar defiance which is sensitiveness wounded. He clicked his keys loudly, opened the door with a lordly gesture, and kicking a pair of overshoes, which lay in the vestibule, out of his way, he prepared once more to confront his household.

KATHERINE D. BOWMAN, 1922, Mt. Holyoke.

Spring On Charles Street

In fancy I can see it, that oddly timeless street
I soon shall walk again, and when, and how,
Past brownstone vaults with blinds drawn like shut eyes,—
How loud my tip-toed tread will echo back!
There in the park, Octavia's ancestor
Surveys the tomblike rows, disdainful, sad,
Gripping the iron flanks of his fat mount
"Afraid he'll fall!" I told Octavia once,
When I was small and spare and straggle-haired
And like to "make her mad."
Behind him, past the prim and barren square,
—I must be hurrying, it will be late,—
Lost is that decorous and Lenten air
Sarcophagi and heroes thrive upon.

The jonquil-woman sits, with basket full
By the great, grey house of the frail-faced cardinal
Who loved spring flowers. "Yes, His Eminence
Would buy my jonquils every spring," she boasts.
The buses crowd and quicken, bright, Dutch blue—
And motors fill the street.
A glimpse of once-known faces, flashing past.

On either side bloom hat-shops, and women, blithely young
Their brilliant plumage everywhere, a world of trim and gay;
Half-withered bachelors, with shrewd, appraising eyes,
And conscious, grown-up little boys, smooth-cheeked and slim.
Some one passing, nods at me, beneath a reckless hat,
She looked like a girl at school,—could it have been the same,
The one named Emma, who was once so fat and dull?

But I must be hurrying, I always am so late,—
I've just another block
And there will be awaiting me, the most familiar sight
The twisted iron railing to a white flight of steps
Where you will gravely lean, and scan the passers-by,
Steadying your glasses with a scientific air
Jostled by people crowding up the steps to late tea.
With droll, half-wistful smile come diffidently up:
"I thought you'd never come!" and I, inanely too,
"But I did come, you see!"

DOROTHY BENSON, 1922, Smith.

I Love Thee In Prose

Dramatis Personae:

MAT PRIOR

CHLOE

NURSE

SCENE: Chloe's Boudoir—in soft blue and greys. At the left is her dressing table holding many dainty trifles. A bench stands before it over which has been flung a flame colored scarf. In the center of the room there is a chaise longue, a table and a Louis XVI chair. Tall French windows in an alcove at the back of the room. Near them a desk and chair. French prints on the wall. French whimsies on the desk and table.

(When the curtain rises Chloe is seated at her dressing table. She is attempting to read a slender blue covered volume while her nurse—fat, old and picturesque—brushes her golden hair. Chloe's pretty brows are puckered and her mouth is in a pout.)

NURSE

My feet are so weary I can scarce hold the brush.

CHLOE

You brush with your hands and not with your feet;
Be as quick as you can, and *won't* you please hush!

NURSE

I'll be as still as a mouse my own pretty sweet.
(The nurse brushes Chloe's hair vigorously.)

CHLOE

Don't jerk my hair so, I can't see the page.
Do hurry a little—you're taking an age.

NURSE—(As if to herself.)

Run, run—Iv'e done nothing but run up and down
From Fleeter's book store to the great Caxton Head,
The answer the same everywhere in the town:
"Mat Prior you want? Not a one to be had,
The ladies you know—but try over the way."

CHLOE

And my prettiest silk kerchief you got for your pay.
But the ladies—you spoke of the ladies just then?

NURSE

The ladies? La; yes! They're as learned as the men.
Since Mat Prior's book has come hot from the press
They fill the book shops and higggle for verse
As if they were buying the newest silk dress,
And each of them leaves with an empty purse.

CHLOE

Stupid you'll pull every hair from my head!

NURSE

Not a chance in the world! I'd rather be dead
For then Messer Prior would not come as of old,
His kisses you'd miss, and *I* would his gold.

CHLOE

Prior, Prior—your talk is all Prior.
The stupidest name ever heard by my ears,
His verse is all nonsense, his name is a bore
If I hear it again I shall burst into tears.

(She begins to cry.)

NURSE

My sweet little Chloe, your Nurse's own one,
What can I have said? What dreadful, thing done?

CHLOE

'Tis nothing at all—I feel tearful to-day.

(She wipes her eyes on a lace-frilled handkerchief.)

NURSE

If Mat Prior were here you would laugh and be gay,

CHLOE—*(Angrily.)*

I hate him! I hate him! Don't mention his name!

*(Chloe flings her book down upon the dressing-table,
upsetting a bottle of perfume.)*

NURSE—*(Rushing to the rescue.)*

Bless my grey hairs, just look at this now,
Your best Eaux de Fleurs—what a terrible shame!
All over the book that I chased high and low!

CHLOE

I'm glad that I spoilt it—I don't care a whit!

NURSE—*(Tenderly wiping the book.)*

A sweet little book, such a tender pale blue,
All the ladies in town have liked it but you.

CHLOE

I haven't a doubt that the ladies all liked it.

NURSE

You don't mean he has—Oh, it couldn't be true!
He loves you, you know it my own little lass,
So why all these tears and this dreadful to-do?
He hasn't, he can't have, you don't mean he has?

CHLOE

He's written a poem to each London belle
The book is all full of Celia and Nell,
Delia, Dorinda, and Lisetta too,
Phyllis, Euphelia, Maggy and Sue.

NURSE—(*Opening her arms.*)

Come straight to your nurse my own little Sweet,
She'll dry all those tears that the horrid book made.

(*She holds CHLOE close to her while she shakes her fist at an imaginary Mat Prior.*)

You sly-talking creature, just wait till we meet
You won't write again of that *Maggy* jade!

CHLOE

Don't think for a moment that *I* think of that!
But the falsehood, the baseness, the wicked deception,
'Tis not for myself that I mourn but for Mat,
Whose soul has been lost beyond any redemption.

NURSE

Two pins for his soul. He's worse than a jilt,
Just let him try once to come here and see you,
I'll give him a blow that will cause him to wilt—
Euphelia indeed! The pale little shrew!

CHLOE

Oh! no, dearest nurse remember my pride,
You must shut the door softly and say I'm outside.

NURSE

Softly you say? I shall slam both the gates!
"Run Messer Prior—Euphelia awaits,
She'll scratch if you're late the sleek pussy cat."

CHLOE—(*In alarm.*)

Nurse, darling nurse, you mustn't do that,
Say coldly and firmly that Chloe is out.

NURSE

I'll say what I please till his head spins about.

(A loud knock on an outside door.)

CHLOE—*(Greatly agitated.)*

'Tis he! 'Tis he! No, who can that be?

My heart's all a flutter—run quickly and see.

NURSE

Just trust to your nurse, she'll lead him a dance.

CHLOE

I'm out you remember—but oh, dearest nurse,
Supposing he comes seeking pardon perchance?

NURSE

He'll get for his pardon my heartiest curse.

CHLOE

Perhaps I should see him and tell him why—

NURSE

I'll give him your reasons, the false-speaking man,
Just wait here for nurse, and don't you dare cry.

(The knock is heard again.)

CHLOE

Run, dearest nurse, as fast as you can!

(The nurse bustles off stage with an air of great importance. CHLOE runs to the window and looks out. She then goes to dressing-table and makes a rather listless attempt at fixing her hair. She stops, picks up the book and turns over the leaves. There is a loud knock at her door. CHLOE springs up, and holding the book behind her, stands in an attitude half of defiance, half of expectation. The door opens and MAT PRIOR enters with the utmost nonchalance.)

MAT PRIOR

Chloe, my child, you're a weight on my purse,
Three golden crowns to open the door!
After I'm gone do you share with your nurse?

CHLOE—*(Seating herself languidly on the chaise longue.)*

I am tired to-day, you will find me a bore.

(She hides the book behind a cushion.)

MAT PRIOR

Ennui they all say is the fashionable grace,
But I'd rather find thee less at odds with the world;
Dear Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire and thy hair all uncurled.

CHLOE

With my hair and my cheeks I'll do what I please,
Curled or uncurled I care not who sees.

MAT PRIOR

How can'st thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which nature but lent to thy keeping,
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy,
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

CHLOE

The beauty I have though slight it may be
What love or what joy has it got for me?

MAT PRIOR

My love, sweetest Chloe, a poor thing I know
But all that I have I lay at your feet.

CHLOE

At my feet you say—why how can you speak so?

MAT PRIOR

I speak only the truth to you, little sweet.

CHLOE

That, I presume is what you call wit?

MAT PRIOR—(*Noticing it for the first time.*)

Chloe you seem to me a bit,
A trifle—just what I cannot say,
Perhaps a little cross to-day!

CHLOE—(*With studied flippancy.*)

That must be because my hair is uncurled.

MAT PRIOR—(*Sitting down on the chaise longue
beside her.*)

Prythee quit this caprice, and as old Falstaff says
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of the world.

CHLOE

What you want me to say I really can't guess
Perhaps I shall find enlightenment here.

(CHLOE takes the book from behind the cushion and starts to open it.)

As to what I should say to make myself clear.

MAT PRIOR—(*taking hold of her wrists.*)

So this is the cause of your distress,

I've caught you fair Chloe so come and confess.

CHLOE

A cause of distress? Why how can that be?

Have you written the words that you whispered to me?

To glance at your book I have scarcely had time.

MAT PRIOR—(*Greatly relieved.*)

I thought for a moment you were cross at some rhyme.

CHLOE

Cross at a rhyme? Why what can you have said?

(*She starts to examine the book MAT PRIOR snaps it shut on her fingers.*)

MAT PRIOR

I'd rather be scolded by you than be read.

CHLOE

The book somehow seems to prey on your mind.

MAT PRIOR

No, the trouble is this, if you really must know,
'Tis a matter of rhymes which are easier to find
For Dorinda and Nell than for you little Chloe.

CHLOE

And for Amaryllis and Amynta too,
What pretty rhymes you've found for Sue
And for many another delightful miss!

MAT PRIOR

Aha, I had guessed—I told you I had,
'Tis the book that has vexed you and made you so mad;
Come give it to me and with it a kiss.

CHLOE—(*Rising and giving him the book.*)

You may have it and welcome, just take it to Sue,
'Tis a gift she will prize much more than I do.
The time is so short I must beg you withdraw
Sir Roger has said he will come in at four.

MAT PRIOR

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I write
Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong.
You take that for fact that will scarce be found wit—

CHLOE

The ladies have found it quite witty they say,
I'm a very poor judge in every way.

MAT PRIOR

Ods life, one must swear to the truth of a song!
(He paces up and down.)

CHLOE—*(With great dignity.)*

I think that I gave you a ring of mine,
May I ask you to give it back sometime?

MAT PRIOR—*(Paying no attention to her words.)*

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose,
And they have my whimsies but thou hast my heart.

CHLOE—*(Faltering a little.)*

And what is a heart? What good does it do?
You love me you say: who knows it but you?

MAT PRIOR

The whole world may know for all that I care,
Dorinda and Sue and all of the rest;
Shall we shout from the window, or do you dare?

CHLOE—*(Pensively.)*

If Euphelia could know, I'd like it best.

MAT PRIOR—*(Triumphantly.)*

Euphelia *shall* know! 'Twill be done in a wink;
Quick give me some paper, a pen and some ink.

CHLOE—*(Completely conquered.)*

Why what do you mean? What's to be done?
Tell me this minute, you great silly man!

MAT PRIOR

Just wait till you see—'Twill be glorious fun!
The ink and a pen and be quick if you can.

(CHLOE hastens to bring pen, ink and paper from her desk in the alcove. MAT PRIOR has already seated himself at the table, his chin in his hands as if in deep thought.)

CHLOE

Here is the pen, 'twas my peacock's best quill,
The pride of his life, the funny old dear;
And here is the ink, I hope it won't spill,
And the paper too—Mat, do you hear?

MAT PRIOR—(*Absentmindedly drawing the paper towards him.*)

Treasure—treasure—what rhymes with treasure?
Ah, I have it—of course it's measure.

CHLOE—(*Eagerly watching him from the chaise-longue.*)

Or pleasure, Mat—wouldn't pleasure rhyme?

MAT PRIOR—(*Smiling at her indulgently.*)

Perhaps it will do for another time.

(*He thinks for a minute. Chloe watches him anxiously. He repeats the following lines slowly—unconsciously tapping the rhythm on the table with his pen.*)

“The merchant to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name—”

(*He pauses, then writes vigorously. He looks up and smiles at CHLOE he reads the next two lines.*)

“Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.”

CHLOE—(*Clapping her hands in glee.*)

How quickly you do it; I don't see how,
Give it to me and let me see!

MAT PRIOR

No, no, I've only begun just now;
What shall we make the next rhyme be?

(*He thinks hard. CHLOE starts to speak.*)

CHLOE

I—

(MAT PRIOR puts up his hand to command silence.)

CHLOE

I've thought of a rhyme I'm sure will do!
You never will guess it—true and you!

(*She laughs.*)

MAT PRIOR—(*Impatiently.*)

Hush, hush! You've made me lose a line,
I had it down so pat and fine.

CHLOE

And a very poor line it must have been
To forget it as quick as if 'twere a sin!

MAT PRIOR—(*Throwing down pen and getting up.*)

Do you think I can write while you chatter so?

CHLOE

I only meant to be helpful, Mat,
But if that's how you feel I'll certainly go,
And as for your rhymes I don't give that.

(*She snaps her fingers.*)

(*Hurt, rather than angry Chloe wanders over to the windows. She opens one and looks out. MAT PRIOR sits down, picks up a piece of paper which has fallen to the floor and begins writing again. He stops, frowns, bites his pen and then goes on. Suddenly he smiles and writes vigorously. He puts down his pen with a flourish, then gets up and shakes it in the air.*)

MAT PRIOR—(*Jubilantly.*)

'Tis the best that I've written without a doubt,
And now sweet Chloe away with your pout.

CHLOE

I am sure I've not asked to hear your song

(*MAT PRIOR goes to her, and taking her by the hand draws her away from the window into the middle of the room.*)

MAT PRIOR

Not yet, but I know that you will before long.

CHLOE—(*Catching sight of a name on the paper that he holds, and pointing to it.*)

Euphelia again! It is *her* name I see,
Euphelia—Euphelia—it's rather amazing
To say that this song has been written for me.

MAT PRIOR

Wait till you hear it before you start praising.

(*He leads CHLOE to the chaise-longue where he makes her sit. He pulls the chair from the table and sits down facing her.*)

MAT PRIOR—(*Reading his song.*)

“The merchant to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

“My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And while I sing Euphelia’s praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe’s eyes.

“Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed. I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.”

CHLOE

You love me in prose: now you court me in verse,
I’m just one of the many: no better, no worse,
(MAT PRIOR *gets up, and going over to the chaise-
longue sits down beside CHLOE and takes her hand.*)

MAT PRIOR

Now finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree,
For thou art a girl much brighter than her
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

(*He kisses CHLOE. There is a sudden knock at the
door. The nurse enters.*)

NURSE

Sir Roger Le Grand is at the door,
He said Mistress Chloe would see him at four.

(*She looks inquiringly at CHLOE who shakes her
head vigorously.*)

MAT PRIOR

Mistress is out as you easily can see
Now hurry and bring us our afternoon tea.

(*The nurse goes out with her hands upraised in
amazement.*)

CURTAIN.

EDITH SHEARN, 1922, Barnard.

Wares

He is selling my love for ha'-pence,
He is out there in the street;
I would hide my shame, an I could,
Behind my door; but I'll meet
Him passing, look in his face,
Shake back my hair of a sudden,
And smile.
He'll laugh
(You know how)
For a little while
Until a hush slips in.

(In the night,
A wild blue heron
Stands in moonlit water, calling,
And silence falling
Holds the night.)

"You want your love?"—He swings his pack;
"A kiss, shy-lips, and buy it back.
—There, curse you, woman-like, go drooling!
When will you know a man is fooling?"
He draws a griev'd sigh,
And I
Slip to a door nearby.

In merry vein,
"Six loves for half-a-crown!"
He calls again;
And hollow down the street
Go careless feet.

MARJORIE COOK, 1923, Mount Holyoke.

Travel—A Warning

*“To foreign lands the tourist goes,
Though why he goes there no one knows;
For nothing he can see or learn
Will interest us on his return.”*

If you intend to settle down for the rest of your life in some comfortable town among comfortable people, don't listen any farther. But if you have dreamt a dream or two of pirates or of buried treasure or of kings for that matter, and would someday travel, I daringly hazard the suggestion that you go prepared. Broken dreams are sometimes as painful as broken bones, and the fewer air castles burst the better. And as travel is sure to bring about a certain amount of disillusionment, if you value your dreams too highly, don't leave home. Any gleam followed to the bitter end is sure to turn out some variety of house light, better for you to stay at home and catch the twinkle.

But it is for the adventurous that I dare to make light of my previously quoted criterion for tourists—a statement which I have found only too true, and venture to offer several suggestions and the causes for them as based upon my own experience.

In the first place, unless you have a yacht of your own, learn at the beginning that itineraries must be made and held to. There is no Aladdin's lamp about twentieth century steam travel and boat tickets must be engaged in time, and held to. Twice I broke routine and both times suffered for it. The first time I missed a boat because I was four hours late, and was left weeping on the sands by the Suez Canal; the other time we (for there were several of us this time) took a chance passage and embarked on a cargo boat between Hong Kong and Singapore. We were younger then and longed to get out of the beaten track in a kind of unfledged desire to try our wings. We did it in the spirit of romance and talked of long sleepy days along the shores of Saigon and Tonquin, of glimpses which we hoped to get of North Borneo, of an entirely unique Christmas dinner anchored perhaps off the equator. All this you understand was before we discovered that our cargo consisted of cabbages. The hold was filled with them and the front and rear decks, on a level with the dining room,

were piled high with cabbages which could not be forced into the hold. For the first few days all went well and then we ran into a hot wet wind from the south. From then on, the memory of that voyage for me is a blurred horror. The boat rolled so that the steamer chairs kept up a perpetual motion from side to side. And the excessive heat made the cabins impossible, so that our only refuge was a sliding steamer chair. With the boat rolled the cabbages. The smell became overpowering. The captain refused to throw them overboard. A poem someone had written early in the voyage rhyming cabbages and savages became a reiterating nightmare. And to cap the climax, when we finally did reach Singapore after a Christmas dinner which included boiled cabbage, our three-day stay was ruined by the constant sight of a jubilant inhabitant going home with one under his arm. For it seemed that the wretched herbs refused to grow so far south and were considered a great delicacy.

* * * * *

In the second place, carry a revolver. Don't mistake me here. There are no highwaymen left in the East, and few thieves, but you need your revolver as a protection against your fellow tourists. Of all dream breakers, they are by far the worst. There are scores of the variety that go to see an age old temple and then talk the entire time of how America would have improved on it. We met two of them in Nazareth. They were from Chicago and complained so of the food in the wayside inn that we ran away from them and took a long walk over the hills ending up in the home of a very poor Jewish family who invited us in and gave us the best they had, peas fresh from the garden which we shelled and ate as we talked to them,—a poor meal, but infinitely preferable to the better one in the inn within the constant sound of Chicago.

Two other tourists stand out as particularly obnoxious among the hosts we met from time to time. They were not Americans, but Englishmen who had stopped off at Agra to see the Taj Mahal. They separated at the front gate, walked around it one on each side, met at the back, said "Now we have seen the Taj Mahal" and departed after crashing through the reverie of the half dozen worshippers who were looking at the most beautiful object they would ever see in their lives.

* * * * *

Another source of disappointment is the fact that no matter how out of the ordinary route you travel you will find certain famil-

iar objects, namely Ivory soap, Singer sewing machines, and Standard Oil tins. Once in a dimly lit temple in the mountains of Japan I crept up to an old priest who knelt in a corner, and thought to watch him say his prayer, but found him at a telephone. And I toured all Palestine in a Ford, and went wheezing through Jerusalem and Galilee. I remember putting a tire down just outside of Bethlehem.

* * * * *

Perhaps the hardest dream to break without a severe shock of some kind is the one that certain privileged people are different from their fellowmen. To be able to speak of cabbages and kings in the same breath without unconsciously stressing the last word. To realize that humanness is the accompaniment of even the greatest doer of thrilling deeds.

My disallusionment began with General Agrinalda. I had thought of him as a half wild Filipino leader who carried on a gallant bush campaign against the American army, thwarting them at every turn until finally captured. Then came a dinner party in Manila, fatal to all my fancies for General Agrinalda turned out to be a dapper little man who presented each lady with a bouquet of—I hate to mention it—sweet peas and mignonette.

Then there was the Governor of the Punjab in North India, who joked with me for an hour before I discovered his identity. And worse still there was his gigantic elephant, a mammoth beast with gold trappings and a gold painted forehead who carried us through the streets of the city and bore the imposing name of Primrose.

Yet still I clung to my pedestals for a favored few, and kept several mental halos in reservation in the hope that nothing would bring them of all people down to a common clay level. One of these persons was Napoleon,—that is, until we reached London. While we were there one of the art galleries advertised widely an exhibit of personal belongings of Napoleon. And so great was the publicity that throngs gathered, I among them. I entered the hall and looked forward to seeing something which had been Napoleon's own. And I saw—enclosed in a great glass case with a gold inscription—not his sword—or his saddle or even his boots and spurs—but his long, wooly, closely woven winter flannels.

IRENE MOTT, 1922, Vassar.

Gonzalo's Jest

The wind is blowing on my face.
The wind, the wind,—and I am free!
Free, free upon the gallows' hill
I stand! Before me lies the sea,
Behind, the ragged quarry wall,
And there below, the slattern town
Huddled against the mountain side
A stinkling leaf of withered brown.
And far beyond the river lies
And seaweed flows, slim, slow, and white
It shines across the sombre land
The way a rapier gleams at night. . . .
Hark! How the dogs are baying yet!
Swiftly I fled along the stream—
Threw off the scent, then by the wall
I fled. —And they, they did not dream
I'd hide beneath the man I'd hung—
Whose death, *Dios*, was due to me.
They reckoned not on love of life.
God, but the wind is swift and free! . . .
And how I ran! —The sharp black pains
Are pounding through me still.
When first I looked on Gurdrid's face
I knew—it boded—ill.
And so I ran,—and now I lie
Beneath the blue, fast-greying sky.
And 'neath you too, my jocund Jock,
I quite forgot you in the shock
Of being free again—
Free, free I tell you
While you swing and swing and swing
Quite black about the face,
And smelling rather ill,
And swelling. Still
I will not quarrel with your looks,
My bold, my debonair,
For had I not been clever, Jock,
I might be hanging there.
No, I'll not quarrel, for the wind
Is sweet against my face.

You fat, you stupid Protestant,
Dreamed you I would forget?
Forget the shame you put me to,
Of Gurdrid's jear?—Not yet

Have I forgotten ; no, not I
Nor yet will you again—
My father's father was the son
Of Alvarez of Spain !
Gonzalo I, none can mistake
A mouthing Jew for me—
Can strike me, make me serve his ends,
Do this and then go free.
Aye—and you mocked me, “British Bull,”
Struck me, sweet Jock, before the crowd,
Called me misshapen, puny—then
Laughing you shouted it aloud.
Aye, before Gurdrid mocked you me,
Compared my weakness to your strength—
Do you compare them now at all,
Now that you hang from such a length ?
An insult given, I repay.
Por Dios, I have paid in full.
Your “Spanish Ape” has won to-day.
How fair you hang, my “British Bull”.
You always were a dandy, Jock,
So big and bold and blond and brown—
Your open eyes were far away
The night you drank *my* liquor down. . . .
I drugged the wine, *I* took the gold.
I slit the merchant's wrinkled throat.
I put the dagger in your hand
His stone-wrought ring within your coat.
I left you lying so, and then
All guilt and blame were cast on you.
You were so drunk you were not sure
But that the charges might be true.
And so you hung. But first you had
Long hours, days to dream
Of what, *bribon*, you would have done
Had death not come between—
Yes, death and I—I killed the man,
Wherefore you hung, you did not know
Until the end that it was *I*,
Your “Spanish Ape” that made it so.
Oh Jock, when you—when first you knew
Dios,—I swear it was a joke
To see you realize *I* slew
Just when you *first* began to choke !

And now you say the jest's on me.
How found they out 'twas I who slew ?
Oh, Gurdrid, read it in my eyes,

I laughed and laughed, and then she knew.
 She knew the hatred that I bore.
 She saw the merchant's gold was gone.
 She saw the laughter in my eyes
 The day they put your necklet on.
 I fled. But I will have the minx
 Or other maids that are more fair.
 When kisses come from lovely lips,
 Whose lips are how—I do not care—
 The slim-thighed cat, I'll have her yet.
 Although you sway, and sway, and sway.
 Sway on, my friend, that's all you'll get,
 Your cards are running low to-day.
 You have but rope and buzzing flies,
 And then a trip to purgatoire—
 Wherein my sainted mother lies,
La Inglesa calleja flor,
 A pretty piece of merchandise! . . .
 My throat has never pained before!
 Hark to the beam! Hell take that rope! . . .
 Methinks the wind grows chill.
 And night is near.
 Ha! Ha! I say
 A pennypence for fear.
 And, Jock, I got you after all
 I, I, your "Spanish Ape",
 What think you now, as on your line,
 Sweet Jock, you sway and gape?

You drunken swine, you British swine,
 By Jesus Christ I hate you still!
 I took your life, now take you mine—
 You swore you would, now have your will.
 I will away when nightfall comes.
 I will away, and you will swing
 Until they come to take you down,
 For 'twas not you who did the thing,
 But I, who shall be far away
 Heading for France in windswept boat.
 Yes I—Ha! Ha! What's that you say?
 Your hands shall never touch my throat!
 Ha! Ha! Oh must I laugh until I strangle as the rope did you?
 Ha! Ha! I laugh and laugh and laugh—
 Good God! My throat! . . .
You're laughing too!

MARTHA E. KELLER, 1924, Vassar.

A Study of Walter de la Mare

I should be careful about introducing Walter de la Mare as the "poet's poet" of our day, for there are many who might recall struggles with "The Faerie Queene," and decide that Mr. de la Mare is to be bought in five volumes and read in none of them. I can safely say, however, that he is "caviare to the general", and thus I hope that I may lure all discriminating readers to investigate for themselves his claim to a foremost place in the ranks of modern poetry.

His verse is not, as I have said, for everyone. It is not even for every reader of verse, but it is for all poets. And by poets I mean here those who write verse, and children, and any adults who love night-beauty, the music of words, and ghosts and elves from other worlds.

Mr. de la Mare has, in truth, eaten fern-seed. His world is not our world. He sits in dark grottoes and listens to the dancing talk of pixies; he sups with the "Little Folk"; he is truly haunted (that word which titles so many of his poems!) by spirits and voices that we common people seldom meet, except in the shadowy music of his words. Everything he sees has over it a haze of thoughtful melancholy. His dealings with daylight colours are so few that the poems in which they occur stand out in my mind with the vividness of impressions received through the medium of an emotional shock. Who, having read that most poetical of prose fantasies, "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," could ever forget Nod, the little grey monkey, crouching in the mist beside the pool in the woods, pleading with the heartless Water-midden to give back to him gold-shining wonder-stone? The midden, whom the water gods had fashioned "beyond all things beautiful,—and beyond all things sad," clutched the stone in her slim hands, and tossed out over the dark-green water her flame-gold hair. And in response to Nod's pleading, she floated out from the rushes, where she had been singing her odd little water-song of sadness, and after giving him a sly look from under her narrow brows, she turned from him her stooping shoulders "as clear and pale as ivory," her pale face, and her curled scarlet mouth. "There was a sudden pale and golden swirl of water. A light as of amber floated an

instant on the dark, gliding clearness of the torrent. . . . The Water-midden was gone" and Nod was alone with the dark water, and the black, overhanging dragon-tree.

In the poems the characteristic somberness of color, and the same etching, again and again, with black lines and grey shadows, is even more noticeable than it is in the prose, probably because the diction of verse is necessarily the more concentrated. Fewer words must give to the reader the background and atmosphere of the poems, and Mr. de la Mare's descriptive words are significant in their tireless recurrence. Over and over again we find the words melancholy, forlorn, wan, lone, still, quiet, cool, thin, pale, phantom, drowsy, starlit, silver, grey, black, and chill. In a great many poems the hour of midnight furnishes the keynote. Dark, Silence, Dream, and Sleep he apostrophizes, and summons to give meaning to his twilight moods. The flowers he brings to us are strange night-flowers—bergamot, "dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh," tansy, thyme, asphodel, the "wild briar's spiced leaves," bindweed, darnel thorn, "lean-stalked, purple lavender," and bitter rue. Or, if he mentions the more happily-assorted of our flowers, he does not show them to us under the blaze of a daytime sky, but usually "palely burning through the night."

I believe that to de la Mare an empty, lonely, old house is the most romantic and truly exciting thing in the world. If one were to be ultra-modern one might even say that he has a "deserted house complex." Certainly the dim outline of mysterious dwelling-places recurs again and again in his poems. Even when the house itself is not the apparent aim of the poem, as in "The Dwelling-Place" (which was named "Alas!"), "The Dark Chateau," and "The Old House," it is often used as a looming and significant means of impressing us with the abstract. For instance, in his most famous poem, "The Listeners," it is the utter isolation and loneliness of the house which conveys to the mind of the traveller the sense that "a host of phantom listeners" are "thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair." And in the innumerable poems of which "Mistletoe," "The Window," "Some One," "The Suicide," and "The Son of Melancholy," are representative, there is the intense feeling of one person alone in a house—a sensitive person, in a dark house which is quiet with unseen watchers and unheard listeners. Mr. de la Mere seems unable to get away from what he once called an "evening house," with its ghostly inhabitants. Nor do we want him to do so.

For some unknown reason (which we must call genius, I suppose) we do not tire of these forbidding houses, surrounded by melancholy flowers, and peopled by spirits, or by such living things as de la Mare finds becoming to the setting—the black-birds, throstles, linnets, starlings, kestrels, and “inky rooks”; the “bat and mole and leveret, the owl and newt and nightjar,” and the “mute and eyeless worm.”

Whenever de la Mare saunters out from his house,

“A lone house filled
With the cricket’s call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall,”

he has strange and marvellous adventures:

“In the woods as I did walk,
Dappled with the moon’s beam,
I did with a stranger talk,
And his name was Dream.”

or:

“I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lonely face.”

And once he had a moment of realization, in that odd, magical mental life of his, which he reveals to us in what seems to me to be as “absolute” as any poetry the critics ever have fought about:

“I heard a horseman
Ride over the hill;
The moon shone clear,
The night was still;
His helm was silver,
And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
Was of ivory.”

I have not yet spoken of Mr. de la Mare’s humorous understanding of people. The comic spirit is in him, for all the “sad joy in his eyes,” and for all his preoccupation with the bewitched, the haunted, and the mad. He has, also, the power of summing up personalities in a few words. Take, for instance, the justly famous lines about Miss T.:

“It’s a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.”

In the same gently-smiling way he has immortalized Miss Loo, who would seem to “ask nothing else if she has you,” an old tailor, the

“poor old widow in her weeds” (“all she has is all she needs”) and “Poor ‘Miss 7’ ”:

“Lone and alone she lies,
Poor ‘Miss 7’,
Five steep flights from earth,
And one from heaven.”

In “Peacock Pye”, a collection of children’s verse in which nonsense and the sixth sense of an artist are exquisitely blended, his humor smiles slyly out from every corner. We see Old Jim Jay, who was unfortunate enough to “get stuck fast in yesterday”; Poor Tired Tim, it was “sad for him” because he was always so tired with nothing to do; and Old Tillie Turveycombe, who is one of the tragic figures in history. She carelessly allowed some fern-seed to slip down her “gull-e-t”, and instantly was “gone in a trice”, to spend the rest of time, arrayed in the dignity of hoop skirts and tight neck-curls, floating on the wind, a-moaning and sick for home. In “Motley”, however, his humour assumes the smile with which one should always breast the tragedies of life. A fool talks to Death, Pity, and Love about war, which he understands but slightly. Whenever the sights he describes becomes too ghastly, he jingles his bells. The result is one of the strongest of all the war poems.

The most uncanny of Mr. de la Mare’s gifts, however, is his Midas touch of technique. His music is, to my mind, the most unerring of any which is being written today. He has Swinburne’s trick of making lines which the reader feels until the very last will not come out on the beat. They always do, of course, and the sense of triumph on the part of the reader is one of the incidental pleasures in reading verse of this sort. De la Mare has, too, the ballad tricks of inversion, of question-sentences, and of dialogue. He uses the scorned negative statement, of which Keats was a master, and he is never afraid of emphasizing the stilted auxiliary with a verb if by so doing he may aid his metre and not mar his effect. He has a habit of crowding lines, and following them by emptier verses in which every syllable gets an emphatic stress, as in these two lines from “The Listeners”:

“And he smote upon the door yet again a second time—
‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.”

In both these lines there are three beats, yet in the first line we have a hurried, nervous movement, and in the second the beats fall heavily, and with a sound of slow finality. The most remarkable verse of this

sort which he has done, however, is the "Finis" poem to "Peacock Pye." Here he allows a one-syllable word to fill seven beats of verse. The word is "rest," and the obvious way in which to read the lines is to imitate the drawn-out sound the wind would make in saying the word. These are the lines:

"No bird above that steep of time
Sang of a livelong quest.
No wind breathed
'Rest.' "

Another technical innovation of de la Mare's is his nonchalant manufacturing of words when and where he wills. In "The Isle of Lone," he describes dwarfs who have "humpty, dumpty backs". He says elsewhere that the moon "was thridding the boughs". A badly-behaved fairy of his acquaintance is shown to us "mimbling-mambling". "A lady" he knows is "lissom and jimp and slim". He has seen pigs "come chuffling" into an acorn grove. He casually says "four save one" where I should say "three", and he says "back to he" if the rhyme demands it, and "eftsoons he took them twain" if the atmosphere of the poem is other-worldly enough to permit it.

There is something very quietly brave in Mr. de la Mare's attitude toward poetry. He is a sensitive, rather melancholy, always whimsical man, writing in an age when bravado is at a premium. In the face of Psychoanalysis he indulges fancies which to the scientific mind would appear extremely morbid. In the turmoil of automobiles and clanging street-cars, he drops a casual reference to horses with "soundless hoofs". In the midst of the War for New Words, waged by the vers librists, de la Mare tenderly cradles his "poetical diction". He uses the word "dream" in almost half of his poems, and "silver" in even more. He is never afraid to say that he has heard a nightingale singing in a moonlit rose-garden. He is perfectly willing to put them in a poem, nightingale, rose, silver moon, and all, and (horror of horrors to the modern!) he will even name it "Nocturne" if he so chooses.

The significance of all this, however, lies not in his fearlessness, but in the inexplicable magic which makes almost everything he writes a rare emotional experience of the reader. He is a reminder to all of us that rules of poetry are only made to prove the genius of the man who, in breaking them, charms rather than shocks us.

ELEANOR CHILTON, 1922, Smith.

Twenty-One

The Vicar and Mrs. Prim are arguing strenuously upon the question of Disarmament. I look at them indignantly, feeling as God must feel—very far away. The Vicar is getting hot under the collar, Mrs. Prim is growing snappish—but I—I am so broad and I can see the right on both sides. I am the result of Higher Education. One side of an argument to me is as good as the other; free love, or family; communism, or capitalism; civilization, or savagery. Why are other people so vigorous about them? Nothing really matters to me. I repeat—I feel as God must feel.

* * * * *

I have decided to be famous. Thinking it over there are so many fields I might attempt. Why not be a musician or yet an explorer—or—how eminently praiseworthy to invent a new philosophy at the age of twenty-one. How difficult to choose! But something murmurs in my ear, insistently, tantalizingly.

“What thing could you do that would give you the satisfaction you find lying here, flat on your back, watching in your mind’s eye your multiple selves receive the acclamations of crowned heads, return triumphant, the acknowledged discoverer of an undreamed-of island in the Antarctic, publish books and deliver lectures on the Reversability of Time!”

At first I am adamant—I will not hear of it,—but insistently the project reasserts itself.

“Think of those well-bred audiences who will discreetly applaud you, of those geographical admirers who will implore you to speak at banquets, and of that intellectual public who will read your books in awful admiration of your youthful genius.”

I begin to weaken—

“You need never run the risk of getting bored with one career. You may pursue as many as there are months in the year.”

The battle is won. No longer worried with making a choice, I shall continue to walk the streets, an amiable dilettante, and smile secretly at the passers-by who do not recognize in this casual loiterer on the quays the startling genius of their age.

* * * * *

How desirable seems the age of thirty-five! I watch you covertly and attempt to imitate your poise, but I cannot, for I am beset with

the restlessness of twenty-one. To be thirty-five is to be sure-footed and complaisant; to be thirty-five is to understand the meaning of such words as Truth and Beauty which the Poets and Thinkers of Higher Thoughts place daily (and with premeditation, I am inclined to believe) in my path—stumbling blocks to all my futile experiments in the abstract.

* * * * *

It is unfortunate how many of my ideas have been lost to posterity—all through some stupid momentary pre-occupation. From time to time I have had a really extraordinary flash of sensibility, but, carried on by the affair of the moment, I have tagged it mentally, and,

“I will remember that,” I have assured myself, “when I have time.”

But when the propitious moment comes—where is my little thought? Now here, now there, I dart after it in caverns of my mind. Almost grasped, it eludes me repeatedly, until, worn out with my persistent but ineffectual pursuit, it slips suddenly and dangles over the Precipice of Oblivion. I feel distinctly that it is there, yet know not by which particular cord I may pull it to safety. Poor little Salient Point—its cries growing fainter and fainter—one final tug which I was too stupid to locate, and it falls, lost forever to me and to the world.

I grow mournful in contemplation of that host of Admirable Ideas that flashed into my mind only to be swallowed up in the Infinity beyond, for, I can plainly see, the things which I have remembered are of much less value.

* * * * *

She is an intrepid adventurer into the abstract. Marshalling us—her host behind her, she charges undaunted into the uncharted regions, urging us to follow and shouting her battle cry, “Truth and Beauty!” into the whirlwind of the upper air. Her eyes flashing fire and all her grey wisps of hair lashing her face, she strides before us like a fury, ever turning back to frame with her mouth words whose meaning falls dead upon our ears across the abyss of time, but whose spirit we catch in rare flashes.

“Courage! Courage!” she cries, pricking us on, and breathless and halting, not fully understanding, yet an eager army, we follow on the heels of her magnificent attack.

ELEANOR SHALER, Vassar.

George—A Gentleman

One of George's earliest little-boy memories was of looking up into his mother's bright, determined face, and hearing her bright, determined voice saying over and over impressively, "George, always remember that you are a gentleman."

And George always did remember, partly because he rather wondered what a gentleman was, partly because it was the only time that his mother ever took him into her lap. Mrs. Wentworth King was not a demonstrative parent. George was always a little afraid of her;—of her bustlings in and out; of her long silences and her sudden words, and the unsmiling brightness of her look. She was a little person, with quick eyes, and a certain air of finality about her; with a habit, too, of striking down her forefinger on the table as an end to argument. Her son was not the only one who rather feared her; among the others had been George's father in the brief two years before he died. Since then, though it was in the days just before the rise of the commercial heroine, Mrs. Wentworth King had been a business woman,—a Business Woman with a very capital B and a very capital W. Perhaps it was because she felt herself not quite a lady that she wished her son to be, beyond mistake, a gentleman.

However that may have been, the infinite phrase to be a gentleman, early became a part of George's daily life. And in proportion to the frequency of its recurrence, he hated it. Being a gentleman, it seemed, meant such a variety of disagreeable things. It meant, for instance, never going out to play with the other little boys of the neighborhood, because, although they seemed so wholly desirable, it developed that they are apples on the street and were quite nice; it meant never going barefoot, even for a little while in your very own back yard, even though a curious world would have had to scale seven feet of very smooth, brown brick wall before you could be seen; it meant never chewing gum, nor licorice sticks, nor tar from the street-mender's barrel; worst of all, it meant being driven each morning to a very correct private school instead of going to the public one two blocks away, where the children arrived, breathless and windblown, by bicycle and roller skate, just as the bell was ringing.

But being a gentleman had its good points, too,—never any work to do, never any of those mysterious things called chores, of which Jim spoke so glibly,—and unlimited resources. There were never any questions about what he did with his money, or why he wanted more. On the only occasion when his mother had objected, George, aged ten, had silenced her forever.

“A gentleman needs a good deal of money,” he said.

Obviously George knew his one advantage. It was rather a pathetic comment on his mother’s point of view that she gave him twice the sum for which he asked. But after all, she said to herself afterwards, why not? Wasn’t it for George that she made all her money?

George went much to the theatre that winter. He liked the music and the lights, and he liked to see the pretty ladies who tried to hit the ceiling with their toes. Mostly Jim went with him; Jim always knew where the best shows were.

Jim was George’s best friend, but he was a friend of whom George would not have spoken to his mother, even if he had ever talked much with her. Their first meeting had happened most unromantically one day when George was walking down the street and Jim was walking up, and just because they were two small boys and both unoccupied, they had sat down on the curbstone to talk to each other. After that they met often. Jim lived in a most fascinating neighborhood where all the children played together in the gutter. George used to visit him whenever he could. But he never invited Jim to the big house on Grosvenor Avenue. He explained why quite frankly.

“She wouldn’t think you were a gentleman,” he said.

“No more she wouldn’t,” Jim agreed, quite unabashed by his low social status.

It was soon after he met Jim that George decided to be a doctor.

“They ride around in swell rigs,” Jim approved his choice, “and wear fur coats.”

“They cure folks,” George said soberly, and examined his skinny little hands for external signs of the power to heal.

Jim was going to be a policeman, and stand right in the middle of the street every day, and wear white gloves.

During the summer when George was sixteen,—the summer, that is, before he entered college,—two things happened. The first was the less tragic, and consisted merely in the destruction of his medical

library. George had been gathering it for years. To be sure, it was made up chiefly of house to house flyers, advertising Uncle David's Cough Cure, or the Painless Pain Killer, with lists of possible symptoms; but there was in addition a copy of "Norton's Household Adviser", left behind by a departing housekeeper, and containing complete descriptions of everything that could ever ail anyone, with the proper Norton remedy for each; and three real medical books, recently purchased, which held fascinating pictures of one's interior, with all the bewildering variety of things that might happen to it. George admitted quite frankly to himself that the loss was his own fault; he had left a representation known that his whole collection was doomed from the moment that he saw the sheet in his mother's hand. Morbid stuff, she said it was, and ordered it all to be burned.

"I don't think it's really morbid," George ventured shyly, "I want to be a doctor."

Mrs. King looked at him for a long moment.

"Doctoring is a poor man's job," she said, and struck her forefinger down on the edge of the table.

George did not argue. He had not been accustomed to argue with his mother.

In a way, after all, George took the loss of his books with a certain degree of philosophy. More books could gradually be purchased,—new books, perhaps with different pictures in them. And in the mean time there was the hospital. As the summer passed, George spent more and more time there.

During the week before the opening of college, the patients at the hospital were three: Jerry, the toad with the lame hind leg; Judith, the mouse that had been caught in a trap; and Peter, the mangey yellow kitten. The run-over puppy, had been discharged the week before, and removed to Jim's house to spend the more lively stages of his convalescence. George would have liked to keep him, but Mrs. King did not like dogs.

Neither did Mrs. King particularly like roses. Why then, she should have chosen to crawl through a very prickly gap in the rose hedge at the foot of the garden, and find the hospital on the other side, will never be known. But find it she did. George did not know until he went down the next day. His mother had called the gardener and had the patients killed,—put out of their misery, she called it.

There was no philosophy in George's feelings this time, only grief, and bitter resentment against his mother. He had loved little mangey

yellow Peter, and Judith, and Jerry, not because they were lovable; nor entirely because they were little, and helpless, and frightened, and wholly at his mercy; but because they were hurt and he could cure them. He had for them the kind of impersonal tenderness of any doctor for any sufferer; he had in them, too, the pride of the physician who had never lost a patient.

George never spoke of the hospital to his mother, he could not trust himself to speak of it. But the incident made him the more glad to go away to college the next week.

"I want you to have a good time, and spend all the money you want to, and associate with gentlemen's sons," his mother said to him in her farewell speech, "but I don't want you to fail in any of your studies. I have no patience with people who don't succeed."

"All right," said George impersonally, and started for the door. His mother stopped him.

"And George," she said, and fumbled for a word. Then she finished with the only formula of affection that she knew. "Any time that you want any more money, be sure to let me know," she said.

And George went out without guessing that his mother had wanted to kiss him goodbye.

At college, George obeyed perfectly his mother's instructions. He became known as the spender of prodigious sums of money, and in consequence associated with the sons of gentlemen, but he did not fail in his studies. For George had inherited a terrible power of concentration that enabled him to do a great deal in a short time; he shared with his mother the knack of being successful.

But she had other qualities which he did not share.

After his graduation, she sent for him one day at her office; he went, ashamed that he should be filled with school-boy trepidation. They were an odd pair as they sat there, mother and son, on opposite sides of her great littered desk. It was not because he towered above her, tall and slender and clear-eyed; the difference lay deeper than that. About Mrs. Wentworth King there was a hard brilliance that dazzled, and yet just a tiny bit repelled. In her son's face was a sort of eager wistfulness—a groping after life.

He looked up at her and his eyes fell. George was always at his worst with his mother.

"George," she said in her usual business tone, "I want you to file your application at the law school."

The boy's face looked suddenly strained in the grey office light.

"But I want to be a doctor," he said in a low voice.

His mother looked at him again, sharply, as she had on the day when she had destroyed his medical literature.

"Have you still got that notion in your head?" she said. "I want you to get it right out. You're going to be a lawyer."

"But I want to be a doctor," George repeated.

Mrs. King struck her forefinger down on the edge of her desk. And she, too, repeated herself.

"You're going to be a lawyer," she said again. "You've always been a gentleman, I want you to keep on."

For the first time in his life, George ignored the finality of the rapping forefinger. For the first time in his life he argued.

"Why," he said, "is being a doctor less gentlemanly than being a lawyer?"

"There's no comparison," said Mrs. King. And then, unconsciously repeating her own remark of four years before: "Doctoring is a poor man's job. It would take you ten years to get established—to get where you could even make a living—the kind of living you've been used to." The Business Woman spoke in her; she peered at him out of bright, determined eyes. "You haven't any idea what it costs you to live. I know. And I know what lawyer's fees are; I've paid them. If you were a lawyer I could put you in the way of all the business you could do—from the very first day."

She stopped, as if ashamed of having explained herself so fully, and her restless finger struck again against the desk.

"I want you to file your application for the law school," she said. "I'm going out. You can use my desk."

She went, and George, left alone, put his head down among her littered papers. But in his mind there was no real question of what he should do. Perhaps he was not the stuff of which heroes are made—but he was young—and he had been trained to bend, unquestioning, to his mother's will.

And so, when Mrs. Wentworth King returned to her office, she found on her desk a blotted page that made her son, as far as in him lay, a lawyer.

It was after George had been admitted to the bar that I knew him best. From the first I missed something from his face; the wistfulness was still there, but the eagerness was gone. He seemed to me to be trying to walk through life without letting it touch him more than

he could help. It was, I suppose, an instinct of self-protection. He still lived in the great house on Grosvenor Avenue, alone with his mother. He had never married. I think perhaps he might have, once, but his mother objected violently to the girl; she was not, technically speaking, a gentleman's daughter. And George—well, George was past the first flush of romantic youth, old enough to begin to question, and he wondered whether after all he was really in love with Eleanor, or whether he was only in love with the idea of having somebody little and helpless, who would cling to him—look up to him—as no one ever had. And when a man reaches this point, he does not often marry, whether he has a mother or not.

Sometimes I wondered how he could do it; give himself up like that to his mother, to be ruled by her. And sometimes when I had just seen her, I did not wonder at all. Properly speaking, Mrs. Wentworth King was not a person; she was a Will. She forced herself always to that will; it was natural that she should force others. There was about her a kind of relentless force; a terrible inevitableness.

More and more as time went on, George seemed to draw back into himself. He seemed to be sinking into a kind of physical and moral lassitude which he made no effort to escape. If he had been anyone else I might have said that he was lazy. I have heard him say that he should never build a house with shutters because he should be afraid that sometime he should have to close them himself. I don't think he was joking.

And yet he was a brilliant lawyer. I have said that he had his mother's capacity for success, her keenness of mind, but he had, too, a certain facility that she had never possessed. He did things easily—pleasantly, too. There was about him a charm of manner that would have made his fortune in a sick room. He was always gentle with his mother. And still I knew that he hated the law. Sometimes I wondered if he really cared for anything any more.

That question was answered one night. Several of us had been dining at Grosvenor Avenue; a kind of political dinner—for his mother. George had dropped down sideways at the piano, and was playing idly while he talked with us.

"You ought to have been a musician," someone said, "with those fingers."

George laughed easily.

"I can't imagine it," he answered.

"Musician nothing," the man beside me broke in. "That's a typical surgeon's hand."

There was a soft crash of chords, and the music stopped. George had grown very white. Then he gathered himself.

"I can hardly imagine that either," he said, a little huskily, and smiled his easy, friendly smile at all of us.

I think I was the only one who knew, and I turned the conversation away from George and his profession.

But I knew then that George King still cared. The inertia into which he had fallen was only a kind of desperate unwillingness to have to do with other things that he disliked. It may not have been a very noble impulse, but it was a very human one.

When the war broke out, George wanted to enlist. It was characteristic of the whole situation that, taking up the matter with his mother, he had the old diffidence in his voice.

"Nonsense," she said sharply, as soon as she understood. "Nonsense. You'll do nothing of the sort. If you are drafted, you must claim exemption."

"On what grounds?" asked George. I think that it was the first time that he had ever made a sarcastic remark. "Because I've got a mother to support?"

His mother scorned a reply.

"I'll fix it up for you tomorrow," she said, and made a note on the pad at her elbow.

It was ironic that the next day George should meet Jim, gorgeous in his new uniform. They had not seen each other for a long time.

"Hello," said Jim, "Going over, too?"

George flushed hotly.

"I wish I were," he said.

Jim could always get more out of George than anyone else could.

The war seemed to wake George King up. And if he did not "go over too" with Jim, he did his part at home. People said that he was the best informed man in the city on subjects connected with the war. I do not doubt that he was; certainly he accomplished the most. And all the time he kept his law practice going at top speed. I never saw a man get through so much work.

He laid it all aside, though, Red Cross Drive and divorce court suit, when the message came from Jim. Jim had been sent over almost at once, had been invalided home six months later, and was in a hos-

pital at Washington—asking for him. For once George did not wait to explain to his mother; he caught the night train, and was with Jim for the two days before he died,—two tense, high-wrought days, full of fierce jealousy for the doctors who could relieve Jim's pain.

On the afternoon of the second day Jim opened his eyes and grinned.

"I'm going to be a policeman," he said, "and stand in the middle of the street and wear white gloves."

Perhaps George did not exactly miss Jim after he had gone back home; they had seen each other too seldom of late years for that. Rather he felt a certain resentment, that a man who had once been his best friend could be missed so little. But I fancy that he thought about the whole thing more than he should.

The war dragged on for another year after that. George dragged on, too; I have never seen a man work as he did. And then one day he walked quietly into his mother's office and sat down beside her desk. He spoke without preface, as she would have done.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going to give up the law."

Just for an instant, from her astonishment, his mother was silent, and George snatched at the opportunity to go on. He was very quiet about it all,—almost casual,—but there was a deep-burning excitement in his eyes.

"I have always wanted to be a doctor," he said, "Now I'm going to be one. There's more need of doctors than of lawyers, to stir up trouble."

"You're too old," she flashed out at him. "You're not trained. The war'll be over."

It was significant that she had stooped at last to argument.

"I don't think I'm too old," George said reasonably. "There's half my life left, I hope the war *will* be over. But there'll be plenty of doctoring left after the fighting stops."

Mrs. King patted back her smooth hair with a singularly feminine gesture.

"George,— —" she said, weakly.

And then George did a strange thing. He leaned forward, and struck his forefinger sharply against the edge of her desk.

"I'm going to be a doctor," he said.

RUTH BURR SANBORN, 1922, Radcliffe.

The Beggar

“Who will buy songs to save a human soul?”—I. R. McLeod.

*At the corner a beggar stands,
Holding in his withered hands
Dusty rolls of strings for shoes,
That no one who could buy would use,
And a rusty old tin cup—
That clanks! as passers fill it up.*

Who will buy my songs?
Empty songs, and tuneless songs?
I have gathered them at night,
With no light of moon, or matches.
I have snatched them out of fires,
Felt for them among the briars—
See my hands—the burns and scratches!
I have stitched them up apart
From home, and love, and circling arms:
Stitched the pieces of my heart
And made the songs I sell today.
Who is it will buy them, say.

Look at them—I spread them out
In sunlight, so that you may see
How little they are worth to me,
And how they show the workmanship
Of clumsy hands. And see the mark
Where someone's hasty arm and lip
Have loved them—That was my good-bye
Before I put them up for sale.

My songs, you are as slight and frail
As mist that shows the sky above,
And yet a weight I cannot hold—
And I must sell you now for love.
Oh songs I dreamed out in the night
When torment would not let me sleep,
I do not sell you for the gold
That makes the body warm and fat—
I would not buy off Death for that!
I sell you for the little fame

That soothes a crippled soul to rest!
I sell you for the little love
That people save for groping Art,
To feed my hungry, hungry heart.

Who buys the songs I have to sell?
The secret songs I made to give
To someone who refused them all!
Who'll buy my songs—and let me live?

*At the corner a beggar stands,
Holding in his withered hands
Dusty rolls of strings for shoes,
That no one who could buy would use—
And a rusty old tin cup
That clanks! as passers fill it up.*

ELEANOR CHILTON, 1922, Smith.

The Devil

The devil rode by on a coal black horse,
And the white-hot sparks, they followed his course,
Galloping, galloping on!

The people that saw him from afar,
They thought him a comet or shooting-star,
Galloping, galloping on!

And they tried to follow his flaming track,
In spite of the sparks that came showering back,
Galloping, galloping on!

But the devil, he used his tail for a switch,
And vanished up into the air like a witch,
And the people that followed fell into the ditch,
Galloping, galloping on!

SARAH BANKS, 1924, Vassar.

Lucifer

Our new janitor, Mr. Fisher, was a tall, lanky man who habitually wore a round straw hat, set on the back of his head like a damaged halo. In company with Mr. Squeers, he had a doubtful eye, fishy-blue and blank of expression, which lent to one side of his face an impassive calm that was most impressive. There was something about him vaguely suggestive of a seedy fallen angel in bad circumstances. Perhaps it was the unshakable celestial composure with which he regarded leaks in the plumbing.

His wife seemed strongly aware of his divine attributes. With the inevitable baby on her arm, she used to follow her husband around, and watch him at his work, adoring him from afar. She told us endless tales of the swell presents he was always giving her and the children, and didn't we think he had grand manners, though? She was an angular woman, with insignificant features, except for her eyes, which were strangely eager and alert. She had been worn thin and sharp by a long succession of children dragging at her skirts. The fallen angel was proud of his fine old-fashioned family; people were always picking small cherubim and seraphim out of the street or from the stairs.

The life of the family seemed to be quite up to celestial par; Mr. and Mrs. Fisher evidently never quarreled, and we congratulated ourselves for a time on our perfect janitor. So it came as a nasty shock when, one day, my small brother called us to the window to see the awful fight that Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were having. It was indeed a battle-royal. On account of the milk driver's strike, a great heap of empty bottles had collected in the court of the apartment. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were throwing these bottles at each other, evidently not in fun, but with serious intent. The disagreement continued while the milk bottles lasted, as for obvious reasons, no one cared to intervene. This was one first intimation that the angel was fallen indeed.

This episode was, however, a mere skirmish, and Mr. Fisher soon began to do things on a grand scale. All one afternoon he promenaded up and down the halls, very drunk with his halo much disar-

ranged, and a large pistol in each hand. After facetiously inviting all the tenants to come out and join combat with him, he retired to the basement. Later we were informed by his trembling "helper" that he had barricaded himself in the boiler room, and would blow anybody's blanked head off that disturbed him.

"Shure," said the helper, "an' it's nat'ral his stummick should turn, afther bein' a saint for three months runnin'. He was Battlin' Mike av the Bowery—maybe ye've heerd tell av him."

At this point, a frenzied neighbor rushed up, imploring us to come to the basement, as Mrs. Fisher had taken poison. We rushed down, and found Mrs. Fisher already being borne away by ambulance attendants. The room was a complete wreck; the furniture smashed to kindling wood. The fallen angel was discovered lying under the stove with a chair leg in his hand. Evidently he had been seized with disgust for his earthly abode. For the time being, we locked him in a coal bin to recover his equilibrium.

It was with great relief we heard that Mrs. Fisher's case had been taken in time and that she would get well. So after a few days we went to the hospital to see if she wouldn't lodge formal charges against her husband, as he had evidently made existence impossible for her. Before we saw her the trained nurse took us aside and told us that the woman had been brutally treated. Also, her old father had called at the hospital and had begged the authorities to make his daughter go home with him. He was well off and could make her comfortable, he said. But she had flatly refused to go. The nurse couldn't make her out.

Mrs. Fisher greeted us almost gaily, and immediately asked after her husband, how he felt and whether he could look after himself and the children now that she was away. We were touched, and drew on our imaginations to describe the depths of penitence in which he has now plunged. At this she laughed, "Shure, Moike's a saint—for three months, maybe. Then he has to blow off steam. He comes in av an evenin' an' says, 'Maggie, Oi'm spoilin' for a fight—are ye game?' An' shure, Oi let 'im go ahead, an' stand up agin 'im. It's awful hard on the furniture, but he was Battlin' Moike ov the Bowery. It's only nat'ral."

"But why, then, for goodness' sake, did you take poison?" someone blurted out.

Instantly her face became impassive. "Aw, shure, between you

an' me. 'twas just for a joke—to scare him, like. But Oi mistook the label.’’

We said no more. After all, it is something of a privilege to be the wife of a fallen angel.

COURTENAY HALSEY, 1922, Vassar.

Clouds At Night

Beauty is old.

Here I may lie, and when the curtains lift
Watch the white pageant-clouds roll down the sky
Before the moon; take form and move away
Into the darkness whence now they came.
Strange beasts come stalking up the night and pass;
Merchants bring wares before the ladye moon
And drag them off again 'ere she may choose;
Passionate forms fling out despairing arms
Lightward, and plead for permanence and die
As those die who go dancing down the dark
With demons, laughing laughter with no sound—
The curtains fall, and rise, and fall again.
Beauty is old.

ROBERTA T. SWARTZ, 1925, Mount Holyoke.

The Incalculable Influence of Food On Conversation

“How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin!”—*Lamb*.

Oscar Wilde waxed brilliant over the dinner-table. It was only after he had dined out a sufficient number of times, and subsequently mapped the circuitous conversational roads thus blazed, as it were, that he could publish a volume. This inevitably leads us to the unhappy thought that, had we the invitations that were showered on Oscar, we could perhaps equal him. It is doubtless well, however, that things are as they always have been. If there were a sequence of standing invitations to dinner and luncheon and tea for every struggling artist that gnaws a solitary crust in a garret, the resultant blazes of well-fed genii would blind the eyes of the world. The hungry poet who dreams butter onto his crust is the one that publishes successful books about his youthful sufferings. The rest—those who trademark no collections of words—starve unimaginatively and die, unwept and unfed.

Man is universally unfortunate in being a slave to his stomach; for this epicurean inspiration, so to speak, is not peculiar to artists. “How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin!” It must have been a toasted English muffin, of course, hot, blushing delicately brown, luscious with butter and thick, sweet, amber-colored marmalade. One crunch of a morsel must have quickened the sensibilities of any human being, though it be only a melancholic cashier in a musty country-house!

There is no mortal exempt from the witchery of “many-tasting food.” Even mud pies weave a spell over the feminine eight-year-old, and she will grow garrulously imitative of her mother’s “party” conversation as she scallops the edges of her chocolate-colored pastry with a small dirty thumb. At every afternoon tea, gossip is brewed and reputations are toasted.

But quite incomparable is the little friendly supper where all appetite is stimulated and delighted, where there is alike the food that one eats, and food for thought. A wide room with a cordial look,

with shutters drawn but not too closely, with a red laughing fire and an odor of many books! There at a table, near the fire, which punctuates with cheerful crackles and nods, some O. Henry and olives for appetizers, juicy steak and "Vanity Fair" for the pièces de résistance, crisp salty nuts and modern poetry as a pleasant accompaniment. Tiny hot rolls disappear with Don Quixote; Turgenev comes with the salad, and Barrie with subtly spiced apple tarts, caps the whole.

Then the warm charm of fire and food works delicately upon the soul. The fascination of Words lures into conversational lanes that wind into the woodlands of unexplored thoughts. Fancy, a gay and charming fairy, perches on a spray of clematis in flower and crooks a pink finger to beckon us irresistibly further. Words hide behind tree and rock and fern, turning somersaults to our feet and begging to be spoken. Every idea is a witch with a thousand spells and a hundred different gowns, who invents fantastic wiles to captivate us. Our tongue and our brain, a frolicsome pair, run away and gambol about the most staid sober-faced subjects with flippant disrespect. And all at the instigation of a mere apple tart, perhaps, if the latter be sufficiently delicious! Good food is the friend of all mankind; sour cream in the morning coffee may make or mar the most arrant philosopher; had there never been food for the world there had doubtless never been conversation at all.

LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL, 1923, Smith.

On Going To Church

It is Sunday morning. I know it by a sort of drowsy luxuriousness that keeps me quite as warm and comfortable as the piled up bed clothes. I turn my head and sigh; as usual, John has arisen at six o'clock, leaving his pillow securely tucked up to my back, and even now I hear him whistling down stairs. His crude music floats out through the kitchen door up in through my window with startling clearness. Suddenly he breaks forth into a loud song, the tempo of which is alarmingly suggestive of the music that the pianist played at the picture show last night. In our town people do not yet accept the name movie and the word cinema is utterly foreign to them. The singing continues, crescendoes. All the while, he is building the fire in the quietest manner possible; the coal hod, that he in a moment's forgetfulness sets down rather too loudly, he picks up again, the song ceasing momentarily, and sets down again. He does not wish to wake me. But I am awake and when the song begins again, I hear the next door neighbor's window close with a bang. I open the register and call down softly, "John, my dear, it is Sunday morning and the Smiths like to sleep." "Silence; then a very soft tiptoeing across the floor and closing of the door, and a soft tiptoeing back. I listen, propped up on my elbow. "Well," comes finally from the deep recesses of the kitchen and the deep recesses of my husband's chest. "Yes," I answer and smile. "You know," he begins again and the rest rumbles away into nothingness.

"Umhum," I respond after this logical and sufficient answer and sink back into the pillows again.

Every Sunday morning I listen for his excuse for the something he always does that calls forth my admonishing voice. He is so perfectly unconscious at the time of doing anything out of the way that he has not thought of an excuse sane enough to offer. By the way, he is a lawyer. I have concluded that the little boy in men must creep out and John invariably chooses Sunday A. M. After seven years of married life, I find myself awaking in expectation, and a sort of uneasy apprehension is upon me all day if nothing has happened. The situation seems to me similar to the one where the mother of eight

says to her eldest, "Sarah, go out and see what Ned is doing and tell him to stop it right off."

If our extremely Puritan Vermont forefathers believed that Sunday should be a day of peace and absolute harmony and quiet, I fear their ancestral hairs would rise considerably, if they could see us on the Sabbath day, for inasmuch as it is the day we are together most, it logically follows in our case, that it is the day of most fervent argumentation. We like to argue; it stimulates us pleasantly and makes us remember we are not just a husband and wife, but a couple of healthy minded individuals. Very often I disagree with John purposely. He objects to my being present when he pleads a case in court, so I avenge myself by getting him into an earnest frame of mind so that he assumes his most lawyer-like pose and disclaims in terms, half the phrases of which are quite new to me. I watch him and meditate. His posture is about as good as it was in his football days; his hair is a little thinner but on the whole—

John and I always go to church. We were brought up by good Methodists, who, however, were careful that we never indulge to excess in church going by their command. But it was a family custom.

On our street, the population is very diversified and has at times an ill influence on John. Part of the people go to church; part do not. On exceptionally warm or cold, or beautiful or stormy Sunday mornings, I see that John's eyes and mind are both on the easy chair by the fireplace.

"We must hurry," I begin sweetly, "we have just about time."

John walks across the floor and stands contemplating the chair. "Don't you think," he hesitates, "Really, Helen, you should rest today. You are tired."

"Umhum," I answer.

"Now the Smiths never go to church except at Christmas and you have said yourself that they practice far more the church doctrines than the Johnsons who always go."

We have argued that subject thread bare. Everything has been said on both sides. There is not time for me to tell John that for the church's sake if not for our own, we should go. He knows it anyway, and I am suspicious that he only wants to get me into a heated repetition of other arguments. I look out of the window. The Congregational minister lives next door to us; (we are between him and the Smiths,—perhaps figuratively as well as literally.) They are all setting out. John is waiting for me to answer.

“All right,” is my decision and then I go upstairs and get ready for church. In half an hour, I hear him making preparations for shaving. It is not the preparations themselves that tell me that, but John’s voice. He is reciting scripture. According to his mother, he has had that habit ever since his shaving days began. His voice rises and falls with monotonous regularity. If he talked that way in court, the judge would declare the court adjourned and send for a mind specialist. I listen.

“For lo, in my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so—” and so on through many more passages. John is not sacreligious; neither is it the spirit of the Holy Rollers that fills him. It is his way of showing that Sunday has come and that it is a pleasant day. The simple and primitive religious nature of man is beyond woman’s comprehension often times. It must have an outlet. My father always disliked music, but every Sunday night I had to go play “Rescue the Perishing” for him while he would attempt to sing it.

Suddenly there is a loud rapping outside. The rolling intonation downstairs goes on. I go to the window and behold the milk man about to knock again on the doorstep. I wonder if he thinks I have murdered my husband, and that he is singing his own requiem! No, our milkman does not think. He does not feel. He cannot be startled. The only emotion or approach to emotion that I ever saw him display was a look of dim surprise when I asked him to come in and get warm one forty below zero morning when he had been on the route four hours. He is immune to all the petty forces that upheave the thought and feelings of the rest of us. I used to feel a sort of contempt for him as for an utterly stolid, brutish fellow; now I have an uncomfortable sensation that he feels a contempt for me with my “book learnin’ ” and “writin’ nonsense.” Still that cannot be for he does not feel. Our milkman changes so frequently that I cannot give you his name or perhaps I should say names, but they are all alike—all our milkmen.

He is still waiting patiently, passively for John.

“Milkman,” I scream. The singing ceases and John’s head appears. He is in the midst of shaving his face is covered with an abundance of white, flaky lather. Regretfully I think of my inability to make a respectable soapsuds with our city water by using Ivory soap.

The first church bell begins to peal. I rush back to the mirror to adjust my hairnet. John is coming leisurely upstairs. I say

nothing. At twenty-five and one-half minutes past ten we are ready. John takes the contribution envelopes and puts them into the pocket he keeps his cigars in. I am reminded of the time he placed a cigar in the box—of Old Lady Morrison's (as opposed to her daughter who is sixty years old) horror, of the choir's smile, of my own embarrassment, of John's absolute unconcern. We lock the dog in the kitchen. Dogs know when it is Sunday just as well as we do. Our dog, whenever we forget to shut him up on Sunday, will go upstairs, and jumping upon the bed, will crawl between the covers. He will not do this on any week day or holiday, only on Sunday. So we lock him up.

On the way to church we speak and smile to many people, all bound for the "square" where all the churches are except the Baptist and the Scientist. Everyone has on Sunday clothes and manners. We watch the wealthiest business man of the town, who hesitates not to deprive the widow of her mite, gallantly lift his hat to the too-pretty young dress-maker who is "new" in town. A moment later, as ill luck would have it, the rock-jawed woman who believes that God has chosen her to show the rest of us our sins and who does this every Thursday night at seven-forty-seven in prayer meeting, in no uncertain tones, marshals her brood of five wistful eyed children down the street, her cold eyes fixed on the space in front of her hat at this instance happens to terminate in the hill horizon. I glance at John. The little body look has disappeared. His mouth forbodes silence the rest of the way to church. His eyes are meditative, absorbed, determined. John's code of morals does not receive the prosperous sinner or the conscious saint. Worriedly I wonder how long the mood will last. I see Mr. Brown emerging from the doorway holding by the hand a five year old child. I nudge John and nod toward Mr. Brown. His face relaxes, softens.

"Nice chap," he murmurs in a low voice as he lifts his hat. I know what he means. Brown lost his wife a year ago; they had been married only a little while. Afterwards he had adopted her brother's child because she had always been fond of her unworthy relative. John, the child, had been a dirty, bad talking little thing, too much like her father, but her foster parent was very patient with her. He only looked at the North star and the falling autumn leaves a little oftener and went quietly on.

We reach the church. John likes to sit in the back seat; I like the front seats best. Both have their advantages. John leans down

to whisper to me. I feel before he speaks a sudden weakening—although I am very conscious of the fact that it is our turn to sit down front—for I recognize that the little boy is coming back.

“Helen, remember how we sat on the back seat before we were married?”

“Keep quiet,” I hiss while I nod smilingly to a friend. There are some topics that I refuse to introduce into an argument. John lacks delicacy. We sit on the back seat.

The sermon is good. I know it because the room is very still and Mrs. Adams stays awake. A deep sense of calm comes over me. The earnest little minister’s voice rises and falls in his eagerness. The young people do not whisper. Sometimes they do. The clock ticks. The shoes of the boy in front squeak. John does not put a cigar in the box. I begin to listen to the sermon and feel a little stir within me responding to the eager speaker. Then the prayer; I sense the quiet waves of an infinite sea gently roll over me and absorb my spirit in itself.

John and I walk homeward. We do not talk much. John is thinking—and so am I—of what the minister said of the heritage of a Christian home, and of other things he said. The warm sun beats down. Brown walks around the house with Joan gathering flowers for her. The hills of our native state rise before us, gently telling us that every day they could teach us all the preacher said if we would learn. A new vigor animates us. We hurry a little.

“It is a great day,” says John.

“Umhum,” I agree, although it is no better than yesterday. The world and we are at peace with each other. I stop on the doorstep to pet the cat. John unlocks the door, and the dog bounds out. John holds open the door and we go in together.

CORINNE EASTMAN, 1924, Mount Holyoke.

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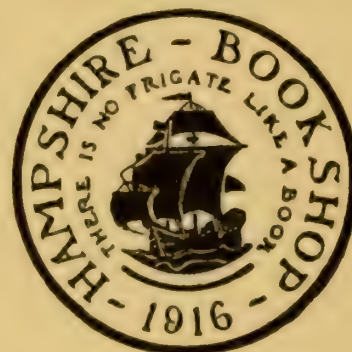
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THE SMITH MONTHLY

MAY - 1922

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	<i>Doris Harrison, 1922</i>	299
EDITORIALS		
SIC INCIPIT		301
THE LONG-SOUGHT POLICY		301
THE SECOND SEA	<i>Virginia Moore, 1924</i>	303
SPRING NEED	<i>Diana Wertheim, 1924</i>	304
A DIVISION OF DESPOTISM	<i>Naomi Lauchheimer, 1922</i>	305
PREMONITION	<i>Dorothy Tait, 1925</i>	312
THE ART OF WRITING,—IN COLLEGE	<i>Diana Wertheim, 1924</i>	313
THE HERETIC	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	314
THE JUDGMENT OF RENEE	<i>Clarinda Buck, 1921</i>	316
THE HIDE-BOUND REACTIONARY	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	324
I WILL NOT LOOK UPON THE MOON	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	325
A MOLIÈRE	<i>Anonymous</i>	326
BREEZE	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	327
SYMPATHY	<i>Sylvia Clark, 1924</i>	328
A GINGHAM DRESS	<i>Helen Hitchcock, 1925</i>	328
H. L. MENCKEN, A QUASI-APPRECIATION	<i>Katharine Adam, 1922</i>	329
ENTER THE POET	<i>Margaret Tildsley, 1922</i>	331
SONNET	<i>Elizabeth Hart, 1924</i>	338
TO A CERTAIN LITTLE MAN	<i>Diana Wertheim, 1924</i>	339
NOBISCUM AD PARNASSUM		340
THE PADDED STALL		346

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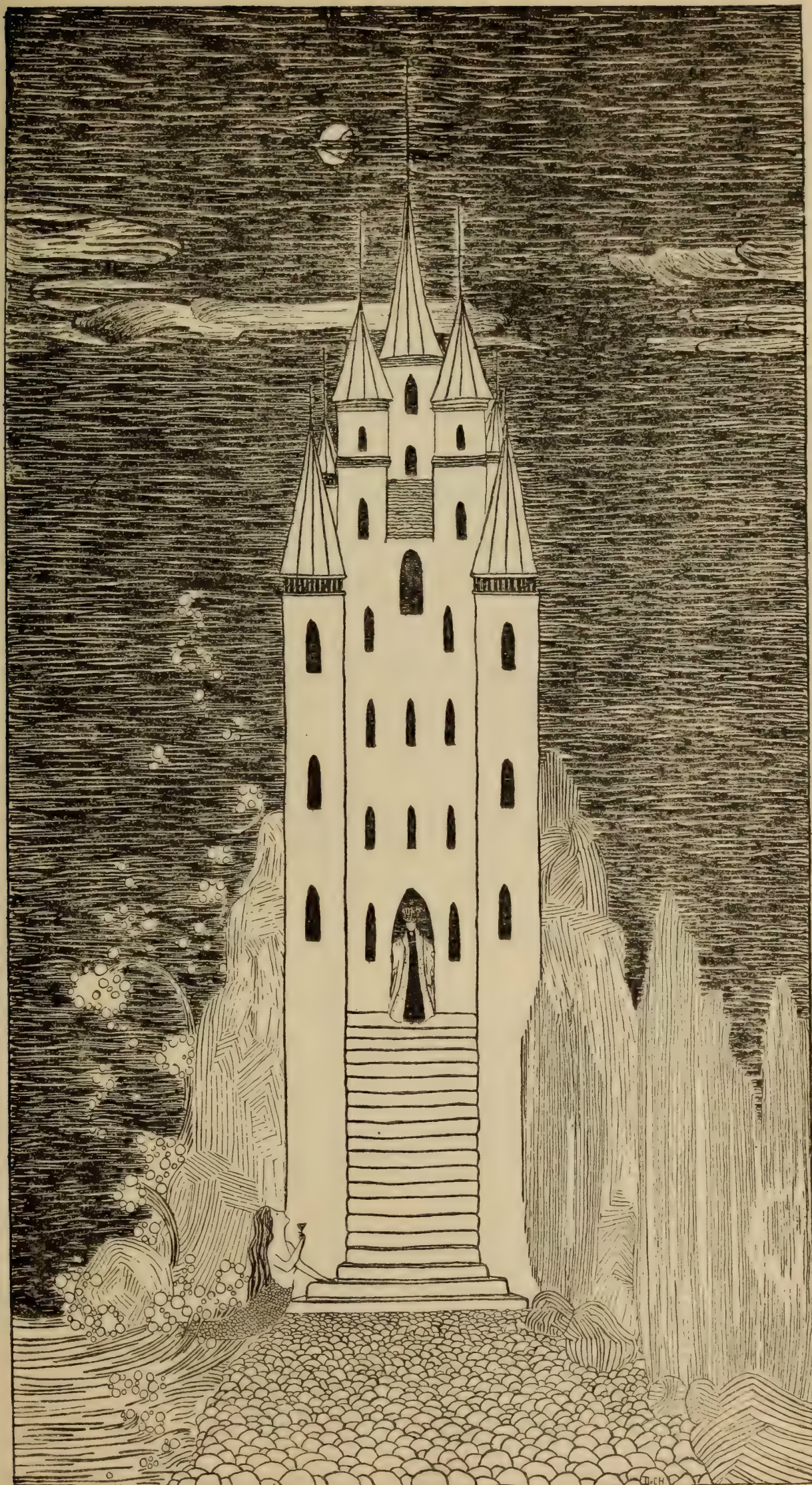
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Archie Harrison 22

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MAY, 1922

No. 6

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EDITORIAL

Sic Incipit

A partially new board has taken over the *Smith Monthly*. This is its first number. The old board has retired. Previous to that action, it had published eight numbers. The same thing has occurred for the past thirty years. The same moment which has arrived now has arrived many times before. The same things that we shall say have been more eloquently said before our time. The bound volumes of past years are easily accessible in the library.

Heaven bless the old board who did so well. Heaven help the new board to do no worse.

We say it, and we mean it. What more can one ask?

The Long-sought Policy

The question has been asked: "What is a college magazine?" It is whatever the college makes it. By nature a medium for the expression of ideas, the fault is not in the publication, but in the college, if the ideas are feeble and their expression without form. The editors are selected to choose, as well as they may, the best of what the college offers them, or of what they laboriously wrest from it. If the best is often mediocre, the worst is below the range of any qualifying adjective. The majority of college students write abominably, not, we believe, because they do not think, but because they are too lazy to care to express what they think. It is

disheartening to see the tattered old ideas of those who write at all come back again and again, slightly refurbished, confidently expecting to be taken for themselves in the bloom of youth. It is almost, but not quite, as disheartening to see a good new thought mutilated by careless handling.

It is for this reason that we hold vitality and freshness of idea as by far the most important requirement of college writing. A polished style is, to most, difficult of attainment, and cannot be expected in themes for English 75, nor yet in the spontaneous outpourings of a youthful soul. It is a lamentable fact that the most finished writing we see is most often that with the least behind it. If the people who have ideas will take time to cast them in readable form, and if those who write without any can write sufficiently well to obscure that fact, and, furthermore, if the best that is written is submitted to *Monthly*, then its standard will be automatically raised. Without all or some of these changes, it is very likely to remain a "blotter-book."

What the average work needs most is the breath of life. There is nothing that makes one so pessimistic concerning college "literature" as the continual stream of second-hand impressions and pallid, half-formed thoughts which are the motifs of so many essays and verses. Why will people not write of what they themselves have experienced,—sensually or imaginatively, if you will,—what they actually know, what they think, instead of what they have been told to think? The vividness of reality might then displace the pale, though graceful, conceptions toward which we are accused of showing partiality. But, as we said before, the *Monthly* is wholly dependent upon

the student mind,—rich in ideas if that is rich, barren in the opposite case. Though perhaps unflattering to our unofficial critics, such is the truth of the case.

The *Monthly* offers absolute freedom of expression to all who desire it. Contributions may be anonymous or signed, and may be submitted by undergraduate or graduate students, faculty or alumnae. There is no reason why their contents should be limited to literary attempts. Notes of scientific interest, history papers, etchings, sketches, artistic photographs, travelogues, accounts of interesting work in the fields of psychology or music or the theatre, instruction in bridge or in the art of catching whales,—these are but a few of the varied articles that might,—and may,—be included within our broadening scope. Our one demand is for life, for interest, for originality. If it is not forthcoming, let the world surmise that it is non-existent. Let the next one who carps at this publication remember that she speaks of her mirror, and be silent. Or, better, let her inscribe her carpings in the Padded Stall.

One doesn't realize until after due deliberation the possibilities of a name like *Monthly*. So noncommittal,—so beautifully empty,—demanding only that something shall appear at stated intervals. It might be anything from a cover and assorted pages to a slender volume of exquisite lyrics. It might be a cook-book; it might be a daintily wrapped surprise packet for each and every one.

And so, in a final statement of our policy, let us resolve on the *Monthly's* regular appearance and leave the rest to the sweet gods.

THE SECOND SEA

Virginia Moore

Her face! How vividly impressed upon my memory is her face—not its features, not its coloring, but rather its wistful character of loneliness, of all-absorbing thought. And to recall her face is to remember the haunting fear, the curious sensation of awe which overwhelmed me as a child at the tap-tap of her slim lavender cane. She was not old, I am sure, for her hair was soft and yellow; it clung in timid curls over her forehead and shone like silk in the sun. But Rumor whispered through the hotel parlors that tragedy hid behind the curtain of her eyes, that deep grief borne alone had carved the lines of age upon her face. At all times she wore lavender: in the morning a lavender linen skirt, in the afternoon a simple lavender lawn, in the evening a gorgeous lavender taffeta, richly encrusted with rhinestone buttons that glittered and sparkled under the crystal chandeliers; and wherever she went she carried a delicate crook of shimmering lavender wood.

The tap-tap of her crook! Suddenly hushed, we would watch curiously her slow approach, her quiet passing. “She is like that,” said little Joe one day, pointing to the distant hills.

“Like what?” asked matter-of-fact Kate.

“Oh, just like that,” said Joe, nettled. He smiled responsively, however, when I squeezed his hand. He knew then that I understood, and that I felt, too, she was “like that,” not the hill, but the soft dusky shadow which lay across its broad green slope, quiet, beautiful, yet wistful and sad.

She seemed to like children, for occasionally she would pause to watch our play, smiling her sweet, pensive smile, or vaguely wave her small, jewel-laden hand. However, we saw little of her except in the evening when we watched the sunset from the hotel piazza. She was always there at that time, quite alone. We did not annoy her, and she seemed never to realize our presence. Quietly, with the pensive lines deepening around her mouth, she would sit, eyes fixed on the west, her lavender cane laid across her taffeta lap, until the last thread of color had silently merged into the gloaming. “I think,” whispered little Joe one day, “she is waiting for someone,” “For the dark, perhaps,” said Kate hopefully. But Joe and I pressed hands.

One evening we gathered as usual to watch a September sunset. It was the dinner hour, and the broad veranda was deserted except for ourselves and the silent woman of mystery who sat, her small hands on the railing, completely absorbed in her vigil.

Lower; lower sank the sun, the sky glowing. Soft, foamy clouds drifted in fleecy billows and rippling shoals, each ragged crest edged with gold, which, fading, melted into rosy mist. Silent, we sat watching, silent as the silent woman who “waited for someone”, until little Joe stirred, and in his sweet, childish treble cried shrilly, “The sky was a forest fire last night, sister, red and angry, but to-day it’s like the sea. Look! like the Sea from the Cape.” “The Sea!” exclaimed Kate, “just like the Sea from—”

She never finished. A familiar cane was tap-tapping its way across the porch. The woman of mystery was approaching us. I could hear the silken swish of her skirt. She paused, and in a low voice whispered, more to herself than to us, "What did the little lad say? The Sea? Oh yes, the Sea! To them," her hand circled vaguely, "it is only the sky. They do not know it's the Sea." She paused for breath. Kate moved uneasily. Joe held tightly to my hand. The sun was nearly gone, the sky fast losing its color.

The woman drew nearer, and began again, talking in a half-mad way. "The sea was so quiet, the stars were so bright! and below they were dancing and music played. But on deck everything was still and peaceful. He sat on the railing. The wind fluttered the lapel of his

coat and blew his tie over one shoulder. He jested about the wind. He was laughing when—"The lights are out!" She hesitated. A hopeless expression crossed her face and her voice continued monotonously, "Nothing, nothing left but black ripples where once had been a lighted ship! Look!" She pointed upward, "the color is gone. See the creeping gray? It is the tread of the night, cruel night, dark, dimming night!" She turned to Joe. "Right, little lad, that is not merely a sky—that is a second sea!"

She turned away as abruptly as she had come, her lavender cane tapping, tapping over the wooden porch, and left us standing in the gray, colorless gloaming. The sun had disappeared, and already the gloom of evening filled each light-crevice of the sky.

SPRING NEED

DIANA WERTHEIM

I have grown hungry for a way of living
More cleanly young and braver than the rest.

When April stings the wiser heart to giving—
That was so fearful of its hoarded best,
I want a road and comrades to go singing,
And hours—none to count them, and day-long
Among us, love that dares the rapturous
flinging,

Grown strong with laughter as a child is strong:
And proudness for an earth that's glad and
friended,

Proud, tho' we find its heart-break and its
fretting—

No wail "You promised more!" when all is
ended.

We shall have learned a generous forgetting.

April needs water freed, new grass, bright
wings—

And men and women loving splendid things.

A DIVISION OF DESPOTISM

Naomi Lauchheimer

CHARACTERS

GRANDMA BILLINGS—Aged something over eighty-five and very proud of herself.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY—Some twenty years younger, softer, more ample; sympathizes with herself.

PEGGY BILLINGS—About nineteen; usually gay but a bit sobered by the responsibility of keeping the grandmothers at peace.

BILLY BILLINGS—About thirteen and a bone of contention.

NORA—The maid.

WINTHROP FORSYTHE—Peggy's caller.

SCENE

Billy is sitting on the couch reading. Grandma Billings enters from door upper left and glances at Billy as she proceeds to other door. Just before she exits she turns to speak.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Billy, sit up straight and don't lean over so close to your book. You don't read with your nose, do you?

(Billy sighs, straightens, and then as she leaves the room he slumps again. Peggy enters, followed by Grandma's voice.)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: *(Off stage.)* Peggy, can't you stand up straight? It's a shame the way you bend over like a semicircle. And Billy's getting just like you. *(Peggy looks at Billy—and shakes her head. Crosses to table left center and stands looking for something.)*

BILLY: Well the next time mother and dad go away and leave me home I'm going along!

PEGGY: There, there, now, you poor suffering creature. You're having a terrible time of it aren't you! You look—

BILLY: Aw, can it. You don't like it any better than I do—and you know it! I don't care if they want to go on a vacation—mother and dad I mean—and ask one or the other of our dear grandmothers. I like either of 'em, you know. But both together,—Holy Gee! What made them get that way?

PEGGY: You know they couldn't have asked one without asking the other. It's so simple. Can't you see Grandma Billings if only Grandma Weatherby'd been asked—and the other way round—oh my gracious! *(Rolls her eyes in horror at the thought.)* You see—*(Nora enters violently.)*

NORA: Miss Peggy, will you please tell me what I'm to do? Mrs. Billings says it's no use taking the table cloth off the table, but to leave it on for breakfast the next morning. And when I leave it so Mrs. Weatherby says that I'm lazy and that I wouldn't do that if her daughter—your mother, Miss Peggy—were home, and to put on the lace runner 'cause this way it looks bad in case company comes. Now what'll I do?

PEGGY: I don't know, Nora. I guess you'd better close the dining room door so neither of them will see which way the table is.

NORA: *(Eloquently.)* Shure there's no pleasin' the two of them, that there isn't. The cook an' me are both about tired of it; one of 'em says we are wasting food and we don't need a dessert with every meal, and when we try it that

way the other one comes out again with that if her daughter—your mother, Miss Peggy—were home we'd get more to eat! And one of 'em says why use the good china and the other complains if you don't use the good china, and one likes her coffee with her meal and the other wants it after the meal, and they're always finding dust, and I am fair sick of it—and cook too. She says—

PEGGY: (*Has made several vain attempts to stem the torrent and now breaks in.*) Now Nora, I know it's hard to have them both giving opposite orders, but it's not so bad. They both mean to be nice to you and Mother'll be home soon, and in the mean-time you just ask me about things and we'll go on as we always have; only be polite and let them think they're giving orders.

NORA: Very well, miss, but I'm telling you that if it weren't for you and your mother neither of us'd stay in this place another minute. Not me!—(*She marches out and Grandma Billings comes in holding a big Kewpie doll dressed in pink. Billy straightens mechanically at her entrance but she shakes her head despondently.*)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Why do you always have to poke around with a book, Billy? Why don't you go outside and play like other boys? Go on—it's still light.

BILLY: Aw, Grandma, I'm in the middle of a chapter—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What's that? Huh? It's terrible how indistinctly you young people speak nowadays, and you never do as you are told, do you? (*Billy sighs, rises, gets his sweater and cap from a closet presumably in the hall, and comes back and stands in the doorway buttoning his sweater.*)

PEGGY: What's that, Grandma? (*She points to the kewpie.*)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: (*Proudly.*) Yes, I wanted to show you this. That doll on your bureau,—it always looked so shameless standing there with no clothes on, so I made it a dress out of that silk thing you gave me to mend last week.

PEGGY: My best pink silk slip!

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What's that? I wish you'd talk more distinctly. See, didn't I do it nicely? (*She brings the doll forward for inspection.*)

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: (*Entering.*) Billy, my goodness are you going out again? Isn't your home good enough for you, so that you always have to be traipsing out? Why don't you sit down quietly with a book and read sometimes? (*Billy looks around helplessly and removes his sweater. Peggy goes to answer telephone. Grandma Billings settles herself with her knitting in a chair in front of table. Grandma Weatherby sits in other chair.*)

PEGGY: (*At phone.*) Hello. Yes this is she. Yes, that'll be fine; what time shall we start?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Where are you going, Peggy? (*No answer.*) Peggy, dear, where are you going? Why don't you answer me, Peggy?

PEGGY: (*Into phone.*) Wait a minute will you—yes, just a minute. (*Turning away.*) What did you say, Grandma?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: I said, where are you going?

PEGGY: I don't know yet—out somewhere. (*Into phone.*) Hello, yes, I couldn't hear you; someone else was talking to me. What? Oh yes, let's wear evening dress.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Is it a party, Peggy? Who are you talking to?

PEGGY: (*Into phone.*) What's that? No, I'm not deaf but someone else is talking to me (*Laughs a little.*) I'd like

to, but I can't very well. What? My grandmother. (*Laughs again.*)

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: What's that you're saying, Peggy? Who are you talking to, Peggy?

PEGGY: (*Desperately.*) Wait a minute. (*Turning.*) Grandma dear, please, I can't talk to both of you or listen to both of you at once. Please wait 'till I'm through. Hello—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, it's time you finished anyhow.

PEGGY: Yes, all right, I'll be ready. Oh that's great.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Peggy! Now make it short; maybe someone else wants to get the number.

PEGGY: Uh huh—yes, sure I do;—(*Laughs.*) sure!

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Peggy, do you hear? Stop it now—are you going to stand there talking all night?

PEGGY: Well, good bye. Yes, I must. Yes, good bye.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I thought you'd never stop. Be a fine thing if some one called up about something important and the line was busy so long.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Peggy, if you're going out you'd better start to get ready. You know how long it takes you and it would be nice if once you didn't keep the young man waiting like you usually do. (*Peggy nods and runs upstairs.*)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Is that child going out again? Why she was out last night and the night before and—

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Well she's only young once and it's no wonder she's popular. When I think what her mother used to be—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Yes, Frederick took Constance out often, but not every night.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Frederick! Do you think Frederick was the only caller she had just because she married him? Believe me, Mrs. Billings, that girl could have had any of twenty-five men—fine wealthy men too, some of them were. I remember the day she told me she was engaged to Freddy Billings. Goodness how I cried—

PEGGY: (*From off stage.*) Grandma, do you know where my silver stockings are?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: You could have cried? For joy. Silver stockings? Yes, Peggy,—in your bottom drawer.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: To think of my baby old enough to get married!

GRANDMA BILLINGS: She wasn't so young then, either.

PEGGY: They aren't there, Grandma.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Well, look in your mother's drawer—(*Pause.*) I remember now when she had measles how scared I was—like it was yesterday I remember it. I had to have two nurses for her, she was so sick.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Did you find them, Peggy?

PEGGY: Yes, Grandma.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: See, if I didn't put things away nobody would. (*Not to be outdone.*) Oh talk about being sick—you should have seen Frederick when he had scarlet fever. The doctors all thought he was a goner but I didn't have any nurses. I nursed him through it myself. Let me tell you I didn't close an eye for a week, but I pulled him through. The doctor said to me, 'Mrs. Billings,' he said, 'if it wasn't—'

PEGGY: (*Off stage.*) Grandma, did you put away my feather fan?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Feather fan? Let me see—Yes, I did—

PEGGY: When is it?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Let me see—it's in a box on top of your closet—*(Pause.)* It's terrible the way children are now—no order at all. They never know where to find anything.

PEGGY: No, it isn't.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: It must be.

PEGGY: No, Grandma.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, did you look in the hall closet?

PEGGY: Yes, I've looked there.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, look in the window seat in your mother's room—*(Pause.)* Have you got it? Well, Peggy, what's taking you so long? If it isn't there, Peggy maybe it's—

PEGGY: Yes, it's there—thank you.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: If I didn't put things away nobody would. I was brought up to be orderly as a girl and to this very day my motto is 'a place for everything and everything in its place.'

BILLY: Yes, and the place should be a dead secret.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What's that? Sit up straight, Billy. *(To Grandma Weatherby.)* You know, I don't see how you can bear to sit idle like that.

PEGGY: Grandma, I can't find my wrist watch. Have you seen it?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Yes, you left it lying on the bureau where any one could take it, so I put it away for you.

PEGGY: Where?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: In the bureau box in your drawer.

PEGGY: I looked there, Grandma, and in mother's boxes too.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, that's funny—let's see,—You're sure? Look again.

PEGGY: I've been looking for the last five minutes.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: *(Thinks.)* Well, maybe you have it on your wrist and

(Glances at her own wrist.) I have it on myself! *(Billy chuckles.)*

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Imagine! a woman of your age with a new fangled wrist watch on!

GRANDMA BILLINGS: New fangled or not, they're sensible.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: *(Sniffs. To Billy.)* Billy, why don't you hold your book closer? You're straining your eyes.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Why don't you leave him alone when he is sitting up straight for once?

BILLY: Ladies — ladies — *(Reprovingly.)*

GRANDMA BILLINGS: There you go mumbling again. Yes, as I was saying—I couldn't be happy if I sat with my hands idle the way you do. I have to have something useful to do. I was always handy. I remember I made Frederick a fine pair of pants once.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: I always got Connie's clothes from a good dress maker. I could skimp and save on myself but never on my children.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Yes, I remember those pants. They fitted him fine; and when Peggy was small didn't I always dress her dolls? And to this day I'm a good sewer. See here! *(She takes the doll from the table and extends it.)*

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: I can't see—I must have my lorgnettes. *(Fumbles in vain.)* Oh I must have left them upstairs. Billy, my lorgnettes are up on my bureau.

BILLY: *(Leaning forward eagerly.)* Not really?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: No nonsense now, go on like a good boy—run up and get them for me.

BILLY: Yes'm. *(Exits.)*

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Billy, stand up straight

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Why don't you ever leave the poor child alone?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, I'm sure I do it for his good, not my own. The way you act you'd think I enjoyed correcting those children.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: I certainly don't!

BILLY: Grandma, where did you say they were?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: On my bureau.

BILLY: Well they're not.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Of course they're there—look again; use your eyes.

BILLY: I am using them. The lorgnettes aren't there.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Well, I left them there. Peggy, see if you can find them. If I went up myself, I'd find them in a minute. I know just where I could lay my hands on them.

PEGGY: No, Grandma, they are not anywhere in your room. I looked.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: That's funny.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: See, if you put away your things like I always do, you wouldn't have all this trouble.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Nora—

NORA: (*Entering.*) Yes, Ma'm?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Did you see my gold lorgnettes? I left them on my bureau and I can't find them.

NORA: No, ma'm, I ain't seen nothing when I was doing my cleaning.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I notice you don't see much when you clean, Nora. You don't see much dust either, do you?

NORA: I always cleaned to suit Mrs. Billings and no complaints.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Yes, but now it's not a question of dust. These lorgnettes are valuable. I don't want to lose them.

PEGGY: (*Comes down, having slipped on a dark dress with her light shoes and stockings.*) Haven't you found them yet?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: No, and I can't imagine where they can be. I know I put them—

PEGGY: (*To Grandma Billings.*) Grandma, did you put them away?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I don't know why everybody always asks me when anything is missing. I can't mind everybody's business for them. If they were orderly like I am, they'd know where their things were. What is it that's missing?

PEGGY: A lorgnette.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I don't even know what that is. What is it?

PEGGY: Oh, ah, er, er, eyeglasses.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I have my own eyeglasses—no one else's.

PEGGY: Nora, you look in the dining room. (*Nora exit.*) Billy, you look in the hall and I'll look around here. It's all right, Grandma. We'll find them. (*She looks through drawer in table at left.*)

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: (*Walks around distractedly.*) Where can they be? I know I left them on my bureau. I don't want to lose them. Where can they be?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: (*Is calmly knitting through all the excitement.*) I don't know what everybody is getting so excited about. The house doesn't lose anything—

PEGGY: (*Looking at cabinet at back of table.*) Why see here, this looks like it in here.

EVERYBODY: Where?

PEGGY: In the Curio cabinet. How could it have gotten there?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: (*Gets up and goes back there.*) Let me see. Oh that! I didn't know that was what you were

looking for. Yes, I found it lying around and I put it away. I thought it belonged there. Those don't look like eyeglasses to me. They look like a monkey on a stick, only there's no monkey.

PEGGY: (*Calls.*) It's all right, Nora, they're found. Billy, it's all right, don't look any more. (*Billy enters.*)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: See, if I didn't put things away, who would?

BILLY: Nobody.

PEGGY: (*Trying door of cabinet.*) Where's the key? It isn't here.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I put it away. It's in a little black case here in the drawer. (*She opens the drawer and hunts.*) Well, it isn't here. That's funny. It was here.

BILLY: What did it look like?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: A nice little case with gold letters on it, and it folded over so—(*She demonstrates with her hands.*)

BILLY: Oh, that was my pocketbook, I guess.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, what did you do with it?

BILLY: Well, I confess I had the nerve to put it in my coat pocket.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Where is your coat pocket?

BILLY: In my coat.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Billy, don't be impudent. Where is your coat?

BILLY: In the closet. (*He goes there.*) No, it isn't—funny, I put it there yesterday. I haven't had it to-day.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What?

BILLY: My coat.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Oh, that old coat? I never did like it on you, so I sold it to a peddler this afternoon for seventy-five cents.

BILLY: Aw—hey—Say, I liked that coat! And besides, it had two dollars in it in the pocketbook.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Well, what about the key?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, I guess it's gone. How did I know it was in the coat?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Well, how am I going to get my lorgnettes? Good gracious! There they are locked up and no good to me—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, what are you making such a fuss about? They're in a safe place, aren't they?

BILLY: I know how to open that with a hair pin. Mother used to keep candy there when I was little—but I wish I had my coat, doggone it. (*The doorbell rings.*)

PEGGY: Oh heavens! It's Winthrop now, and I'm not ready yet.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: I knew it! I knew you wouldn't be ready! (*Peggy flies upstairs. Nora opens the hall door and ushers the young man in.*)

WINTHROP: Good evening, Mrs. Weatherby. (*Shakes hands.*) Good evening, Mrs. Billings.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Good evening.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I think you have the advantage of me—(*She eyes him primly.*)

WINTHROP: My name is Forsythe,—Winthrop Forsythe. I believe I met you last week.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: (*Removes her glasses and peers at him.*) Perhaps. My memory is not so good as it once was. Won't you sit down?

WINTHROP: Thank you. Hello there, Billy—didn't see you at first. What are you reading? (*Crosses to couch at back.*)

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: (*Stage whisper, jerking her head in his direction.*) Seems to be a nice enough young man.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Hmm—so-so—nothing much.

(Winthrop crosses back to chair and there is an awkward pause, during which both old ladies inspect him keenly and Grandma Billings keeps on knitting imperturbably.)

WINTHROP: It's gotten colder out. Quite a bit colder—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: It's a shame Peggy isn't ready. She always keeps everybody waiting. I suppose that's stylish now-a-days.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What time is it now anyway? *(Glances at wrist watch.)* My land! Almost ten o'clock. In my day that was the time a young girl came home—not when she went out. For gracious sake, what a time to start for a party!

WINTHROP: Well, you see, most of the good places—Fountain Inn or Blossom Heath and those—don't really start to have a crowd till about eleven. There's no pep before then.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What, you're going to a hotel?

WINTHROP: Well, yes—that is—a rather a sort of—well, don't you know, up the road somewhere—I mean to say—

(Grandma Weatherby opens her mouth in astonishment but closes it in determination as soon as Grandma Billings starts to speak.)

GRANDMA BILLINGS: That settles it! At ten o'clock to go out and dance in a hotel! I thought it was a private party. Peggy can't go, that's all.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: And why can't she go? Her mother lets her.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Well, I won't let her! I've always been respectable and no grand-daughter of mine—

PEGGY: *(Entering all dressed and unconscious of the row.)* Hello, Winthrop, so sorry I was late. Really I couldn't help it. Why, what on earth is wrong?

BILLY: Everything. You have a surprise in store for you.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Peggy, you can't go out tonight—understand me?

PEGGY: But, Grandma—why not? I have made this appointment and now I can't break up the party.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: It's all right, Peggy. You can go. I say you can go.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: No grand-daughter of mine—

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: That's a question for her parents to decide.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: No grand-daughter of mine is going to dance in a public place.

PEGGY: But Grandma—everybody does it.

BILLY: Yeh, and father and mother don't mind, Grandma.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Go on—let her go this time and we can talk it over afterwards.

PEGGY: May I, Grandma?

GRANDMA BILLINGS: What have I to say? Everybody sides against me.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Go on, Peggy. Have a good time. *(Peggy says good night all round and departs.)*

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Now you've spoiled the child's evening.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I only wish I could leave this house right now. I only wish I could. If it weren't that I know Frederick feels more comfortable having someone responsible in charge, I'd pack up and go this minute. I never have anything to say anyhow. I no sooner advance an opinion but someone contradicts me.

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: That isn't so—you say more than I do and when my daughter asks me here to take charge of her household—

GRANDMA BILLINGS: I might as well learn to keep my mouth shut and look

on and say nothing—it's hard when you get old.

(They are both talking loudly and at once until Billy interferes, coming down stage.)

BILLY: Whoa there! Time out a minute! *(They both stop in astonishment.)* Now we will conduct this bout according to the recognized rules. I'll be the referee. All right! One, two, three—go!—'atta girl! Oh, you're not going to fight?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: Billy, what are you talking about?

BILLY: Well, I've got an idea! See—it's no good you two both trying to hold the fort at once. You've tried it and it only makes a mess for everybody.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Billy, please talk English.

BILLY: Yes'm. Well, what I mean is, why don't you divide up the day, and then you can queen it fifty-fifty?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: We can what?

BILLY: What I mean is, you each rule the roost for half a day. In your time she has nothing to say and in your time she has nothing to say.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: That's not a bad idea. The boy takes after his father. Should we do that?

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: All right. Be sure you try to give me the time when everybody's asleep.

BILLY: No, the fairest way to do that is to fix it so you have from noon to midnight and you have midnight to noon. Agreed? *(They both nod.)*

GRANDMA WEATHERBY: And now, Billy, it's long past your bedtime. Hurry up and go to bed.

GRANDMA BILLINGS: Wait a minute—whose time is this before you give him orders?

BILLY: We'll draw for it. *(Takes paper.)* The long piece is from noon to midnight—that takes in now. All right, draw. *(They draw. Grandma Billings gets the long piece.)*

GRANDMA BILLINGS: *(To Grandma Weatherby.)* You have nothing to say now. Billy, sit down there, and don't you go to bed till I tell you to.

CURTAIN

PREMONITION

Dorothy Tait

Do you remember that last summer day
When you were leaving me? We stood
Among the lavender and purple asters,
Just where the path is lost within the wood.
You held one hand above your eyes, to shield
Them from the sun. (And in the mellowing light
I see you still; tall, lithe, and cleanly young.)
The other lay in mine; I clasped it tight.
Below us dozed the garden, waiting stilly for
the dew.
Turning to me, you cried: "What a delight
A garden is! Next year—" And then you
stopped,
Shivering, as though you felt the coming of the
night.

THE ART OF WRITING IN COLLEGE

Diana Wertheim

She who puts pen to paper has, in truth, given hostages to fortune. She has spoken, flung out a thought like a pebble on to the lake surface—and the ripples follow—and spread. She has made her bed, and by all the laws of community nature she must lie in it. Unless—and it is a strong, fine “unless”—she will laugh and choose the floor.

It is not a pleasant feeling to realize one is forging one's eternally unbreakable mould in the honest expression of a mood. Neither is it pleasant to endure the tagging and labeling process that follows. But more even than these, it is little short of unbearable to bow to that stalking terror, Public Opinion, and turn to the tossing off of clever bits when in the clutches of a creative state of unrest. The usual result of the dawning of the above realizations is—a pose. If college insists on ticketing you off in a cubbyhole, why, what fun to fool college! Head them on the wrong track, and proceed in perfect equanimity to pour out your various and varied phases of adolescence on sequestered sheets of paper locked in secluded desk drawers. There is something cowardly in the pose: it is an acted lie. Now the cynical reader has probably already remarked: “But your acted lies or truth, your little success or failure here, is entirely petty and unimportant.” I don't agree with him. If college is this widely famed preparation for life, if the campus is really a fenced-in mimic world to develop our nascent powers before the fatal plunge beyond its sheltering railing—then it is vital to us to learn to deal with the

sample as we hope to deal with the goods. Of course, ourselves in relation to life also may be entirely unimportant. But in that case, we might as well fling up our hands now, exclaim, “You win!” and contemplate suicide.

If you scorn the pose, you fall to wondering whether, after all, it is worthwhile to fling pebbles. The smooth clear surface of the lake is so truly sweet and soothing. Either you go on writing in public—or you don't. If you do, you next stumble up against the question of the “personal.” A critic of college literature informed us, last year, that students are too ready to take all things at second hand—from rumors of the latest campus scandal to their emotions and attitude toward life. He complained of the tendency that prefers reading a review of a book to the work itself, as being the same which spurs on students to write large views (borrowed from current magazines) of a world they have never touched rather than their own sentiments. And yet—what is more withering than the knowledge that one's thoughts and feelings, bared to a merciless public in some unpolished but spontaneous outburst, create the impression of: “Affectation! Striking an attitude?” And why? Is it that the undue exposure of the soul shocks the literary chastity?

Perhaps the trouble is this: one's readers, one's critics, one's everyday comrades, one's hostile adversaries, one's indispensable saviors from loneliness, are all the same people. Perhaps that is the only reason one can be hurt by unfair criticism. Perhaps proximity alone

makes one vulnerably sensitive to the ripples.

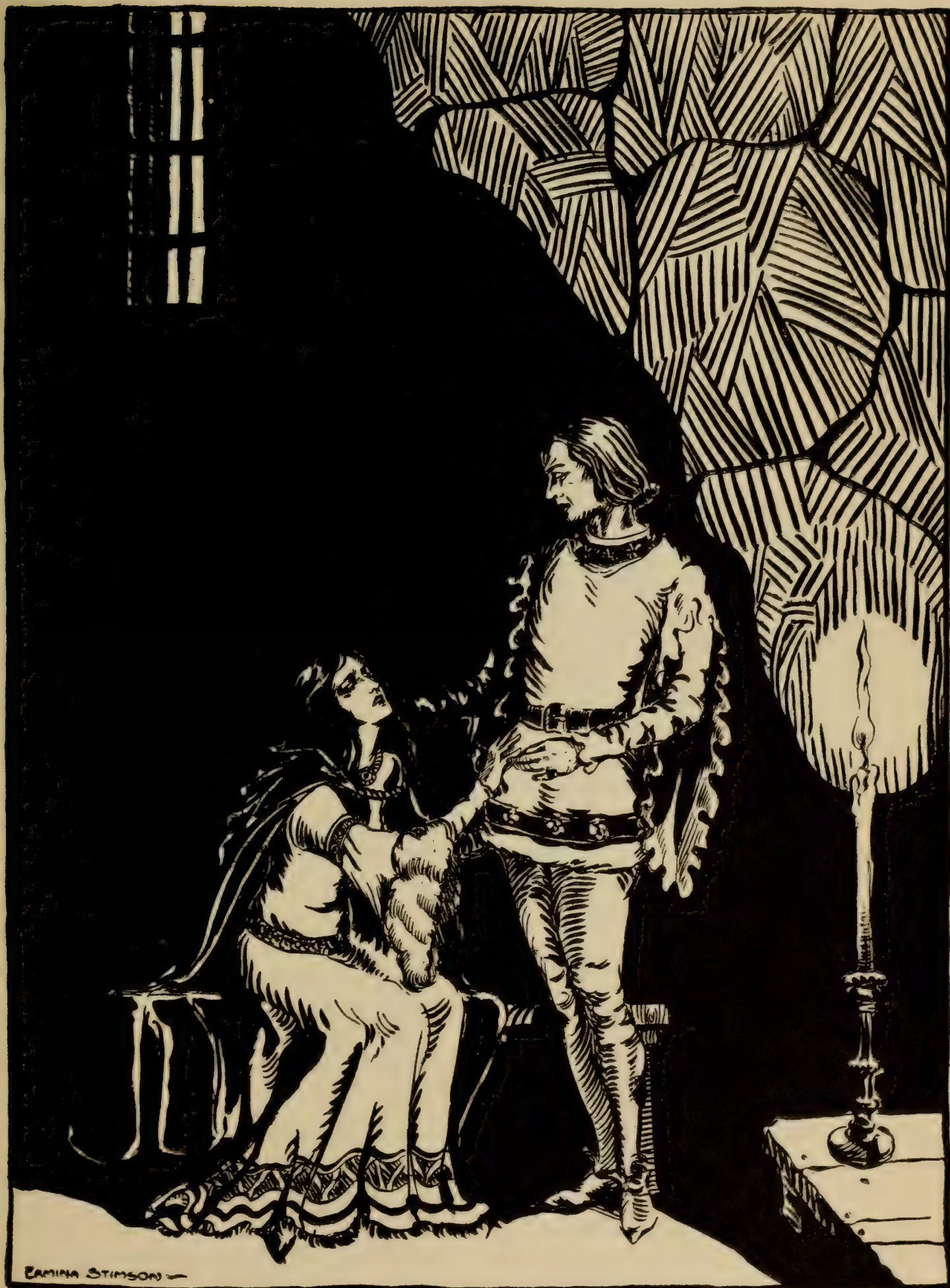
O, you who are wondering about it, I see but one hope. John Drinkwater said last year, in his talk here, that most of the bad art in the world is due to the artist's thinking of his public while, trying to creat. Well, forget the said public. This is your hope: inconsistency! Inconsistency is the art of living one's life as one wants it when one wants it. Someone defined education as the power to make transitions easily. Try a transition or two. Are you stiff in the

joints? Write—and refuse to abide by your writing. If your mood shifts, write again, and refuse to abide by it also in its turn. Flit from cubbyhole to cubbyhole. If type you must be, change your type when *you* change. And as youth means changes—or at least let us hope it does—go; but oh, you will not want to stay long—therefore, do not stay. Make your bed—but if you have grown too long for it, laugh, and take to the floor. A trifle hard and chilly just at first, yes, but think of the way one can stretch!

THE HERETIC

Frances Curran

O heart, I cannot guide thee straight enough
 Nor make thee mastered by a knowing mind,—
 I choose thee out the highest to adore;
 I enter lordly temples, marble-pure,
 Where worshippers may bow, in prideful awe.
 But thou, too wilful to obey, have fled
 Down alley-ways most devious and dark
 To kneel at some rude shrine, where rogues and
 fools
 Invoke above the street a battered Christ.



"I need you—always. How can I send you
to your death?"

THE JUDGMENT OF RENÉE

Clarinda D. Buck

The castle of Montjoie hung like a grey cloud above the surrounding villages. Close veiled by silver poplar groves, only a single turret pierced the foliage and rose, a sombre warning to the people that, within the gardens, lay a fortress; that the flower-bordered walks and graceful draw-bridge led to a prison as well as to a court. The shadow of this tower lay heavily upon the countryside. Men walked more quietly beneath "The Eye of the Duchy", as it was called, and women gossipped less shrilly in the market place than did their neighbors to the South.

To-day, however, the castle was aflame with color. From wall and turret flew the blue and crimson flags of the two houses of Montjoie and Goncourt. Within the hallway of the castle, high above the restless crowd sat the Duchess Renée, uniting in her slim person these two most powerful families of Southern France.

It was the opening day of the bi-annual court of justice held by the Duchess of Montjoie and the room was crowded with men from every portion of the Duchy. There was an uneasy stir and murmur in the air. The plumes on the hurrying pages drooped with the heat. The guards in their chain armour clanked impatiently as the meaningless drone of the pleader's voice ran on and on. Even Gournot, the first councillor of the land, forgot his importance and sat like a fat old porpoise, blinking and nodding in the sun.

Only the slender dark-robed figure on the dais remained unmoved by heat or growing uneasiness. Her black eyes

burning fiercely in the pale ivory of her face never felt the pleader until with a sudden gesture of impatience she silenced him, and, as the people surged forward eagerly, delivered the verdict in an expressionless voice.

"Banishment for ten years—with forfeiture of all lands and castles, slaves and other chattel" and she relapsed again into immobility.

Gournot rubbed his hands together with satisfaction and a murmur of amazed approval ran through the room. Renée's thin lips parted in a smile as she glanced at the group of nobles on her right hand. Seven years ago these same men had fought against her. To-day they kissed her hand—to-morrow—well for the present they were satisfied, even graciously pleased, pleased to be ruled over by the "Black Duchess," as she was called in honor of the dark glory of her hair and eyes. Yes, she had pleased them. For seven years had brought much wisdom with them, since first, at the age of sixteen, as Renée de Goncourt, she had entered this very hallway.

It was a brief stay. For the thirteenth century in France was a time of unsettled power, of sudden hatreds and swiftly changing crowns. Within three short weeks Renée had seen herself married to the dim-witted but powerful Duke of Montjoie, had mourned with dry eyes and strangely lightened heart by his coffin, and had fled with her court through burning fields and castles.

To-day she sat more firmly on the ducal throne than ever had Montjoie himself.

Upstairs, in the room above, her son played at mock battles. A well-trained army guarded the weak western boundary of the duchy, and peace, an almost unknown blessing, had settled on her lands.

And now once again she had pleased her nobles by her decision—unexpected as it was. She turned in her chair to smile questioningly at Gournot.

“You thought I would let him go free because he was a cousin—is it not so?”

He bowed gallantly.

“All the world knows, my lady, that you deal justice dispassionately to friend and foe alike.”

She sighed. “That was a pretty speech sir—but—I wonder—if it came to the test—I—wonder.” And she turned again as a young girl was brought forward and the business of the afternoon went on.

The shadows had reached the center of the hall before Renée moved to give the signal of dismissal. She had scarcely risen when there came the sound of running feet along the arched corridor leading to the hall. The guards stepped forward but drew quickly aside with a gasp as a young man, gay in scarlet and gold, burst through the crowd and ran swiftly to the dais calling,—“Renée—justice—my brother killed!” A great murmur ran the length of the room and Gournot sucked in his breath with an evil smile.

“Silence!” The Duchess raised her hand. The guards repeated “Silence!” and glanced fiercely at the whispering pages.

“André—what do you mean—the Count of Hanault killed—by whom—how—” Renée’s voice trailed off. She was staring down the room to a group which stood just within the door; her eyes grew suddenly dim with terror.

Following her glance, the crowd turned swiftly. A wailing cry, half anger, half dismay, rose from them at the sight of the man who stood held firmly between two guards.

“Yes, it is San Romaine—you stare!” The accuser’s voice rang out harsh with passion. “He always hated my brother and he killed him in cold blood. I saw it and others will swear, too. Justice, Renée.”

It was well that at that moment the gaze of the whole room was fixed upon San Romaine who bore himself with an insolent nonchalance as the group moved forward to the dais. Renée had not stirred since the first cry. She stood swaying lightly, her hands gripping the carved arms of the chair for support, her face gray, with tortured lines about the mouth, her dark eyes fixed immovably upon the face of the advancing man. He looked up. Their eyes met, a moan—so low that Gournot leaning forward eagerly caught only, “Mary—not he!”—escaped her lips, and she wrenched her eyes away as her people turned eagerly toward her—waiting.

The group had reached the lowest step before her and the young brother of the dead count faced the prisoner. There was a moment’s silence. It was unbelievable, this—Charles San Romaine, the court’s minstrel, an assassin. Even now the miniature golden viol the duchess had given him at the Christmas fête hung at his back and within two feet of where he stood lay the mammoth harp which he played at the feasts of ambassadors and the festivals of the two great patron saints of the house of Montjoie and Goncourt. And even now his bearing and manner were more those of a favorite summoned to sing before the court than of a man accused of murder.

Everyone glanced expectantly at Renée's white face and still she did not speak. Fat old Gournot leaned forward and whispered warningly in her ear. She motioned André of Hanault to speak.

"Stabbed!" André broke forth eagerly. "He stabbed him without warning. There was no quarrel—Paul and Jean here saw," nodding to the guards. "Robert was smiling at him—there was a quick movement and he was lying dead—dead at that damned scoundrel's feet who stood smiling down at his work. Was it not thus?" He swung fiercely towards the guards, who nodded in unison, muttering, "It was even as he says."

Every eye was turned again towards the rigid form of the duchess. Again a silence, heavy, ominous, fell upon the whole room and once again Gournot plucked at her sleeve and whispered advice. She concentrated her whole being on the tiny statue of the Virgin, in her niche across the hall, as if to keep from looking nearer. Her lips opened mechanically and she found herself speaking.

"Has the prisoner anything to say?" San Romaine's voice was casual, slightly argumentative perhaps. Its naturalness brought some relief to Renée's nerves as he knew it would. Things couldn't be so serious.

"Do you deny it?" The tone was eager, try as she would for her accustomed calm.

"But no, I killed him—I did not like him."

Gournot leaned forward swiftly with a sneer. "There was a reason, I suppose—eh?"

He succeeded in investing the one word "reason" with a subtle meaning so that in spite of the solemnity of the

occasion a few pages giggled knowingly and a dark, angry flush spread over Romaine's features, but he answered imperturbably enough,

"I did not like him."

Gournot laughed. "And so you killed him. Well, monsieur, I do not like you, and never have—but you are still alive—eh?"

Renée turned with swift anger and the old man's pomposity collapsed like a pricked balloon. With desperate insistence she sought to twist the man into some confession of a quarrel—some reason for the murder. But he seemed utterly callous, heedless alike of her questions and the frightened appeal in her eyes. His only reply was a shrug of the shoulders and the reiterated phrase—"I disliked him." His coolness angered the crowd and a warning murmur of impatience broke out as instinctively Renée prolonged the testimony, every nerve bent on deferring the moment of decision. Where was she to find the strength to meet that moment? Even as she fenced, her brain rang with Gournot's suave words, "All the world knows the Duchess of Montjoie dispenses justice dispassionately, to friend and foe." It seemed as if everyone in the room were saying it, their gaze bent on her. For an instant San Romaine's eyes caught and held hers and she read a warning there she dared not disregard. They seemed to say, "Can't you see that these fools are becoming impatient?—Have done with this solemn mockery." And an answering voice in her heart whispered, "Courage."

With all the remnant of her strength she faced the room. There was no shadow of dread upon her face, no tremor in her voice as she repeated the words she had said so thoughtlessly a score of times before:

"Charles San Romaine shall pay the penalty of murder—the court is dismissed."

Before anyone could move she had turned and without a backward glance parted the black curtains behind the dais and slipped from the room.

She hurried along the narrow corridor for a few yards, turned a corner and stopped, leaning against the wall for support. Before her the passage branched into two, one leading up by a narrow staircase and winding halls to her own apartments in the right wing of the castle, the other by even steeper flights descended to the vaults—where she had never been—where below the waters of the moat lay cells of dim horror. She shuddered—the stairs fascinated her. It was dark in the passage—and damp. How infinitely darker must it be down there—where—. A hand touched her shoulder and she turned so quickly as almost to touch the fat gleaming countenance of Gournot.

"How dare you—how dare you follow me?"

Gournot paled slightly at her anger. Others before him had been presumptuous. He did not care to follow them.

"I feared, Madame, that you were ill. The court was hot—and this unhappy affair—"

"Is closed." Her voice was firm and she had quite recovered her poise as she preceded him down the corridor. As they turned to mount to the tower room Gournot waved a thick hand toward the descending flight, murmuring, "It is hard to think of so gay a minstrel as San Romaine wasting his talents upon rats."

Renée, conscious that his eyes were searching her face shrewdly, answered with dignity,

"It is hard for me to think that one in whom I took such pleasure should be so filled with guile." And even as she spoke she hated herself for her hypocrisy.

At the door of her women's apartments she paused. The curtains were drawn and on the floor between two young girls a boy of about six sat playing with a miniature battle axe. At the sound of his mother's voice he jumped up and ran to her, peering disapprovingly from behind her skirts at Gournot.

"The axe is too heavy," he announced confidentially, "The sword's nicer."

Gournot smiled in what he fondly believed to be a friendly fashion.

"He has inherited your brain, Madame. Craving your pardon—his poor father had none. But not your appearance." He finished by making an unwelcome attempt to pat the boy's fair curls.

Renée de Montjoie gathered her son quickly into her arms and dismissing her chamberlain and women, carried him to the window where she sat down, searching his face earnestly as if for some sign. The child, frightened at the fierceness of her caresses, whimpered in her embrace. Presently she set him down and with one arm still about him sat staring at the garden below her.

"When you are ruler over that, my son," she waved her hand towards the horizon and smiled down at the boy, "what will you do?"

He closed his eyes and repeated as if it were a lesson which indeed it was, "I will be a mighty warrior whom every one shall fear, and a just ruler who—"

"Ah, Louis—a just ruler—it is not so easy." She closed her eyes and the first tears her son had ever seen her shed stole down her cheek.

* * * * *

It was night. The sentinels pacing wearily back and forth on the walk had watched the last light in the castle flicker and go out. The guard outside the Duchess' apartment slept the dreamless sleep of an unsuspecting heart.

Night or day—it mattered little in the vaults of the castle of Mountjoie. No sound other than that of water lapping on stone or the distant clanging of an iron door ever penetrated to that world of twilight.

San Romaine stirred uneasily and threw a crust of dry bread at a rat which ran squeaking to its hole. There was not much bread, to be sure, but—he smiled softly—he did not expect to need even what he had—unless Renée were crueller than he thought. She had been splendid in the court—glorious in the triumph over her heart—but could she go calmly to the end? Would her courage fail her now?

How he longed to see her! The waves mouthing the rough stone stirred like a velvet dress trailed along marble halls—the darkness of his cell was only the black glory of her hair, the blood beating in his ears throbbed like a whispered voice—now low, now loud—mocking and tender.

He groaned and closed his eyes—a pale face rose before him shadowed with fear, and white hands reached towards him and love stooped—in dreams—.

Far off—muffled—a door opened and shut and then another and another. A single thread of light pierced a crack in the door which swung creaking to admit a guard, taper in hand.

“The Duchess is the most merciful as well as the most just of rulers”, the guard announced sententiously as, placing a candle on a rough stool, he waved his hand toward the door. San Romaine

bowed in acquiescence, his eyes so blinded by the light after long hours of darkness that he could not distinguish the two figures which the guard motioned forward with,

“In her graciousness she has permitted your sister the consolation of a farewell visit.”

The minstrel started back at the sight of a small hooded figure but recovered himself and bowed again.

“And has the duchess in her kindness also lent me her father confessor?”

“She has—for the benefit of your soul.” The latter figure moved forward. “You may leave;”—this to the guard who lingered reluctantly—“I will answer for his safety.” And as the door closed he added with a faint smile, “My children, consider me but as one of these stones.”

But they were already in each other's arms. The woman's hood had fallen back. Her black hair covered her like a shroud and framed her oval face—white—upturned to San Romaine. For a minute or two neither spoke. Motionless he held her, staring down hungrily into her dark eyes. She was shaking now—her lips quivered as he bent to kiss her. Still without speaking he led her to the one bench and drew her down beside him, stroking her hands reassuringly.

“My dear—my dear”, he whispered, “you risked too much to come.”

“Risk—what have I risked besides!—Oh Charles, Charles, what have I done?” Her cry rang despairingly through the vault.

“Your duty—No, don't”, as she broke into sobbing. “Renée, I can't bear it. Sir,” (to the man who stood with his back to them) “you should not have brought her—it was madness.”

"Yes", the priest answered without turning, "but what else have these last years been but folly? I made my mistake seven years ago when I consented to marry you two—that was madness."

"No, no, how can you say that—what would have become of the country without him?" Renée asked quickly.

"God knows what will happen to it now," the priest sighed.

"Oh, we are wasting precious time. There must be a way to save you. There must."

"Renée," San Romaine began—but she would not hear him.

"No, please, you must listen to me. Do you think I am going to leave you here to die? On the way to the tower while the guards are busy with the crowds," and eagerly, incoherently, she put forth a plan for escape—confused—impossible of execution—pitiful for its earnestness. San Romaine shook his head sadly. Again she pleaded, begging him to try for her sake—"It could be no worse."

He silenced her with a kiss and, taking her hand in his, spoke soberly.

"My dear, it would be no use for me—and worse than that for you. Do you know why I am here?"

"Because I sent you. Don't you suppose I realize that?"

"Why I killed him, I mean," he interrupted again.

"I don't care why, I know you had a reason."

"A very good one." His voice compelled her notice. "He knew the truth—or rather guessed the lie that everyone will believe about us."

"And you killed him"—

"Others may suspect. He was the only one who knew." His hand on her shoulder tightened. "What would happen to the power we have built up to-

gether if it were known—what would happen to our son if it were told that the Duchess of Montjoie had married her minstrel a week after her husband's death."

Renée shuddered back from him and covered her burning face with her hands. "They would not believe it. I scarcely can myself," she answered.

"No, but they would be willing enough to believe the implications. They must not," his voice was firm. A moment's silence fell between them.

"Renée, do you regret it?" He searched her face gravely.

"No."

"I could not blame you if you did."

"I never shall—but," she returned to the attack, "Now that Hanault is dead, if you escaped—"

"There are others—Gournot, for instance."

Renée shivered, and San Romaine, watching her, nodded understandingly.

"So you have noticed—there is nothing definite—but if I escaped, he and others would know."

"Oh, what do I care what they think of me," she broke in wildly. "I'll go away—I'll—"

His hands gripped her shoulders until she winced. He shook her lightly though his voice was tender.

"Stop. Have you forgotten all we worked for, planned for? Do you wish to see Gournot ruler?"

"He will be anyway. I can't go on without you. Don't you suppose everyone will see through me when my brains are gone?"

"You are wrong," San Romaine broke in firmly. "How often have you asked my advice—you turn your head away. You see—at first, yes, but now you don't need me any more to rule."

Renée had slipped from his side to the floor and was kneeling, her face buried on his knees, her arms clasping him fearfully, her voice only a broken whisper.

"I need you—always. How can I send you to your death?"

He lifted her up from the straw. There was little of a ruler's dignity and calm about her now. All of it seemed to have passed into the man, who spoke almost coldly.

"What else can you do? Have you forgotten our son? If you let me go you will kill me twice. Do you suppose that they would let Louis reign if they knew? Do you remember when he was born how we prayed that he might rule as—"

"As you might have," Renée spoke through her tears.

"As you have," he finished softly.

Renée smiled up at him. He seemed already far removed from her, a kind of visionary figure.

"I remember the song you made for his first birthday fête. All the court said you were a poet indeed."

"And so I was," he murmured, "for my son." And then wistfully, "You say he is a little like me?"

"So much it hurts".

"Then I shall live in him. You will not let him lose his chance?" he pleaded anxiously.

The figure of the priest moved uneasily and he called reluctantly,

"I regret to cut your time short but our friend the guard grows restless on the other side of the door."

"Oh, no, no," Renée rose with a cry, but San Romaine's stern voice checked her rising hysteria. He seemed so cold she almost hated him.

"I don't believe you care—you could not stand there—"

For answer he suddenly caught her in his arms and held her breathless as he kissed her fiercely, and then released her suddenly and made as if to turn away. She seized his hand.

"What shall I tell Louis when the day comes that he asks me why I killed his father?"

"That day will never come. Why should he know?" San Romaine laughed a little shakily. "It's strange how vain we are to the last. My greatest regret next to leaving you is that people will believe that such a nice boy could have had such a stupid lump for a father as Montjoie—bah."

There was a hammering on the door. The priest called out, "One second!"

"There is one thing more," Romaine gazed anxiously into her face. "I am trusting in your courage. You will not weaken and leave me here, will you? You see"—he waved his hand expressively to the dirty, evil-smelling straw and oozing walls, and even as he spoke a rat scurried from behind the bench where they had been sitting and plunged noiselessly into a hole, "you see—the surroundings are not pleasant."

Renée shuddered but drew herself up and pulled the hood over her face as the door creaked ominously. But the priest screened them for another moment.

"I promise you. You shall not sleep here again."

"Thank you." Romaine bowed as the guard shouldered his way into the room with a grunt.

"Well. You've been taking leave of her for a long enough time. Sister—sweetheart, more likely," and he pinched Renée's shoulder with a wink.

"We are quite ready now." The minstrel turned again for a minute to Renée:

"Bear to the Duchess my gratitude for all that she has done for me in my life through her great kindness and especially for the last mercy of this visit—and I crave her forgiveness for any pain or sorrow I may have brought into her life. You will remember?—Ah!"

He straightened up as the door closed upon the three, leaving him in darkness, but even as it shut he heard a whispered "I will remember!"

* * * * *

It was high noon. The sun poured in through the open window of the room where Renée, with half a dozen women, sat embroidering. Her work lay on the floor at the foot of the chair. Her hands were crossed in her lap, her eyes closed, but her body was rigid and she seemed to be listening, every nerve strained to the effort.

A few of the women talked in low tones of that which held the interest of all for the moment. Who was to be the next minstrel at the court? Some there were who welcomed the change and the new excitement it would bring, but most sighed, considering "that it would be hard to find a gayer, handsomer singer than San Romaine. It was a pity that so sweet a voice should be stilled—a pity."

Renée opened her eyes and gazed dully around. There were deep shadows in her colorless face, her lips were grey. Her youth seemed to have passed in the night.

"Where is Louis?" Her woman started guiltily at the sound of her voice and

glanced anxiously about them. Only a minute before he had been playing by his mother's chair.

"I think," one of the women ventured, "that Ailis and he went out together through the north room. They stole away laughing."

Renée frowned. "Go and find him. He should be with me—to-day."

Even as she spoke a bell in the north tower rang out. A sudden silence fell on the sun-filled room. The women crossed themselves and glanced covertly at the bowed head of their mistress; a few of the younger ones shivered as if cold—and then took up their work. One slipped out to find Louis, and the voices began again.

Renée did not stir. In less than three minutes the curtains parted and Ailis and Louis appeared. The boy's eyes were wide, his cheeks white, as he ran to his mother almost sobbing with excitement.

"Louis," Renée's voice was strained, "where have you been, child?"

"In the tower. I saw it, I saw it—from the window. Ailis said I would cry but I didn't. And he saw me and waved, and I didn't cry. Who will sing to us now, mother?—Mother, what's wrong?"

There came a horrified murmur from the women, for Renée had struck the boy full in the face. And as he shrank away there came such a look into his clear brown eyes that she buried her face in her hands, thinking for a moment that the dead man had spoken to her.

THE HIDE-BOUND REACTIONARY

Frances Curran

We see her daily in our midst, a figure fraught with unconscious pathos, in that she has convinced no one but herself of her complete independence of and revolt from all things old, accepted, conservative. She refuses to prostitute her mind to the acceptance of a conglomeration of outworn ideas and ideals; this sort of trash may have bamboozled worthy souls before her, but to the extent that they were bamboozled, the less worthy they. She bobs not with the short-haired herd: this has become too conservative a practice for her essentially Bolshevik soul. No, she realizes that styles tend toward conservatism — the more “daring” models in any up-to-date fashion magazine, featuring methods of exposing the human form obviously in vogue among the élite of as far back as the Quaternary epoch of the Cenozoic era—so she dresses fairly modestly.

But lend a startled ear when she begins to express some of what she considers her advanced ideas; one must be untrammelled at any cost, even if one is conspicuous in so being (and, after all, there are worse things than conspicuity); one does not, therefore, smoke one's brother's cigarettes with the flapper; one does not swear and toddle and pet with the naïve abandon of these youngsters who, not having experienced Hygiene 11 or 12, exult in the first glad recognition of a great many instincts and tendencies hitherto unrealized. Not at all.

If one smokes, one selects a little enameled pipe, of some acceptedly aesthetic hue (no, not acceptedly aesthetic, of course—merely aesthetic); if one swears, one does not cry “Damn!” in

an emphatic treble: one says “My God,” dramatically, under one's breath; one does not dance in an undesirable way, because, after all, that sort of thing is common as dirt, and we are striving for the uncommon. We do not read the *Cosmopolitan*; we read *Jurgen* (suppressed, my dear! Thirty-five dollars per—but several of the young faculty own copies); in moments of relaxation we chant with great gusto as many of the more obscene stanzas of “Frankie and Johnnie” as we can persuade our Yale cousins to teach us; and we are just a bit blasphemous, not for effect, of course, but more or less as a matter of principle.

I have in mind an instance quite typical, from a typical specimen. Said she to me the other morning in the note-room, “I like God quite well today!”—her manner implying, forsooth, that the good fellow had really been making an unusually successful effort to please her, and deserved a gracious smile for his pains! Browning, perhaps, expressed a similar idea, though in more conventional form, to the effect that the Deity was in His heaven, and all was right with the world, thereby winning for himself the damning epithet of optimist. (How are even the greatest of us misunderstood! Possibly I underestimate my friend's mode of expression in associating it with the desire to shock me into being impressed). Selah.

The point behind all this seems to be that each of us is trying to go to the Devil in a new and exciting way, when, as a matter of fact, the whole trend Hellward began as far back as the famous apple that disagreed with Eve in Meso-

potamia; we are fascinated with this sort of thing because we have been brought up to believe it forbidden. But, now that we no longer forbid anything to ourselves, wherein it is forbidden? Wherein is it fascinating? Anyone who is thoroughly honest with herself, no matter how deep-eyed a poseur she may be with others, must admit that the scarlet apple turns to wormwood and gall the moment she really sets her teeth in it. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Now, which of us who still considers the Devil a sophisticated and handsome gentleman of the most glorious conceiv-

able iniquity, would not be deeply disappointed to come upon him, some day, trying to warm his poor old middle-aged toes over the dying grates of the Underworld, and yawning, perhaps, over a Hearst daily? Let us, rather, by every means within our power, avoid disappointments of this ilk; let us guard always our sweet childhood faith in a quite charming Satan, and endeavor to keep it untarnished by the changing years! If, however, some of the more intelligent of us still yearn to be original and startling, why don't we go to—Heaven?

I WILL NOT LOOK UPON THE MOON

Eleanor Chilton

You say there is a moon up there?
 I cannot see it—will not see—
 What help are lovely things to me,
 Who needs must shrink from all things fair?
 I view my sins and dreams in doubt,
 But face the streets with scornful eyes
 Because I know distorted lies
 Are lurking shadow-wise about.

My thoughts are mine—my life is mine—
 And they are sweet (as live things go)
 But people rule my life, I know—
 And I must either give their sign
 Of free surrender very soon—
 Or fold my arms upon my breast
 And take me underground to rest—
I will not look upon the moon.

A MOLIERE

Toi qui fus méconnu, persécuté, naguère ;
Dans ta vie et ton art, toi, qui dus tant
souffrir,
Le théâtre aujourd'hui te proclame, ô
Molière,
Grand parmi les plus grands, roi pour
tout l'avenir.

Trois siècles ont passé sans t'atteindre, ô
Molière ;
Toi si grand par l'esprit, si profond par
le cœur.
Le temps qui t'a rendu ta place, la pre-
mière,
A su venger ton nom de son arrêt
vanqueur.

Salut, maître éclatant d'art et de vérité ;
Saluons tous en toi l'enfant de notre ciel
Si lumineux, si pur, saluons ta gaieté,
Saluons ton génie et ton rire immortel.

Il résonne aussi clair et frais à notre
oreille
Qu'au temps où tu jouais sur ton
plancher étroit,
Que dames et seigneurs, t'honorant de
leur veille,
Guettaient, pour t'applaudir, le geste
du grand roi.

Qu'y-a-t-il de changé dans le monde où
nous sommes ?
Si Versailles n'est plus qu'un décor
froid et vain,
Les Français sont toujours les Français
et des hommes,
Et c'est toujours Molière et son esprit
divin.

Ouvrons les yeux et regardons passer
la vie ;
Les voici tous : Chrysale, Harpagon, et
Jourdain,
Alceste plein de fiel, Tartuffe, plein
d'envie,
Qui vivaient autrefois et qui vivront
demain.

Miroir inaltérable et pur de tous nos
vices,
Fats vaniteux, menteux, debauchés
polissons
Tes victimes, tu sais en faire des com-
plices,
Tu nous railles sans cesse et nous t'
applaudissons.

Car en ce défilé comique et variable
Nous retrouvons pareil et jamais corrigé
L'homme, l'homme éternel, grotesque et
pitoyable
Dont à travers le temps l'âme n'a pas
changé.

Ta comédie est vraie, elle est la vie
entière.
En te moquant de nous tu nous fais
réfléchir.
Tu ris de nos défauts, tu plains notre
misère,
Au fond de ta gaieté moute comme un
sourir.

C'est qu'à l'homme pervers tu gardes ta
tendresse,
Plus faible que méchante, pauvre être
ballotté
Que tu voudrais guérir avec cette sagesse
Où s'unissent si bien l'esprit et la bonté.

De notre grand pays tu restes le symbole
L'esprit de notre race à ton art est lié
Rire qui divertit, et rire qui console,
Ton rire porte en lui notre humaine
pitié.

En toi se reconnaît l'âme de la France
entière
Et sa verve gauloise et son esprit latin,
Et le monde vers toi fait monter, ô
Molière,
L'hommage universel de son amour
lointain.

Vive ton clair bon sens, ton rire et ta
vaillance,
Vive ta pitoyable et ta mâle gaieté,
Grand Français qui montra que l'âme
de la France
Est un souffle profond et pur d'hu-
manité.

BREEZE

Jane Cassidy

(I was sitting looking into the empty fire-place, very quiet, as befits one resting after battle, when there came a gusty shriek in the chimney and the ashes on the hearth rose and danced; and after a while the shriek died into sobs and moans and silence, and the ashes dropped down again and lay where they fell.)

There was a breeze, a sturdy little breeze, and ambitious. It always had been ambitious, and one evening in the glowery gloomy time of late fall it set out to fulfill its desires.

"Why," it thought, "the atmosphere demands a storm, and I've always wanted to be one. Here is my chance! I'll be a hurricane!"

Shouting shrilly, it rushed toward a small weatherbeaten house. "Wheee!" it cried. "Wheee! I am a swift storm-blast! I'll shake this little house with my strength and make it sway and tremble in fear!"

On the roof of the house, one loose shingle raised itself and fell back with a little clap. And that was all.

"Hm-m!" said the little breeze. "Hm-m! We'll try again. This pine-tree will bow before me, and shriek an answer to my voice."

The outermost twigs of the pine-tree swayed. Triumphantly, the breeze endeavored to shake the whole tree, but found to its disappointment that the tree was already passed and was standing straight—and stiff; even its needles were quiet again.

Hopeful still, the little breeze rushed on, trying with all its might to be a tempest; but all its efforts were vain. Nothing cowered before it; nothing

trembled at its violence; everything went on almost unmoved by its passage. It could make only the tiniest of ripples on the water's surface, and the cloud-wrack drifted not a whit the faster for its labors.

"O-o!" wailed the little breeze. "O-o! I want to be a tempest! Why can't I be a tempest?"

And the answer came—

(Whence came the answer, you say?

What does that matter?)

The answer came—

"You can never be a tempest, little breeze. But you are a very fine breeze. Content yourself with that."

"No!" cried the stubborn little breeze. "I will not be breeze! I must and will be a tempest!"

But it could not. The answer is always right.

It came to a chimney.

"I will howl in the chimney," said the breeze, very determined, "and it will howl with me."

But only the sound of its own cry came back to it, and in despair and shame it crept into the chimney to hide; and in the narrow space within it raged and rushed about and beat upon the hard walls, and cried aloud with very great violence because it could not have its will.

After a while its cries dwindled to moans and whimpers—and silence; and the little breeze was very quiet. Quite still it lay—quite still for all time, for its stubborn will had overcome the cheerful briskness that is the life of a breeze. And so it died—poor little breeze.

(Its last whimper came to my ears as I sat at the fire—Because I understood—)

SYMPATHY

Sylvia Clark

If a robin and a bluebird
Light upon my tree,
And the robin hates the bluebird,
What is that to me?

If the bluebird robbed the robin
Of a strand of hair,
And the robin's wrath is righteous,
Little do I care.

And if life and death should hover,
Wrangling, o'er my head,
Or if love and hope should sorrow
After I was dead,

I am absolutely certain,
If they noticed it,
That the robin and the bluebird
Would not care a whit!

A GINGHAM DRESS

Helen Hitchcock

My gingham dress looks like the spring,—
Its checks are white and green and blue,
With thin black lines all running through,
And oh! it is a lovely thing!
The green checks are the fresh spring grass;
Pale violets in the squares of blue;
The white ones, bluets clumped and new;
The lines, soft rain that soon will pass.

H. L. MENCKEN

A QUASI—APPRECIATION

Katharine Adam

Somewhere, Arthur Schopenhauer has written: "I shall be told, I suppose, that my philosophy is comfortless, because I speak the truth; and people prefer to believe that everything the Lord made is good. If you are one such, go to the priests, and leave philosophers in peace!"

Somewhere, in many volumes, H. L. Mencken has written somewhat the same thing, but he has included in *his* account such words as *pishposh*, *palaver*, *muck-raking*, *bombastic*, *nincompoop*, *intelligentsia*, *pedagogue*, *yokel*, *platitude*, *chatauqua*, and *comstockery*. For, exclusive of the unavoidable *a*'s, *the*'s, and *and*'s, those are the favorite words of Mr. Mencken—anathemas all. But, unlike Schopenhauer, Mencken never asks to be left in peace; rather, like the Germany of 1914, he lies in wait for war; his opinions brazenly invite arguments that would shrivel the hardiest of salamanders by their heat. Startling opinions delivered in an arresting style like mutable steel, teeming with graphic—though vitriolic—terms, prolific with astounding metaphors, heavy with sarcastic humor—the ensemble dripping with crocodile tears—there you have Mr. Mencken the critic, perhaps America's king-critic, and certainly so in the regard of her younger writers. High mogul among carpers, is he, too—but not without a certain justice and certain compensations, for he can praise too, wherever he sees fit to praise—Shakespeare, Poe, Whitman, Cabell and Dreiser being the chief recipients of his

majesty's favor. But woe to the Y. M. C. A., Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, H. G. Wells, pedagogues, Puritans, and other "inferiors," when they come in contact with the vocabulary of H. L. Mencken! A man he is who says what he thinks—and there is no periphrases in his method of attack. Midway between the Scylla of too many words and the Charybdis of too few words, he steers direct to his point, and there (in most cases) flays it exceedingly. The process, however, is always interesting, and if, as Mencken promulgates in his essay "Criticism of Criticism of Criticism," the business of a critic is to stir up catalytic reaction between the work of art and the spectator—then, Mr. Mencken knows his critic's business. "Stirring up reaction" of one kind or another, is the chief addiction of the man, and, stirring, he literally makes a batter for which his recipe is as follows: One lump of subject, the size of a walnut, added to one measure of egregious erudition and one measure of vulgarity, well mixed; one dozen radicalisms, of which the pragmatic yolks and the dogmatic whites are beaten together, and the shells, well-chopped, added later; then two dozen pinches of spicy metaphors, and two quarts of yeasty language, (of which the manufactory is privately controlled), the whole to be burned to a crisp in a quick oven

It may be noticed that the recipe includes no mention of salt—but it is to be suggested that the *consumer* add the

proverbial "grain of salt" *in quantity* before consumption.

I do not wish to seem aspersive of Mr. Mencken's critical faculties, for he is a great and keen-minded critic, at once possessor of as large an amount of intrepidity, strength and color of utterance, and perhaps as much technical knowledge, as well as literary and philosophical acquaintanceship, as any critic alive, in America, today. To those who do not agree with him, he no doubt appears to possess some of these qualities to an unnecessary degree, but to those who agree with his denunciations, he seems the epitome of the style of critic which the world has long needed for its own good—that style of critic which is the farthest removed from the Laodicean and from Thackeray's well-known: "faint, fashionable fiddle-faddle, and feeble court slipslop." In other words (equally immortal and alliterative)—"palaver and pishposh. . . ." Disparaging and vitioric he may be, but here is no mean caviller. Where the importance of his subject would not ordinarily seem to merit the fullness of the tempest forever brewing in his ink-bottle, Mr. Mencken, rather than tone down the tempest, manages to increase the effect of importance which the subject is to have upon his readers. As a result, he not infrequently makes mountains out of mole-hills—but he makes good firm mountains which many people find interesting to tramp over, and others (if

I may bury all dignity in a pun) find highly entertaining to tramp *upon*. Thus—the "catalyser". . . .

Irrelevantly, perhaps, in an attempted account of Mencken the critic, Mencken the man is about to enter this last paragraph for purposes of contrast—and revelation. It is said of him that, an opponent of Christianity, he is yet the most christian of men; a flouter of bourgeois virtues, he practises them all, being honest, responsible, a man of his word, and a model householder. (In addition, he calls himself a "romantic and ingenuous man", but perhaps with less truth than poetry. . . .) A denouncer of American civilization, he is one of America's most ardent patriots, and would hate to live in the society which he presents as desirable; seeming a rank pessimist, he is yet an optimist, for he is very happy, and loves the plain business of living; in fact, Mr. Mencken would be the *unhappiest* of men were there nothing to denounce. One cannot resist referring this most hypocritical of men—this shedder of crocodile tears—to his own sarcastic remark directed at Bernard Shaw (whom he calls a platitudinarian and a denouncer of "The obvious in terms of the scandalous",) when he concludes his essay on "The Ulster Polonius" with: "And this is Shaw, the revolutionist, the heretic! Next thing we shall be hearing of Benedict XV, the atheist. . . ."

ENTER THE POET

Margaret Tildsley

CHARACTERS

HEINZ MULLER, a banker, fat and middle-aged in appearance.

ILSE, his wife, a very pretty young woman of twenty-seven.

EMIL }
AGNES } their children

WALDEMAR SCHONBERG, a poet

HELENE VON HALDORF, an actress

SCENE:

Parlor of the Muller's house in Hamburg. Red plush furniture. Portraits of the Royal family in heavy gilt frames. Table with small statue of Venus. Three windows at left. Christmas tree at right. Basket of fruit and boxes of Christmas trimmings under it. Heinz is standing on a chair, trimming the tree. Ilse and the children stand under it.

AGNES: (looking into the box) Let me hang the bell, Mother.

ILSE: (handing it to her) Careful not to drop it.

AGNES: it really rings, Emil.

HEINZ: I want the fish.

AGNE: Father must hang the great red ball on the top of the tree.

HEINZ: Hand it up, Ilse. How is that?

ILSE: That is splendid! Do you like the little icicles Mother has put on the tree, Agnes?

AGNES: They look so cold!

ILSE: Here are the wreaths for you to put up at the window, children. (the children take the wreaths and go to the windows L. Heinz and Ilse go on trimming the tree).

HEINZ: Where did this basket of fruit come from?

ILSE: Father sent it to the children. Wasn't it sweet of him?

HEINZ: He isn't often sweet. He grudges every present.

ILSE: But he gives them. It is just his manner.

HEINZ: I met him in the street, yesterday. He had a very cross manner.

ILSE: He is worried, poor Father. Did you know my cousin Waldemar was staying with him?

HEINZ: Your cousin Waldemar! I haven't seen him since we were married.

ILSE: Nor I. He came back from France just last week.

HEINZ: Did he get tired of Paris?

ILSE: No, he wanted to borrow money from Father.

HEINZ: That's more like him. I hope your father won't lend him the money.

ILSE: Give it, you mean? Father refused when Waldemar wrote, but he will let him have it in the end. We are Waldemar's only relatives and he cannot look after himself.

HEINZ: He must be very badly off to come back. He didn't love Hamburg when he lived at your father's house.

ILSE: Nor Father's bank either. He used to be writing poems all the time even then.

HEINZ: Wasting his time.

ILSE: So I told him. I thought that if he gave up poetry and tended to business he might succeed.

HEINZ: And if he had given up wearing lace ruffles.

ILSE: But they *were* becoming, Heinz.

HEINZ: They made him look like a woman. And he wouldn't drink beer or smoke a pipe.

ILSE: Tobacco would have soiled the ruffles.

HEINZ: I have no use for poets.

ILSE: Waldemar is a famous poet now. Frau Professor Zimmermann has read his books.

HEINZ: Do you read poetry, Ilse?

ILSE: No, there is so much else to do, the children's clothes to mend and the house to be kept in order.

HEINZ: You have so much work? But there is Anna to help you.

ILSE: But it is a big house.

HEINZ: I did not think that we should live in such a big house until we were old, Ilse. But I have worked hard.

ILSE: Yes, Heinz.

HEINZ: (*gets down*) This is the seventh Christmas we have spent together. Have the seven years been happy ones, Ilse?

ILSE: Very happy, Heinz.

HEINZ: It is not very gay for you, but you do not care for that?

ILSE: No, Heinz, I am too old to be very gay.

HEINZ: Why, no, you are not old. It is not so gay but it is quiet and peaceful here. We have a comfortable house and fine, healthy children.

ILSE: They are the best children in the world.

HEINZ: Your cousin Waldemar has nothing. That's because he doesn't work.

ILSE: I wonder.

HEINZ: Why do you wonder, Ilse?

ILSE: I wonder if you don't work too hard.

HEINZ: Why no. When have I been sick?

ILSE: But do you have time for anything else?

HEINZ: Yes, I have a good time. I go to the Biergarten at night.

ILSE: Do you ever read, Heinz?

HEINZ: Do you want me to read poetry?

ILSE: No, poetry is too sentimental—but—

EMIL: (*Running over.*) Can't we light the tree now?

HEINZ: Bring the matches.

AGNES: (*running over*) See the wreaths, Mother. Aren't they pretty?

ILSE: Beautiful, darling.

AGNES: How bright they are!

ILSE: Now we will sing to the Christmas tree. (*They gather around the tree and sing to Tannenbaum. In the middle of the carol enter Waldemar.*)

WALDEMAR: Frohliche Weihnachten, my gracious cousins.

ILSE: It is Waldemar!

HEINZ: Your cousin!

WALDEMAR: (*looking around satirically*) A good old German Christmas such as I have not seen for years. Paris, with all her fascinations, can show nothing like this. Why do you look at me so strangely, cousins? Are my clothes so singular?

ILSE: (*shaking hands with him*) It is a strange pleasure to see you here, Waldemar, after so many years.

WALDEMAR: A most rare and thrilling pleasure to see you at any time, Ilse. Will you not shake hands with me, Cousin Heinz?

HEINZ: (*shaking hands with him*) How does it seem to you to be back in Hamburg?

WALDEMAR: Vile as ever. Your city is so shamelessly cold. (*Shivers*).

ILSE: Does the French climate suit you better?

WALDEMAR: As the south suits the swallow.

HEINZ: You have not changed much in these seven years.

WALDEMAR: But you have, Cousin Heinz. You have a more developed stature, air, dignity. One would not recognize the fearful, unassuming young gentleman who courted Fraulein Ilse.

ILSE: Have you not sometimes assumed too much, Waldemar?

WALDEMAR: But that way lies attainment. Heinz, with his assumption, will one day be a rich man, and I—am a poet.

HEINZ: A poet!

WALDEMAR: I like the way you say that—the vigorous note of scorn. But I fear you don't believe in ghosts.

HEINZ: Certainly not.

WALDEMAR: Not even when the wind howls as to-night with bloodless cruelty and the spirits of the might-have-been pour through every crack and cranny, filling the room with their invisible presences. (*Notices the children who are staring at him, wide-eyed. He looks at them with amusement as if they were curious animals*) Are these yours?

ILSE: Agnes, Emil, come here. This is your cousin Waldemar.

AGNES and EMIL: (*gravely*) How do you do, Cousin Waldemar.

WALDEMAR: I am charmed to make your acquaintance, Cousin Agnes. (*Raises her hand solemnly to his lips*) And yours, Cousin Emil. (*Shakes hands with him*) The very image of Herr Papa. Are you not proud of such an offspring?

HEINZ: (*stolidly*) He is a good boy.

WALDEMAR: And I have brought him his reward. My contribution to the festival. (*Takes out two marzipane pigs and gives them to the children. They devour them at once*) As greedy as their mother used to be. But she preferred them shaped as fruits and flowers.

ILSE: And do you not find the flower-shapes prettier, Waldemar?

WALDEMAR: A gift should be not pretty, but appropriate. Flowers to fair women—and pigs—(*shrugs his shoulders*).

ILSE: My children are not piggish.

HEINZ: What is he saying about our children?

WALDEMAR: I was speaking of gifts.

HEINZ: We don't want your gifts.

WALDEMAR: Pardon me, your son appeared to enjoy my gift.

HEINZ: It is time for the children to go to bed. I will take them up while you talk to your cousin here.

EMIL: Aren't we going to sing any more?

WALDEMAR: By all means, another carol. My cousin Heinz's music so delights me.

HEINZ: I have more important things to think of.

WALDEMAR: No doubt. Importance is so tedious, don't you find, Ilse?

ILSE: But less wearisome than rudeness, Waldemar.

HEINZ: Come, children, at once. Guten Abend. (*Bows to Waldemar and drags the children out of the room. Waldemar and Ilse sit down*).

ILSE: Why do you come here, Waldemar, after so many years, to laugh at my husband and my children?

WALDEMAR: I told you I had a sudden desire to see the German Christmas of my youth. Here were the Christmas tree and the carols, the holly and the greedy children. But one thing was lacking.

ILSE: And what might that be?

WALDEMAR: Where was the genius of the festival whom I expected to find, the excellent hausfrau of the two chins and generous waist?

ILSE: Waldemar!

WALDEMAR: You might still be the fair Princess Ilse of Ilsenstein, the spirit who haunts the rock-fortress of the Harz. But why speak of her? She does not belong under the revered noses of their majesties. We must adapt our conversation to this Hamburg house.

ILSE: You could not provide such a house.

WALDEMAR: God forbid. Who provides the red plush furniture?

ILSE: Heinz's mother bought it for us.

WALDEMAR: So generous of her. Does she come here often to look after you?

ILSE: Quite often. Heinz is used to good housekeeping, she says. He needs to be taken proper care of.

WALDEMAR: He doesn't look neglected.

ILSE: I was not orderly enough for her at first, but she has trained me.

WALDEMAR: So now you and your mother-in-law coo affectionately together like two turtle doves. Do you pour out your soul to her over your afternoon chocolate?

ILSE: She doesn't approve of my cooking.

WALDEMAR: You have too much flavor?

ILSE: She says Heinz was not brought up on salads.

WALDEMAR: I should imagine not. (*Looking around.*) Venus. How long ago did I buy her for you?

ILSE: The first year you lived with us. It was at an auction.

WALDEMAR: Yes. What a poet that auctioneer was, with his marvellous rhythm! And an orator as well. I felt that I had turned away from the gate of Heaven when I didn't buy his atrocious vases.

ILSE: Heinz doesn't like me to go to auctions. We don't need to now, he says.

WALDEMAR: (*rises*) He would hardly think of Venus as necessary. Poor lady, she doesn't like her surroundings.

ILSE: They are not so bad.

WALDEMAR: I am sure she loves that table. Was it your husband's purchase?

ILSE: Yes.

WALDEMAR: And you would sell your soul for such things.

ILSE: I have no time for a soul now.

WALDEMAR: (*sits*) I think you never had. Not even when you were a young girl in your father's house. You scorned my poetry though you enjoyed my kisses in the moonlight.

ILSE: Did not the moon enchant us both?

WALDEMAR: My love was no moon-struck madness. It was born of the day. Your face arose before me with the first flush of dawn and spurred me on to fresh endeavor.

ILSE: I did not live in vain then, if I so inspired you.

WALDEMAR: Inspired me to what? To give myself up to the deadening machinery of business, to spend two years of my life in this wretched Hamburg. And this I was willing to do because I believed you loved me.

ILSE: I thought I loved you too, Waldemar. It broke my heart when Father said harsh things of you. But he was right. You were a bad business man. You could never have supported me.

WALDEMAR: And you would risk nothing. You do not know how to love.

ILSE: Waldemar, don't say that.

WALDEMAR: What have you gained by your prudence? A fat husband and two stupid children. Don't your days go on and on endlessly without color or adventure?

ILSE: I love my children and my home. Life is not just to be dashing off

to the ends of the earth, thinking of no one but yourself.

WALDEMAR: You might have thought of me. But no, you are as cold as the snow that lies dirty in the streets in this town of endless winter. Do you remember the spring of seven years ago?

ILSE: The spring of seven years ago.

WALDEMAR: When your father gave his naughty nephew a holiday? He was so useless at the bank. And Waldemar escorted Ilse and her mother through the Harzlaud. Forgotten were the dust and grime, the stuffy air of the bank and the torture of figures. The birds sang sweetly under the untroubled heavens. The quiet silver of the beech trees brought peace to a weary toiler.

ILSE: I remember the white birches.

WALDEMAR: With their light leaves fluttering in the wind—the emblem of youth and hope and the freshness of our love. Life was all love then—and violets.

ILSE: I gathered the long-stemmed violets with you on the banks of the Ilse.

WALDEMAR: Your namesake. The waterfalls rang with her sweet melodious laughter as she danced down the mountainside. We followed, laughing too.

ILSE: But the laughter could not last.

WALDEMAR: Nor the love? When you are alone do you never recall that spring?

ILSE: I have thought of it many times. But one has one's tasks. One will grow old and give up such useless memories.

WALDEMAR: I shall never grow old like that. I have travelled in strange places, known mirth as well as sadness, but always at the height of my joy there came the stabbing of regret when I remembered you and the Harzlaud and the violets we picked together. But what does that mean to you?

ILSE: You cannot understand.

WALDEMAR: No, I cannot understand. I only know that when I was young and full of laughter I loved a girl. She was all April to me, the shyness of the hepatica, the gold of the daffodil, the heavenly fragrance of the violet. And when I had grown old and wandered through the world, seen many fair girls, I came back and loved the woman. But she did not love me.

ILSE: I have always loved you.

WALDEMAR: You love me!—But you love this house, this city better.

ILSE: No, Waldemar.

WALDEMAR: Ilse, it is not yet too late.

ILSE: Not too late?

WALDEMAR: Why do you not come away with me out of all this?

ILSE: What are you saying, Waldemar?

WALDEMAR: You are still young and beautiful and full of life and love.

ILSE: Why do you talk like that to the mother of two children?

WALDEMAR: Will you never forget those children?

ILSE: How can I?

WALDEMAR: You cannot stay tied down to them forever. Your life was not meant to be dragged out on this dreary spot of earth.

ILSE: My duty is here.

WALDEMAR: Duty! It is always one's duty to be resigned to the ugly. Well enough for the common herd without sight or mind. But when the beautiful bow down before the ugly it makes the angels weep.

ILSE: Why do you torture me like this?

WALDEMAR: (*rises*) You need to be tortured. Tomorrow I leave you forever, but you will not forget me. When you sit in the red plush chair that your mother-in-law gave you, will your thoughts

be on the mittens you knit for the children or will you think of me, wandering in the wilds? Will you remember me then?

ILSE: Yes, Waldemar.

WALDEMAR: Ilse, spring will come again and the violets will bloom and the far-off Harzland call us. Come away with me.

ISLES I will go with you anywhere.

(Waldemar holds out his arms to embrace her. Crying is heard outside. Ilse draws back.)

ILSE: What's that? (Agnes come in and runs up to her mother.)

AGNES: Mother!

ILSE: (Putting an arm around her.) What is it, darling?

WALDEMAR: What ails the child? (Ilse stiffens.)

AGNES: Why didn't you kiss me goodnight?

ILSE: I was talking to Cousin Waldemar.

AGNES: But you always kiss me goodnight.

ILSE: I will kiss you now, dear. But you shouldn't have got out of bed. You will catch cold walking around on your bare feet.

AGNES: I couldn't go to sleep in the dark. There were funny men looking in at the window. They were laughing at me.

ILSE: Couldn't Father chase them away?

AGNES: No, he said, "It's nonsense" and I shouldn't wake up Emil.

WALDEMAR: Emil was not troubled with these visions? (Ilse looks at him indignantly.)

AGNES: Emil went fast asleep as soon as he got into bed. But it was cold and I thought the funny men would catch me. I hid under the coverings. Then I was too hot.

ILSE: Your nose is cold now. You had better run back to bed as fast as you can get there.

WALDEMAR: Where children belong. (Ilse looks annoyed again.)

AGNES: You promised to tell us stories when we went to bed tonight.

ILSE: I will come up and sing to you now, dear.

(Goes out with her arm around Agnes. Waldemar calls out "Ilse" but she pays no attention to him.)

WALDEMAR: Donnerwetter! Where is my hat? (Looks around for his hat, but in his impatience has difficulty in finding it.)

Enter Helene von Haldorf.

HELENE: (Embracing him.) Waldemar, geliebte, at last I have found you.

WALDEMAR: Helene! What are you doing here?

HELENE: Had you forgotten it was Christmas Eve? But no—not here.

WALDEMAR: That would be hardly possible.

(Through the remainder of the scene Ilse is heard singing lullabies off stage.)

HELENE: The evening we were to spend together before you leave me forever in the morning.

WALDEMAR: Don't be so optimistic, Helene. You may have me back here before a year is over—in need of my generous uncle's help.

HELENE: How can you joke with me?

WALDEMAR: A jest is always due to a lovely woman—from a man of genius.

HELENE: I would rather have your love. I wait minutes, hours, to hear your footsteps at my door. In my despair I go to your uncle's house and learn that you are here.

WALDEMAR: I had an errand.

HELENE: Could you not forget your errand for me? Last week you loved me.

WALDEMAR: And now I love you again.

HELENE: (*Weeping.*) No, you do not. You hate me.

WALDEMAR: Helene, you have been to me as a spring in the desert. You could not know into what depths of misery I had fallen that night I walked the cold, cheerless streets to forget my uncle and went into the theater to forget the street. But when the curtain rises, I thought, I shall see nothing but my fat fellow-countrymen behind the footlights. And—then—I saw you.

HELENE: (*Brightening.*) Ah, yes, you liked me.

WALDEMAR: Liked you! Why even the gentleman on my left of the luxuriant moustache and pungent odor of tobacco could not keep himself from laughing.

HELENE: I do not like to hear our Germans laugh. They roar like bulls of Bashan and interrupt the play.

WALDEMAR: But what a triumph to have diverted them so without sitting down on a tack or on a chair that wasn't there.

HELENE: Ah, Waldemar, the author hurls his wit at them and the actress all the music of her voice. They will not smile. And tragedy? One has passion, fire. What is that to them? They will not weep.

WALDEMAR: Except when a child dies pathetically off-stage. Then they will take out their handkerchiefs and blow their enormous noses.—But not that night.

HELENE: That night you swore you loved me, Waldemar, to madness.

WALDEMAR: I was most frantically in love with you, Helene. Did I not wait for you at the stage door until my nose was fairly frozen off my face? Had the

fire within me burned less hot, I should have quite congealed.

HELENE: And the next morning as I passed by you in my carriage I saw you in the street kiss a flower girl.

WALDEMAR: She was a pretty flower girl.

HELENE: That is the way with men. You come to us with your beautiful words and practise all your tricks upon us. We know how to love with passion, with frenzy, all through the long year. But you are off with every change of the wind, to kiss the first child you pass on the street.

WALDEMAR: Don't spoil yourself, Helene, by aping the faithful and virtuous. With that look in your eyes! Why, the devil himself would be proud to own you for a sister!

HELENE: Do you admire the devil, Waldemar?

WALDEMAR: Most reverently. Would not Hell be refreshing after Hamburg?

HELENE: Where our countrymen are so good and dismal. But we shall not be here long. You go to the wilderness, and I to Vienna, where they know how to laugh, and to Rome in carnival time.

WALDEMAR: Life is all a carnival to you and me, Helene.—I cannot stand that singing.

HELENE: A charming voice, I thought it. But it has stopped. Why do we stay here in this strange, horrible house? Ah, your errand.

WALDEMAR: It is finished. Let us make our adieus to the guardians of the house. (*Points to the portraits*) Farewell to you, Kaiser Wilhelm, and you, Kaiserine Louise, and you, Crown Prince Frederick.

(*Bows to each in turn.*)

HELENE: (*Kissing her hand.*) To you—and you—and you.

WILDEMAR: Shall we go to the theatre, or have you had enough of that?

HELENE: I will go with you anywhere!

(They embrace. Enter Ilse.)

ILSE: Waldemar!

WALDEMAR: *(Releasing Helene.)* Ilse, allow me to present the famous actress, Fraulein Helene von Haldorf. Helene, this is my cousin, Frau Müller, the charming singer you admired.

ILSE: *(Shaking hands with her.)* I am glad to meet you, Fraulein von Haldorf. Waldemar, I have decided that our arrangement was unsatisfactory.

HELENE: Your arrangement, gnadige Frau?

ILSE: We were planning a family picnic for tomorrow, but I find that my

daughter needs my attention at home. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit? Did you come after Herr Schönberg?

HELENE: He was to go out with me this evening.

ILSE: And he forgot? Your memory is not so long as you supposed, Waldemar.

WALDEMAR: Nor yours, Ilse.

ILSE: Don't you see the violets fading?

WALDEMAR: They are quite dried up. Come, Helene, to the theatre for a merry evening. Ilse, Auf Wiedersehen.

ILSE: Adieu.

(Waldemar and Helene go out. Helene's arm is around Waldemar. Ilse snuffs the candles on the Christmas tree.)

SONNET

Elizabeth Hart

Yonder Diana's silver crescent glows
Veiled by such fret-work as the birch-twigs
trace

Against the lustrous, arching blue of space,
Whence each swift second like a severed rose
Drops white and perfect, while the wind that
blows

The dream-wrought pennons of recurring days
Lingers a moment hushed in the still place
Where on eternity time's portals close.

Laughter and life slip surely from our grasp;
Silence and beauty and the stars remain,
And memory of a few hours we clasp
Tighter, perceiving joy part, still, of pain.
Seeking be one with seeking, cry with cry,
And music with the dreams that pass us by.

TO A CERTAIN LITTLE MAN

Diana Wertheim

*James Curry, M. D., and F. A. S.
Lecturer on Theory and Practice of Medicine
at Guy's Hospital, London, in VRVG where
John Keats Studied Surgery.*

James Curry, M. D. and F. A. S.,
Thin-nosed, hard-lipped, with sunk-in eyes
And look half sneer, half holiness:
O, surely he was wondrous wise,
James Curry, Lecturer at Guy's.

Theory and practice of medicine
He taught a poet, his picture says;
A poet—once back in seventeen:
So they show him here—they could do no less:
M. D. he was and F. A. S.

Once a boy singer with heart in pain
And mind aquiver with swift, wild things,
Learned to cut wide and to join again,
With lancet and scalpel to clip his wings.
Scars have sealed, but the boy still sings.

Science of wounds and the learned page
Might crow the years they could not fill;
And, stiffened in rules of a musty sage,
Songsters will lose the note for skill.
Would you, James Curry, have held him—
still?

Because you failed! And he slipped away,
Soaring, to laugh all prisonless,
You are a little alive to-day.
I wonder, did you ever guess,
James Curry, M. D. and F. A. S.?

NOBISCUM AD PARNASSVM



"Got to hurry! I've got poetry, metaphysics, ethics, refutation of Kant, the Einstein theory, *and* my German to do before yesterday," says Ahasuerus (A modest alias unquestionably.)

Yes, we ought to have expected this; what more typical of the undergraduate writer-editor than to make up his copy while his two creditors, duty and pleasure, batter at the door? And yet, curiously, the Yale "Literary Magazine" for April does not seem, in whole or in part, to have been written in ill-advised haste. Nothing could be farther removed from din of campus and drone of lecture-room than "M'sieu le Cure", wistful and delicate, or "Semel Pro Samper", charming though studied, or "Depuis le Jour" with its graceful rhythmical contours.

There is rebellion here, too—rebellion that with equal nonchalance quotes Greek and denounces traditions grown, to its eyes, not only meaningless but hampering. Constructive criticism is not lacking; indeed "Imbroglia" suggests a system of study not very different from that now being adopted at Smith in the plan for special honors. The Greenwich Village School is expounded with fluency; after all, the childish Villagers may be none the worse for their schooling when they have "grown up."

No present-day publication but must have its fling at the life of degenerating modern youth. Of its type "Blocks" is refreshing. The descriptive passages are oftener vivid than hackneyed; some good bits of characterization have been made to humanize the conventionally unconventional situation; of course there is a moral, and the old man's blocks fall, although abruptly, very pat (as indeed they might on several plots).

Re-fingering the pages when we have read even the advertisements, we pause over the editor's statement that "the LIT. is the gatherer of the thought of the college, the expression of the mind of Yale." This must be the secret of the Yale "Literary Magazine's" success.

Slender in form but not correspondingly slight in material is the February Bowdoin "Quill". The whole personality of this little periodical is straightforward and business-like, from the simple but effective cover design to the firm couplet that dismisses the reader and the powers of Woman at the same time and with no words wasted.

None of the "Quill's" lyrical offerings is particularly inspired, but the metrics of none of them can be questioned. As for prose, there are two stories, antipodes in setting at least.

"Youth and Old Age" is a presentation of the conflict between filial duty and young ambition; the scene is laid in a quaint Pennsylvania town. The details of background and turns of speech which contribute to local color are quite convincing. The three characters of the story are well drawn, and in the end come to natural decisions; but their trains of thought occasionally seem a little forced. "The Pearls of Fung Gu" is happy in rendering convincing a story that might easily have been told in such a way as to appear unplausible. The monologue form is well handled, but would gain in ease from being made more colloquial. The "Letter After the Style of Pliny the Younger" is a nice bit of imitation.

What the "Quill" most noticeably lacks is any direct expression, editorial or otherwise, of undergraduate ideas on the problems of college and its relation to life. Surely such opinions are not unformulated—why are they withheld?

The "Literary Magazine" of the University of Wisconsin appears in a form that is distinctive without being bizarre, and its content is not less agreeably individual. Undoubtedly a portion of its distinction and individuality comes from the co-educational fusion of the college girl's facility of thought with the college man's vigor of ideals.

In the April issue, mannish composition predominates. There is a certain easy colloquialism, a pleasant geniality, running through the entire magazine. Only in a few instances does this vein lapse into the over-jocular.

"The Younger Critics" raises an interesting question, but spirited criticism though it is, it pales beside "'Horrible' Dietu". "Morals for Higher Mammals" lives up to its title, and yet,

contrary to expectation, advocates reform without mis-stating facts. "Imitations for the Immortals" is well done, although imitations are growing, in general, trite. Henry James is well mimicked, as is Cabell; the impersonation of Dr. Frank Crane may be read with profit as well as relish by many of the modern school. "The Silliad" is turned off with a great deal of polish and local color—an original combination. Any institution of learning may well be proud of a poet indulging with such familiarity in references to the classics. "The Tale of the Desert" several times achieves the true Lindsaie flavor, although it is so long that it loses intensity. "Une Chanson de Shelley" is an extremely interesting attempt, that we dare not criticize. All the verse in the "Literary Magazine" is characterized by unusual firmness of structure. "The Professor" and "Inertia" are excellent studies, the former in more serious prose, the latter in small-town atmosphere and boy-nature.

Despite the editorial shriek of despair that prefaces the April issue of the Bryn Mawr "Lantern", its contributors manage to make a respectable showing in several fields of art. The monotony of printed pages is relieved by an attractive frontispiece, apparently representing a corner of the quadrangle.

"Our Lady's Day" is an entertaining and successful bit of prose, rather in the strain of "The Ingoldsby Legends." It is written with more restraint than "Sheet Lightning" a decidedly sentimental sketch bearing no particular relation to its title. The details of the setting are good, but the character of Garrett falls just short of verisimilitude; we are left as uncertain as he and the author on the question of why Chris-

tine should have been "enough interested in him even to write. "Natural Selection" is amusing, and by its very absurdity escapes giving an impression of strained humor. "The Why and Wherefore of the 'Flapper'" is a somewhat startling document. Gayety is, we confess, the prerogative of youth, but there are still rights and wrongs which even the young must recognize, principles far deeper and more significant than those we are told are "the same" principles, "only applied in the twentieth century", as those by virtue of which our grandfathers saw their Nellies home unchaperoned. "Impressionism in Prose" is a realistic catalogue of indisputable details that might perhaps divert the debutantes of 1999.

"Aulis to Leucomene" is an ambitious poem that displays love of the picturesque and power of versification. "On a Necklace in the Metropolitan" is more readable, but of course less difficult of achievement. "Cathedral Dusk" and "If I Were Dead" are both memorable, although the effect of this juxtaposition is a trifle gloomy.

We cannot take such a pessimistic view of Bryn Mawr's literary products as the "Lantern" seems to find inevitable. If the difficulty lies in obtaining material, would not a stimulus perhaps be afforded were the "Lantern" to beam forth every month instead of four times a year?

Dancers in the Dark

"A courageous novel of our gay young people by one of them."

The Shady Side of Prom or *Emigrant Victorians* would have been titles quite as appropriate to have served one gay young person revealing with so much compassion and naïveté the facts about

all the contemporary gay young persons who have strayed so far from the age of propriety. Miss Speare's self-appointed mission is to reveal. Miss Speare reveals doggedly. She hurries on, lashing forward the revelation from one sensational moment to another, possessed at all times of the bland assumption that she is a prophet of her people—the mirror of her age. She proceeds from the critical moment when the first Lashbrowine was applied to the gay heroine's innocent brow, through the bitter time when she "had to depend on that fairy wand" (four months later) and her daily peg from the cellarette, till "love quietly encompasses her" and she takes final, restful vows in her "temple of love". Do all the gay young readers feel themselves so accurately mirrored?

The book is written wretchedly. Not only is this "revealed" in the way the tale jumbles along disjointedly and then suddenly jumps at a situation, but the revelation of the author's idea of an English sentence seems almost a pitiful reflection on her educational environment. To quote, typically, "It was almost like his mother might have spoken". This and a rather inexcusable slip in character names speaks an innate slovenliness. The reader has been following with some amusement the antics of a Harry and a Steve who were taxi-riding when suddenly Steve disappears and a certain *Dave* crashes into the conversation. For one brief sentence he lingers there, and then mistily resolves back into his original Stepheness. The life may be fast but such a pace is a bit too much for any reader.

In character drawing there is nothing done at all; allotted to the heroine there is less than nothing. She, by name Joy, hardly opens her evilly rouged lips throughout the tale to utter wit or wis-

dom, but sits like a chameleon on her environment. When the environment drinks and smokes and keeps regular hours of coming back to the apartment at dawn, Joy does likewise, and then relieves herself by utter saintliness in the final approach to her temple of love.

Jerry is really done well. She is interesting and appealing, — not exactly plausible, but she can excuse her own luridity. As for the men, you find two swine, a Beacon Street cravat, and a good Sunday School Superintendent. There are few touches of articulation, though I imagine a bizarre contradistinction was planned for the girl who slept with the windows shut and never took tubs and was really exquisitely sweet and neat.

A. A.

Maria Chapdelaine

Louis Hemon has called his *Maria Chapdelaine* a "Tale of the Lake St. John Country." But a tale is naïve in its authorship and in itself. It has the same artlessness with which a child might relate the happenings of a marionette show. Certainly, *Maria Chapdelaine* is no tale. It is an idyll—a pastoral dealing with life among the sturdy pioneers of Quebec.

Maria, the daughter of a frontier farmer, a girl of fine strength, youth and womanliness, loves a trapper, François Paradis. In an effort to reach her home at Christmas, he is lost in a blinding storm. When Eutrope Gagnon, a neighbor and an admirer of Maria, brings the news, old Samuel Chapdelaine voices his resignation, "We are but little children in the hand of the good God."

But Maria is deeply crushed and grows to hate the forests and the storms, the rough, hard life. Just when she is

most receptive to the idea of comfortable, peaceful life, Lorenzo Surprenant from the States, comes to offer her marriage and a home in the city. Eutrope has nothing to offer her but the same rude life her mother led—a house in a clearing, baking, washing, the care of cows and chickens—and always the fear of lonely nights and snowstorms.

Finally, the death of Madame Chapdelaine, brings her to a realization that her place is with her own people, and she promises to marry Eutrope Gagnon.

The description of the dawn and brightening of love in Maria's soul, is a thing of beauty. The picture of her happiness is created from her conception of the best and most beautiful in her life—"Always had she dim consciousness of such a presence—moving the spirit like the solemn joy of chanted masses, the intoxication of a sunny, windy day, the happiness that some unlooked-for good fortune brings, the certain promise of abundant harvest."

Louis Hemon's development of Maria's struggle in the choice between two lives, is one of the few fanciful passages. Voices come to the girl in her solitude. It is the Voice of Quebec that says, "Three hundred years ago we came, and we have remained—we bore oversea our prayers and our songs. They are ever the same—In this land of Quebec, nought shall die and nought shall suffer change."

Those things that were much in their uneventful lives: Christmas—a picture of Samuel Chapdelaine singing carols to Alma Rose on his knee; "La Tire", boiling molasses and syrup spread on snow-filled pans; hard days of toil, clearing the farm; the haying season; berry-picking; mass at Peribonka and a talk with the curé—all give us a nearer knowledge of what these people were.

And we learn that the simplicity of these children of the forests embodies a depth and strength unknown to softer-lived people. Maria Chapdelaine, a real woman, fine, pure, religious, is a throbbing answer to those who deplore that the heroines today are all either depraved or meager-souled.

The story is intimate with Nature, Nature in all its aspects, even the wildest and most cruel. "A sadness rested upon the pallid earth; the firs and cypress did not wear the aspect of living trees and the naked birches seemed to doubt of the spring time. Maria shivered..."

The humor is gentle and sincere, and never slings. Always his laugh is with his people, and not at them.

The style is simple; Louis Hemon has a fulness of spirit that needs no bookish phrases to express itself. He is far from being a weak writer—he is a poet creating an exquisite lyric, a triumph of prose poetry.

A. B.

Through the Russian Revolution

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

"Through the Russian Revolution" is an account of the birth and growth of the Revolution and the Soviet in Russia, by a man who watched and shared in it as the representative of American Socialists. The personality of the writer pervades every corner of the book, and his viewpoint colors all that he sees and hears, from the significance of his conversations with Russian peasants, to his observation of the women crowding bread-lines in the streets.

The Soviets, or councils, formed directly by men in every branch of work,

are accorded very sympathetic treatment by Mr. Williams, who throughout the book stands firm to his belief in the peasantry and proletariat as opposed to the bourgeoisie. A few excellent bits of descriptive work appear, in relation particularly to the Revolution actual, and to the fields and woods more familiar as a background of the peasants than to the city streets where most of the action takes place. Keenly interesting are the facsimiles of Russian posters, the photographs and the appendices, that give a distinct note of authenticity to the book. The posters, issued as propaganda by the Soviets, represent vigorous attacks on illiteracy, health campaigning, and promises of alleviation for the condition of women, who have throughout centuries of Russian history been treated as far the inferiors of men.

"Through the Russian Revolution" will probably leave one of two impressions with the reader. He may feel that *Bolshevik* and *Soviet* have gathered their unsavory odor as a result of utter misconception, perhaps through anti-Revolutionary propaganda, and that the true purposes and methods of the Soviet merit our support and admiration. Or he may feel that Mr. Williams, American Socialist and partisan of the Bolshevik and Red Guard, as he is, has misinterpreted the sentiment of the people and the general excellence of the present rule.

It is interesting to compare this book with parts of Hugh Walpole's "The Secret City". Scenes of each book are laid in Petrograd: to see that city through the eyes first of an English novelist then of an American journalist is to see in two distinct moods the same woman—a temperamental woman. It is probable that neither mood is any reliable index to the woman's real charac-

ter. Her Russian temperament must be studied through Tolstoi, Turgenev, Pershkin, Chekhov: it is completely incomprehensible to an Anglo-Saxon man of letters. At least we gain from both books data concerning the Russian personality, and insight into the Anglo-Saxon mind.

L. P. G.

The Life and Death of Harriet Freau

(By MAY SINCLAIR)

Harriet Freau was born into a world tense with sunshine. There was something strained about her glittering laughter-loving childhood; a potent something which took away the delicious terror of disobedience and placed in its stead a frozen, puritanical monument which weighed her down and slowly, patiently, irrevocably crushed her to death.

Perhaps May Sinclair has only given us the story of the other girl, the one who did not live happily ever after. "Main Street" can point them out gleefully in infinite number—the maiden ladies. And Freud might have found her case of professional interest—repression; suppressed emotion; surrender of the man she loved to her friend; two lives wrecked; quite the common occurrence.

It is true that the story of her life is not unique. With slight variation there are hundreds of Harriett Freaus who hover around the edge of our lives, masked, unselfish women who sacrifice themselves to the breaking point and yet never seem to break. It is the terrible truth of it which is brought home. May Sinclair has not taken the romance out of the book; it is there, ever present, but ever just out of reach. And there is the sense of a whole life frittered away because three people could not tell each other the truth.

The effectiveness of her description of details, the ability to tell much yet say little, and a simple forceful way of twisting words about so that they mean ever so much more than they usually do,—these gifts of style have given to the book strength.

"Do you know what a dear little face you have, Hatty? It's so clear and still and it behaves so beautifully."

Few authors could describe their heroines thus succinctly and accurately or for that matter write a book so arrestingly with such a simple subject.

Here is a grim fatality, a tremendous power which has worked off its ego in an onslaught of sustained energy. But, thank God, there are limits even to the certainty of fate!

C. P.



THE PADDED STALL



When the above elaborate caption was first whispered to my colleagues, they received it with looks of veiled astonishment and requests for explanation. I explained, and there arose a divided murmur, resolving itself into "Ah ha! Isn't that clever!" and "But think of the unpleasant connotations!" Connotations there are, I must admit, but few that are not, in whole or in part, appropriate. We must be brave; we must face such facts at all costs. The intelligence of my readers I am sure supports me in this opinion. The same intelligence makes it unnecessary for me to repeat the explanation granted to my fellow-editors. If, however, anyone is puzzled as to any shade of meaning attached to the three short words, she may call at the *Monthly* room during office hours (Fridays from 4 to 6) and I shall be glad to serve her with complete enlightenment.

The idea of the Stall is of course, a steal on the Lion's Mouth, and the Contributor's Club, and the *Times* Mail Bag and a hundred and one other departments of the sort. It offers the glory of print to the critics,—be they students, faculty, or alumnae,—whose comments, favorable and chiefly otherwise, have occasionally reached our ears. If you think anything we publish a disgrace to the college, write and tell us so. If you

think (is't possible?) an article has been unduly dispraised, write and say what you think. If you disagree with an opinion expressed in the Stall or elsewhere, write your disagreement. Or if you have words to say which have nothing to do with the *Monthly*, but with the thought or attitude of the college as a whole, write them for us. Think of the tremendous good you may do, through the medium of our 2,700,000 circulation toward the benefit of academic humanity!

It is not necessary, however, for a contribution to be a frank expression of opinion, in order to gain the coveted honor of publication in the Stall. Any choice bit of writing, perhaps too virile, or perhaps too slight to be classed with the literature of the *Monthly*, may find its way into this elastic department. It may hold anything or nothing or both; it makes no pretence of art or reason or order or confusion; it is whatever it may happen to be and happens to be whatever it is. With which well-meaning foreword we proceed to the naturally slight month's correspondence, beginning:

DEAR PARKER:—

You asked me what I think of *Monthly* and swore to print what I said. I bet you won't. But, in brief, here goes for honesty,—

I think the *Monthly* has outlived its usefulness, if it ever had any, and the best way to improve it is to suppress it entirely. Outside of the freshmen, who know nothing about the thing, and the alumnae, whose regard is naturally softened and dimmed by tender memories, the *Monthly* is a recognized college farce. Scarcely anyone reads it at all, and the most of those who do read it turn to it for the burlesque material, which they find in abundance. Personally I have read the issues for the past two years as regularly as I could bear and have found only three pieces of work worth considering seriously. The poetry is the worst, I think,—consisting either of garrulous flows of faked emotion or laboriously rhymed sonnets and didactic verses. The occasional coy four-line poemettes which have been inserted from time to time are really pitiful. I suppose they were intended to add a “deft, light touch” to the otherwise ponderous publication?

This is really very bad taste of mine and I apologize before going further. But, really,—the fiction you publish is impossible. The most of your stories are merely long-winded sketches, or badly-focussed dialogues. The essays are better, probably because of the increased attention given to that form in several courses during the past year. But the very best of these are so slight as to be almost negligible. Heaven knows the board is not entirely to blame if the *Monthly* is in a hopeless state. I don't doubt of your critical ability in choosing the best from what is offered you. But when the best is the sort of stuff that regularly appears, it seems absurd for you to keep on bringing any more of it upon the public.

Anyone who takes the trouble to read the table of contents for a few successive

months finds the same names appearing and reappearing continually. They are those who have acquired literary reputations (and one wonders how they did it in most cases) and who take the *Monthly* as a medium for supporting them. The bulk of the college is uninterested and uncontributing. One person who really writes well has told me that she decidedly prefers not to have her work appear in *Monthly*. I believe there are others like her; although the greater part of the college cares little and knows less about writing, and has no use for the supposed literary medium of the institution.

That ought to be enough to tell you what I think of the *Monthly*. And yet I wish you luck in it this year, as you will of course do your best to start the life-blood coursing. Hurrah for the new era! But how much simpler and more natural it would be to let the thing die as it should!

In case you do stick to your word and publish this, please protect me from the onslaught of the literati, if such there be. I'll sign an inoffensive pseudo, such as

Consuelo Montgomery

Wily girl that I am!

So that is that. And next we have two sketches, one a revengeful appeal for sympathy and the other being in the nature of a shock to the laws of love and melodrama. Following these is some grim realistic writing, first in verse and then in prose, of which the supersensitive reader really should be warned. And after that will be found a conceited and dogmatic essay, which should rouse a tumult of revolt in every self-respecting reader's breast. So be it, and we proceed:

As Others See Us

GRACE CUTLER

I hate the Lecture Hound. She dampens my enthusiasm. She spoils my evening. I go to sit in the front row. She is sitting in the front row. She has been there for fifteen minutes. She is saving two seats for friends. Her coat is off; her arctics are off; her face is ready for emotional response. During the introduction she is seriously attentive. During the lecture she is alertly attentive, whimsically attentive or devoutly attentive as need may be. She claps, but not too unrestrainedly; she frowns. She disapproves? Oh no, the lecturer has frowned. Evening upon evening we have listened together. Do we discuss the lecture? No. Do we not plan to go to sit together? No. Why does she go to every lecture? Is it to satisfy requirements of curriculum? Is it to study human nature? Is it to encourage the lecturer? I do not know. I do not care. I hate the Lecture Hound. She spoils my evening. She came late to the lecture to-night. I was sitting in the front row. She bowed to me. I bowed to her.

"May I sit here?"

Thank goodness I could say, "So sorry, but I'm saving these two seats for friends."

The Man at the Tea

LUCY BARNARD

She met him at a large and stuffy tea, given one afternoon by a lady whose respect for wealth and aristocracy frequently collided with her fondness for eccentricity, to the embarrassment of her conventionally minded friends. He had entered with several others, and as if summoned, came up to her as she sat,

a little apart from the crowd, apparently bored and overwhelmingly superior. Interested surprise seized her when in their first few moments of conversation he made a brilliant disrespectful remark about teas in general. Taken off guard, she answered him with a giddy little sally, curiously incongruous with her seeming conventionality. Then for the next twenty minutes she found herself with a comrade who allowed his fancy to roam in wild freedom as hers did, whose human insight was deeper than hers, and far less cynical, and who drew out of her confessions she had made to no one but herself.

Suddenly he exclaimed that he had a forgotten message to deliver, and excused himself "for a few moments". She waited expectantly for him, but he never returned. He had disappeared as though blown away by the gusty small talk going on about the room. After he was gone she remembered that she did not know his name, a fact which had been wholly unimportant while he was present, but which became rather alarming as she considered the matter. He might have been anything from a well-to-do plumber to a prince in happy disguise. She made several casual inquiries about him, not daring to show more definite interest, but in no way could she learn who or what he was. Three long weeks passed in which she first glowed with hope and then became listless with despair, a hitherto dormant force within her demanding that she see him again.

One day in the third week, as she was hurrying along a crowded avenue, she suddenly saw him walking toward her. A quiver of excitement ran over her; her blood pricked her skin. Once more they were to meet. She would stop him and ask him to come to tea at her home the next day. To conceal her happy

surprise she glanced into a shop window.
When she turned he was gone, and she
never saw him again.

To her Rustic Lover

A Pastoral Revolt by E. L. R.

So now it is you would have me consent
To be your wife and work upon your farm
And give myself quite wholly to your will.
There is no nobler task for such as I
(You say) than to be fit mate to a man
Strong, like yourself, and honest, plain and
good;
To help you in your work, and keep your house,
And bear you many children, boys and girls.

This,—*my* life? Where you will come and yawn
When tired, and eat the stuff I've cooked,
Possessing me to make you comfortable?
Ye gods! how many, many years
Of bliss, if this be that, shall I endure
Before you die and leave me free again!
How I shall thrill to see my hands grow coarse
Slaving for you, and how I'll greet the day
I take to corsets to confine the thickening form
Which is the mark of married middle age!
And will we not delight in evenings spent
Before the fire, you, in your sweaty shirt,
Heaving with fitful snores, and I beside
Darning your socks, or reading in *Farm and
Home*

The latest way of butchering a hog?
At dawn I'll rise, and carol at the thought
Of cows to milk, and pails to lift and pour
And after wash in water specked with grease.
Then there'll be floors to scrub, soiled clothes
to soak,

And meals to cook, and children to be spanked,
Red, squealing brats, stupid like you, and fat.
On Sundays we shall drive somewhere to church
Behind a horse, or in your creaking Ford,
And coming home again to food and sleep
We'll pass light quips about the blight on oats,
Or whether Bess will have twin calves again.
So we shall spend our lives, a worthy pair,
Raising our crops of corn and family,
Increasing produce year by glorious year
Until old age comes on, when we shall sit
Dulled into silence, wondering which of us
Will first be carried to the graveyard lot

A happy life, a noble life we'll lead
Close to the soil, from Nature's throbbing
breast

Drawing our nourishment; bringing children up
To tread again the mill that we have trod.
Good Lord! I'd rather starve and freeze
And beg on city streets than live with you
In senseless toil, slave tied to worse than slave!
Leave me for heaven's sake! I cannot bear the
sight

Of your thick neck and stupid blinking eyes.
Does Nature often make mistakes like you?

Drunk

JANE WALDEN

While they welcomed the New Year
with furious hilarity, he presided at one
end of the littered table, crowned with
a bristling holly wreath and gloriously
drunk! Apparently unconscious of his
thorny halo, he rested his elbows among
the débris and snickered at the excited
crowd. His face was red and shiny.
For a while he solemnly hurled olives
and dinner rolls across the table; then
gradually he became more subdued, and
a vacant look spread over his puffy
visage. At last his whole attention was
completely absorbed by a teaspoon. The
wreath tilted to one side, and all power
of speech left him. He slept, blissfully
steeped in alcohol.

A Tweak for the Scio

We of the flippant younger generation
have been upbraided time without end
because we do not read. A smattering
of modern fiction,—perhaps also a slight
bowing acquaintance with the masters of
Poetry, and the Novel, and the Drama of
such-and-such a century we may have.
But do we browse along the highways
and byways of great Literature (always
capitalized) uncompelled? Do we ferret
the truths of life from their holes in
precious, musty volumes? Do we grow

and develop and blossom into ideas through our delightfully intimate contact with works of wisdom? No, say our accusers with vigor, we do not. No, we admit, we do not. It's a pity; we adore reading, but we simply haven't the time.

Here is where the blind orthodox go astray, and affirm that if there isn't time for reading, time should be made for it,—snatched in chunks from less worthy society and dutifully devoted to that of books. This is, of course, quite nonsensical advice. In the first place, it cannot be practical, for no one ever follows it. And seriously considered, there is no reason why any one should.

The common belief is that one ought to read, not for mere pleasure, but for inspiration of thought. One reads, and digests, and ponders, and then thinks up a neat new little thought to send forth, deriving from this process much benefit. Someone else reads, and digests, and ponders, and gives birth to another little thought. If good, these thoughts aid in the uplifting of the race, as well as in the purification of the individual. As to just what it is uplifted to, theory is not quite clear. But undoubtedly the cause is a worthy one, sufficient to make us all hasten to the absorption of literature and the effervescence of ideas. It's a charming fancy, don't you think? Quite charming, but so absurd.

In reality we do not read to inspire thought; we read to keep ourselves from thinking. There may be a veneer of other causes, such as the press of necessity or the desire for a reputation for being well-read, but the basic reason remains the same. We each have a certain amount of time to fill somehow or other; if left otherwise blank, it must be filled with thoughts. Thoughts that start from nowhere and have no firm connection

with daily life are likely to take the form of unpleasant questions, such as "Who am I? How do I come to be? When shall I die? And what in Heaven's name shall I do then?" Which, being unanswerable, tend to make one feel very lonely and morbid and helpless. Therefore there have been devised various amusements and occupations, their object being to fill time and stave off any unpleasantness as long as may be. Some persons choose to sing and dance, to eat and make merry; some choose to pray and chant and play with their souls; there are others who prefer to occupy their minds with books and reading. There is no reason why one expedient should be preferred to another, for all serve equally the same purpose. Whether our days are filled with work or with feasting, or passed in the improvement of our minds, is no matter of great importance. The necessary thing is that they should be filled somehow so that they give us pleasure in the moment, to prevent the futility of thought.

There is no occasion for the reader to scorn the habitué of vaudeville houses, nor the unread farmer at his twelve hours' toil. Essentially he is doing exactly the same thing as they, and will leave just as little mark on life after he is through. We have given us certain numbered hours; we naturally wish them to be as pleasant as we can make them. So they must be packed and stuffed full of one thing or another as dictated by personal taste. There is no reason why the preferred stuffing should be of printers' manufacturing.

If reading gives us pleasure, let us read away our time. If some one else prefers to pass his in a pool hall he is not to be despised, for his end is the same as ours.

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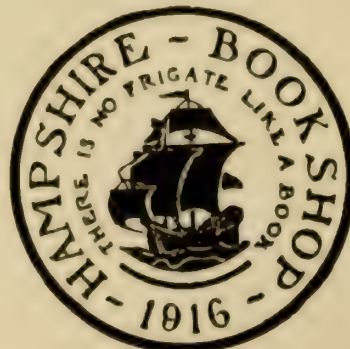
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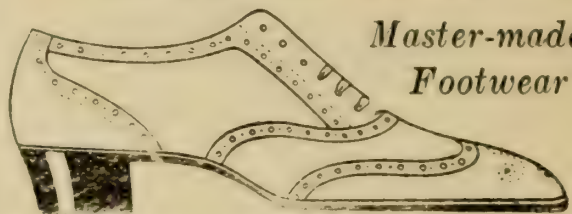
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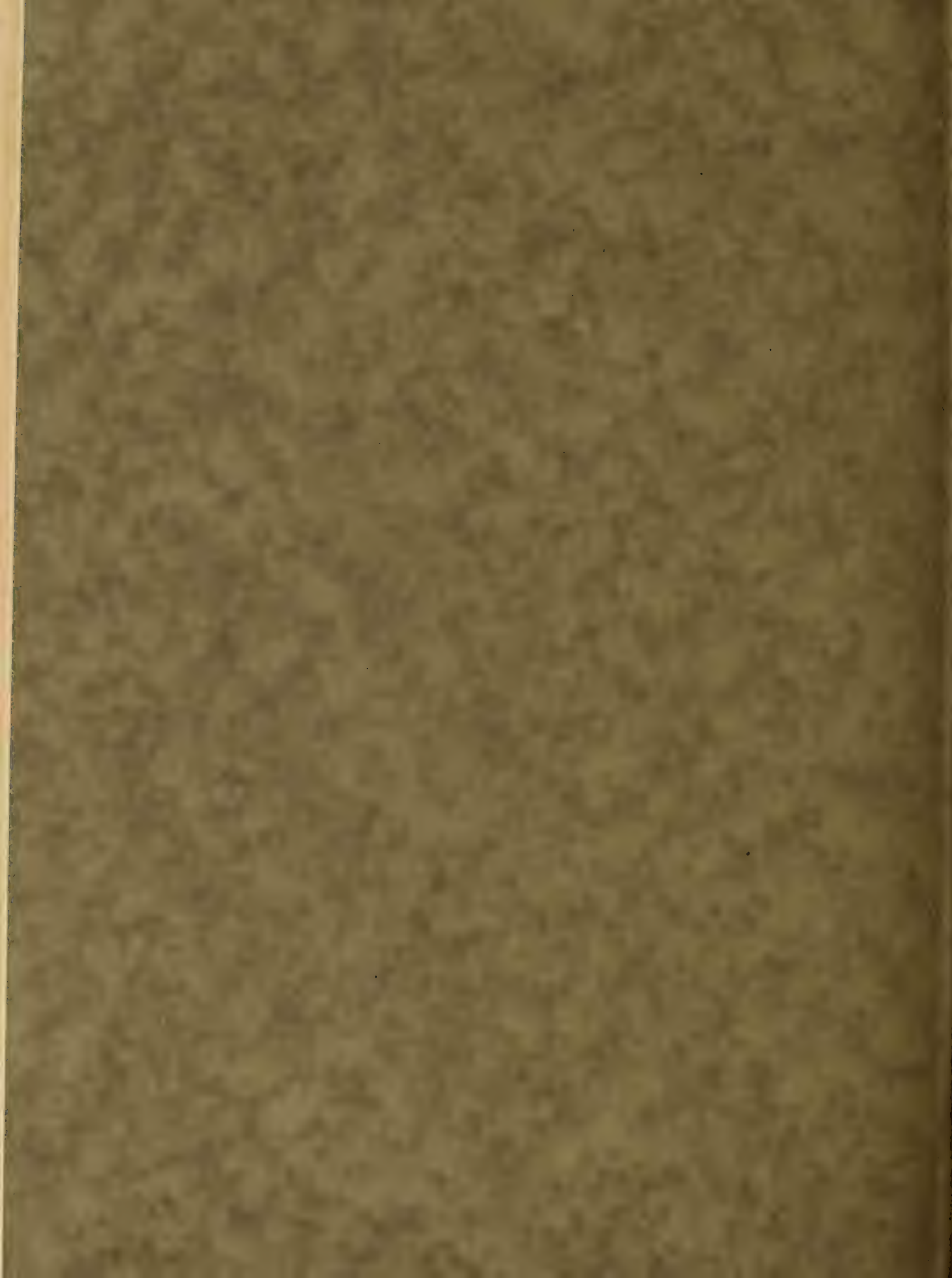
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JUNE - 1922

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SPIRIT OF SPRING	<i>Harriet Jacobus, 1922</i>	355
EDITORIALS		
AROUND THE BUSH		357
REFORMERS AND UNREFORMED		358
TIME	<i>Mary Murray Hopkins, 1899</i>	359
THE WONDERFUL TREES OF HORIZA	<i>Dorothy L. Johnson, 1922</i>	360
THE NAZARENE'S MOTHER	<i>Anne Walsh, 1922</i>	362
SELF	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	369
PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY BENSON	<i>Ermina Stimson, 1923</i>	370
INTERLUDE	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	371
EXPERIMENT	<i>Katharine Macomber, 1922</i>	372
PRACTICAL UTOPIAS	<i>Zena C. Freedman, 1922</i>	375
MARGARET FULLER—THREE CONCEPTIONS	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	378
UNE CHAISE SUR LE BOULEVARD	<i>Elizabeth Tuttle, 1922</i>	384
TO A FRIEND	<i>Harriet Bergtold, 1922</i>	385
THE LEGEND OF CLYTIE	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	386
THE WINTER'S TALE	<i>Doris Harrison, 1922</i>	388
PORTRAIT OF LOIS BROWN	<i>Ermina Stimson, 1923</i>	389
CRIGHTON MASTERS' FACE	<i>Sarah M. Clarke, 1922</i>	390
BEAUTY VEILED OR UNVEILED	<i>Helen Dana Smith, 1922</i>	399
LINES	<i>Barbara McKay, 1922</i>	400
WHAT MOTHER GOOSE FORGOT TO TELL	<i>Margaret Storrs, 1922</i>	401
PORTRAIT OF MARGARET STORRS	<i>Ermina Stimson, 1923</i>	402
EAST SIDE SKETCHES	<i>Frances Harmon, 1922</i>	403
CZIGANY	<i>Helen Harvey, 1922</i>	408
THE EMPTY CUP	<i>Charlotte Dorian, 1922</i>	409
TO ARTHUR RACKHAM	<i>Barbara McKay, 1922</i>	413
QUATRAINS	<i>Harriet Bergtold, 1922</i>	413
NOBISCUM AD PERNASSUM		414
THE PADDED STALL		422
SKETCH OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY		431

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SPIRIT OF SPRING

THE SMITH MONTHLY

VOL. XXX

JUNE, 1922

No. 7

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EDITORIALS

Around The Bush

There is something about "occasions" which has always struck us as being most painful. The conviction that something should be done,—and done gracefully,—simply because it is the time and place for the doing has been too often lived up to for the good of the world. In a way *this* is an occasion. The class of 1922 is graduating. Those of its members who have supported the *Monthly* are necessarily withdrawing their active support. This last number of the year is devoted to a final display of senior talent, recognized and unrecognized. Undoubtedly, now is the time for a few well-chosen words of appreciation and farewell. In that sense it is an occasion to be marked with care and a few pearly

tears. "The Adieu of the College Muse" would be a charming name for the pathetic final scene.

As the matter really stands, though, we are not feeling in the least graceful, and our firm convictions are that the something should not be done, even though the stage is set with time and place. The *Monthly* is not going to bid adieu to the 1922 seniors because it hopes to be on intimate terms with the 1922 alumnae for years to come. In reality the college magazine belongs to all Smith, of which only the minority rests in Northampton. Therefore we merely give and receive blessings with our departing seniors, and try to impress upon them the value of College periodicals in after life.

So, praise heaven, this is not at all the occasion for a literary farewell.

Reformers and Unreformed

The editor of a certain well-known periodical sent us a most amusing letter the other day. It concerned the poor "wild young people" over whom reformers have had such fun shaking their heads for the past two years. "Is American society, especially the younger part of it, undergoing a revolution in morals, manners or both?" demands the doughty editor, and goes on to tell us to weigh our words of reply well, because of their potential influence on parents, educators, and others of the 1,700,000 readers of his magazine throughout the United States. You see, he, like others of his generation, had lately heard less about the sins of our decadent youth than he did a year ago and so assumed that they were somewhat abated. His request for a "summary of present conditions" should have been met by a report of the triumph of good common sense over the natural extravagances resulting, of course, from the war. We derived much enjoyment from answering his letter. If our words were published, the 1,700,000 circulation seems blissfully unconscious of the fact; but the editor, at least, has been relieved of his hopes for a moral revolution.

If the ardent champions of reform,—and especially of a reform of the morals of youth,—knew how ridiculous they appear, would their activity be affected, we wonder? All the excitement about the "wildness" of young people like ourselves, the grave faces and sighs of our elders, the hot battles of words over our sins, have furnished a most amusing little farce, quite typical of such movements. It is practically ended now; the noble enthusiasts have had their little sport and are ready to pass on to fresh fields. The world hears less about

the behavior of the younger set simply because it does not want to hear more about anything that has lost its novelty. After the war, when the subject of atrocities abroad had lost its flavor, the scandal-loving reformers pounced upon the lesser disgraces at home, and especially the immoralities of the young, as fit material for their next fad. Certain popular writers, sensing their demands for material, gave what was wanted in the way of brutally frank exposures of our wrong doing. The public lapped this stuff up with gusto, and the moralists had an excellent time laying out comprehensive programs for reformation. Not less did the "young people" themselves enjoy the limelight of public disapproval. It's a lot of fun to be wicked before a properly horrified audience. There are many who will regret the passing of this evil's popularity.

The point that the outsider never seems to get is the fact that flappers existed long before they were christened, and that the term "petting party" aptly characterizes customs dating back to the first of the naturally curious youth of the world. "Conditions" of behaviour are the same now as last year, and the same then as for years before, and the same before as in the future. One cannot help but grow slightly wearied of the repeated senseless cries for reform, or of the yet more senseless assertions that reform is already accomplished. The only notable change from year to year is the variation of public interest which illuminates youthful vagaries brightly or otherwise. For the people must be kept amused, and the reformers horrified; it is for this reason that the absurdity "Wild Youth" has had such a long run.

One seldom recognizes a "social revolution, in morals, manners or both" until

after one has passed through the revolutionary stage. Thus, it would be extremely difficult to indicate the fact to our friend the editor, even if such a change were in progress. Personally we think there is very little change to be expected; nor do we see why there should be one. The best thing for American youth to do now is to bow prettily to its elders, thanking them for the entertainment their zeal has afforded, and retire to enjoy its amusements in obscurity.

We are very glad to publish in this issue Dorothy Johnson's sketch, "The Wonderful Trees of Horiza" which won the Mary A. Jordan prize for 1921-22. The prize will be awarded each year, and it will be customary for the winning composition to appear in the *Monthly*. It is particularly appropriate that the literary efforts submitted should be

judged by the standard of originality. A requirement more narrow or more binding could not properly limit an award in the name of Miss Jordan.

"The Nazarene's Mother", by Anne Walsh, and Barbara McKay's "To Arthur Rackham," both of which received honorable mention, are also published in this number.

The *Monthly* presents:

ELEANOR CHILTON

MARGARET STORRS

LOIS BROWN

and

MARGARET FRANKS

as the Seniors whose creative work, by vote of the College, has been deemed most notable.

NOTE—As two of the candidates received the same number of votes, it was necessary to include four names instead of three, as intended.

TIME

Mary Murray Hopkins

Though measured, yet thy step, fleet Time, is light,
Thy footfall, faint as bird-wings in the air.
I stretch my hand to touch thy form, so fair,
So young, but thou art gone—as swift as bright.

Thousands have longed to halt thy instant flight.
They call to thee in joy and in despair,
But none thou heedest, for none hast a care,
"Forward, forever,"—thy law, thy one delight.

In verse they've called thee Father Time; our Art
Portrayed thee venerable, staid; a slow
Hour-glass and scythe thy symbols: yet we know
Thou movest on like a strong pulsing heart.

No old man art thou, Time, slow, bent and gray,
But strong elusive youth whom none may stay.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The very lovely sonnet which we here reprint, was the last thing in the notebook of Mary Hopkins, who died a year ago. It has been printed in the *Unbound Anthology of the Poets' Guild* and we use it with Mrs. Hopkins's permission. Mrs. Hopkins called our attention to the singular coincidence in the similarity between Miss Hopkins's sonnet and the one by Katharine Lee Bates in the February *Atlantic*. There was of course no possibility of either having seen the other's poem.—The Smith Alumnae Quarterly May, 1922.

THE WONDERFUL TREES OF HORIZA*

Dorothy L. Johnson

Years and years ago, when the world was quite young, so young indeed that it wasn't very strong, the beautiful blue thing above it that we call the sky sagged in the middle. The mountains and hills it had rested on suddenly grew weary of holding it up, and they crumpled up and flattened out so that there was nothing for the sky to do but sink down. There was only one city on earth then, the city of Masunga, but when the sky sagged the people were so much put out about it and they made so much noise that you would have thought that there were as many people then as there are now. You can hardly blame them, either, for being angry, for how would you like to go around all bent over? You see, the sky had come down so far that nobody could stand up straight, and the beautiful houses that the people had built were all spoiled, because the sky was so heavy that it crushed them. Altogether it was rather inconvenient. Of course, the only thing the people could do was to dig holes in the ground and live in them, but they couldn't make the holes very deep because there wasn't room for them to pile up the dirt they dug out.

Now when the sky first sagged it was summertime in the world, but the days passed and no one was able to think of any way to put the sky back where it belonged. The king of the city sent messengers to the mountains and hills to ask them to please rise up again, because the people were getting so bent and rheumatic that they might not ever be able to stand up straight. But the hills and mountains were not at all agreeable and

sent word to the king that they were tired of holding up the sky for twenty-four hours a day with no reward, and that they belonged to the Union and would not work any more. They even sank farther down into the earth to show how determined they were. However, they were fully punished for their actions, for when they got down so far in the earth the water ran over them and covered them up, and they never saw the sun or sky again.

Of course the answer the king received only made him sadder than ever, because the weather was getting colder and the people's rheumatism was getting worse and there seemed to be nothing whatever to do. Finally the snow came and covered everything so that there was hardly room for the people even to sit up, and the snow made walking much harder. They began digging the snow out and making it into hard roofs and walls to cover the houses they dug underground and in this way they were able to keep some of the cold out. Having such cold houses they had to begin wearing fur coats all the time so that they didn't look very different from the animals who ran around on all four legs.

Now it happened that there was in this land a wise old botanist named Horiza, who had invented lots of new kinds of plants and flowers, and he used to plant all his latest inventions in the king's garden. He had a string of greenhouses about a mile long and he worked in

* Winner of the Mary A. Jordan prize for 1921-22.

these greenhouses all day. When the sky sagged in the middle it broke all his greenhouses and ruined all his experiments. He was very sad about the accident and for two months he did nothing but sit beside the broken glass and cry. But then it began to get colder and colder and at last he had to move, for his tears were freezing and he knew that he would soon turn into an iceberg if he didn't. He was quite irritated when he found that he could not stand up straight, and because he was so angry he dug a house out of the ground quite quickly and had it all furnished before the snow came. He couldn't forget, however, the work he had been doing all his life and so when he was settled in his new house he dug out another hole in the ground and covered it with a roof and walls of nice thin ice. He couldn't get any more glass because no one had done any work since the sky sagged and all the glass had been used up long ago. In this little greenhouse he once more began experimenting with some seeds that he had left in his pocket. He couldn't get many of them to grow, however, for he couldn't keep his greenhouse warm on account of the ice roof.

For several years he worked and in all those years he was probably the only man in the whole city who was working. The people were all too busy quarrelling and fighting among themselves, each blaming the other for the sky's sagging, while if they had only stopped to think they would have known that it was the fault of the mountains and hills.

One night, just before he went to bed, Horiza planted a new kind of seed he had discovered that day tucked away in the corner of one of the pockets of his coat, and the next morning he went eagerly down to see what kind of plant there would be. To his dismay the seed had grown into a huge tree and it had broken the ice roof of his greenhouse all to pieces. He was much discouraged, for he thought he would have to build a new greenhouse, when he looked up and saw that the tree had not only grown through the top of his greenhouse, but it had grown up almost out of sight and in that spot had lifted up the sky. Horiza was overcome with delight and hastened to the king to tell him the glad news. All the people gathered round Horiza's house and shouted with joy. They all took turns in standing up straight under the tree, though some of them were so crippled with rheumatism that they couldn't straighten up at all.

That night Horiza went all round the edge of the earth and planted his seeds, and the next morning when the people woke up, there was the sky back in the place where it belonged. Horiza was richly rewarded by the king, and he had more greenhouses than any other botanist ever had, and besides that, the edges of the world where the sky is held up by the trees he planted is called the "horizon" after his name. On clear days you can climb up on the roof or a telegraph pole, and if your eyes are keen you can see the horizon, and once in a while you can make out one of the trees that hold up the sky.

THE NAZARENE'S MOTHER

Anne Walsh

The woman's hands as she scraped from the pots the remains of the day's meal were old and worn and discolored. Her gray eyes were sunken and seemed to have no pupils. They held unanswered prayers and sighs and midnight vigils in their depths. The woman herself, as she straightened her back from her labor, looked very weary, not with fatigue of the body, but with long, fruitless waiting, the fatigue of the soul.

How long she had waited, how long! Thirty years, and still there was no sign, none. Elizabeth was dead, and Zachary, and there was no one now to share the watch with her. What had become of their son, he who had been thought destined for such great things? No one knew that. No one cared. It might be that God was holding back their triumph until His people had purged themselves. But who could bring them to submission, if He sent no one? Perhaps He had grown tired of sending, and would send no more.

If she could have turned away His wrath by sacrifice! That would be an honor too great for a woman, of so little value against the heavy pride of a rebellious nation.

It was a long time, thirty years. Slow, slow was the procession of days in Nazareth, into which no sudden deliverance could ever burst. Dry, hot days they were, like this, parching the soul as they parched the sands. It was very hard to wait through such days for a gradual change, but who could believe, as she had once believed with Elizabeth, that overnight deliverance would be proclaimed in Israel, while an army, small but mighty in the Lord, marched against despoiled Jerusalem? Now her

son was a man, and he worked at his trade like any other youth of Nazareth, more quietly perhaps, because he was slow like Joseph. Did he care nothing for the wrongs of his people, for the usurpation of the throne of his fathers? She had never understood him wholly.

Oh, thirty years was a weary length out of a woman's life to carry in the heart hope of a great king in Israel! And that king to be her son! Forty years in the desert her people had wandered—and had they never grown tired, tired as she was now? She drew a long heavy breath as she thought—thirty years.

In her girlhood—how beautiful she had been! Even she had been beautiful! The time had seemed near of necessity, so low had the fortunes of Israel fallen. Never so low since they had gone in chains to Babylon. The attempt of the Maccabeans at revolt, ending in failure, brought upon them sterner oppressions, more insidious temptations. She had known among her own kin some very old men who remembered the days of Antiochus. They fired her blood with the tale of how those who fled into the wilderness fell beneath the sword of the enemy, rather than profane the Sabbath. A great slaughter that had been, not soon to be forgotten; but this was worse. This was filth and horrible desecration. A golden eagle was displayed on the temple, and on the throne of David sat usurpers who made of the phrase "Kingdom of Israel" a byword, a common joke among Romans and natives as well. Sacrifice was offered in the Holy City to the emperor and his graven god.

Oh, her heart had sung in exultation that the Messiah must come at last. So

she had believed—thirty years ago—in her girlhood. Now she was older, not quite so hopeful. How was it possible that she should be hopeful any more than that she should be still young?

Suddenly she was full of sorrow for her disbelief, as though she had hurt a tender thing she loved; but she did not try to put it from her, knowing her weariness was too great. She was only a woman, and the Lord might perhaps not ask too much of her. Bitterness was in all the people, or indifference. Joseph, always irascible, always quick to find fault with her and with the boy, now that age bowed him down, was become sullen and unapproachable. He would not talk of Israel and its fallen hopes. Beset with the cares of life, he never thought of the promised joys, unless she spoke to him. Perhaps he never had believed. It was as though there were a devil at work in him, goading him, maddening him. Yesterday—how he had scolded her son when he returned without payment for the day's work! What names he had called him, with Simeon and Jude looking on, half pitying, half amused.

"How will we eat, thou good-for-nothing?" he had gabbled, leaning on his stick and shaking his head at them both. "How will we live, thou idler, thou Gentile, if thou dost no work? Oh, thou publican! How would you have us die, with debts and in disgrace? Out! Out! I will not have thee in my house."

But Miriam, amazed at her own boldness, had intervened. The boy perhaps had been too generous. She would not have him stingy. The debtor was about to set out to find the new prophet and there was need of money for the journey.

"Prophet!" Joseph had exclaimed contemptuously. "As much a prophet thou! Or thou!"

He turned upon Miriam with sardonic intent. An expression of pain crossed her face and she signed to the boy to go. She did not like him to witness Joseph out of temper with her.

Afterwards, she went to join him on the roof-top, when Joseph has become quieter. She found him rapt and silent under the pallid immensity of the sky, oblivious even of her approach, of the slap-slap of her sandals

"My son!" she called softly.

He turned from his contemplation of the plain and with a movement exquisitely graceful and tender, she thought, drew her down beside him on the parapet. Turbulence, wars, and oppression seemed very far away, so crystalline calm was the night. It seemed to Miriam that she did not live, that she existed without change, without event, in a changeless infinite universe. The feeling passed, but not wholly. While she discussed with her son the affairs of their country, far off she heard the tinkle of sheep-bells, and the near chirping and whirring of night insects, noises that were continuous and unvaried, part of the silence, part of the peace of the night. The boy told her about the new prophet who had appeared out of the desert, a man who ate only locusts mashed with water, and who drank no wine, who cursed the sins of the people with fiery words and summoned them to repentance with authority. Surely here was the man whom the nation awaited! Surely here was the long-promised Messiah! Joy, joy, thanks to Jehovah! Her heart sang as she listened; and sang again, as she thought over what her son had told her, while she performed her household duties.

Why had she lost hope now that her hope had at last appeared? It was enough that Israel should be saved. It

was of no moment by whom. Once she had longed to save her people through her son, as well as a woman could. Had an angel not announced it to her? Long ago, long ago. Then she had believed that an angel did come. While the boy was still unborn, and Joseph but lately betrothed to her. How frightened she had been, frightened with a great and holy terror as though in very deed the power of the Most High was overshadowing her. There was only her breathing and the voice of the angel, reassuring, even pleading; then only her wonder and her fear.

Was it true? Had she dreamed? She might easily have spun it from her drowsy fancy, even to the soft down of the angel's wings at his shoulders, great wings that spread and spread and shadowed her over. Oh, what was it the angel had said to her? She peered back into the past, trying to remember, but she could think of nothing clearly. Her mind was befogged. She had told it to Joseph, and he laughed, tenderly pleased, as though she were very much a child. Later, neither harsh nor angry, he had reproved—no, it was not Joseph who had done that. Or had he?

The other night—now she knew what she was trying to remember—she had heard him talking to the boy. The four others had gone to a gathering of men in the village, leaving them alone. She was on the roof-top, thinking of the many triumphs of Israel and its many falls. She thought of the books that were read in the synagogue, and of what was said, and she wondered if ever her son would speak to the people there.

"Thy father, boy?" she heard Joseph saying. "The Lord knows, but not I. No. Thou shalt listen to me."

She supposed Jesus had been roused out of his calm at that. She dropped

her head back on her shoulders with a breath too painful, too weary. What had prophecies to do with one woman? They were for the consolation of the race.

"Your mother—some say she is mad—"

Ah, it was he who had told her she was mad. It was not the angel, the angel that had never been. It was hard to believe that you were not.

"I—I say nothing. She waved me back the night of our marriage, saying, 'Touch me not. I am the Lord's!' The mad sometimes speak truth, my son. I left her. I was an old man, once married before. And I had my four sons."

"And me? And me?" cried the boy, his hands clutching his breast.

"Thou? It is written, it was thus she told me, 'A virgin shall bear a son—' But not you, not you, a carpenter of Nazareth. God is mighty, and does strange things, but how could it be you? It may be that thy mother was—but I say nothing. I know nothing. She is my kinswoman and I have kept silence."

Miriam, coming down from the roof-top a little while after, asked where the boy was.

"Wandering beneath the stars, like thyself, I suppose!" Joseph had snapped.

He was old, she thought, and had been sore tried. Would the deliverance come as Daniel prophesied, without bloodshed, without pain? Perhaps if not her son, then another gentle like him.

"Miriam!" came the peremptory voice of her husband from the bench outside the door.

Her reverie interrupted, she went quickly in response without stopping to turn down her outer dress, which she had fastened up at her waist to keep clean. She stood looking out into the

sunlight, one hand resting on the door-jamb with the soap-suds trickling down from it.

The old man moved his body around with difficulty. He was very old. His dirty grizzled beard was long and tangled, because he would not let Miriam cut it for him. His brown, rough garment, made by Miriam, was dirty and rubbed by wear.

"Yes, yes," he muttered indistinctly, nodding his head. "Yes, yes, thou cursed of heaven! What dost thou now? Thy mind—is it wandering again? I hear no sounds of work within, oh, thou worthy helpmeet! I—I work. Yes, yes, I work." He tapped his breast with his skinny wrinkled forefinger. "But thou and thy worthless son do nothing. You talk and you do nothing. Thou shouldst be condemned for bearing such a son, even as is a woman who is barren. Simeon, Jude, James, Josue, they are not like that. They are good, stalwart and earnest. Thou, with thy silly tales and dreams conjured in idleness, hast made the boy good for no honest labor. Hah! Get thee to thy duties. Out of my sight, oh evil, oh blighted, oh witless one! Leave off this anxiety for the affairs of Israel. They are not for—bah—for women—not for such as thou, barren and accursed! Go!"

Miriam's eyes glowed with sombre resentment, but she said sadly,

"Forgive me! I am indeed sorry."

Going over to Joseph, she knelt before him and placed his hand on her unveiled head.

"See, I will obey thee. See, I am thy servant."

His expression softened.

"Do thou forgive me also, Miriam, my kinswoman, my wife. I am hard to bear with. I am impatient. But I am now old—and my temper is much rough-

ened by adversity. I, too, love Israel, and am loath to see it brought low; but these burdens are not for thee."

He patted her shoulder feebly.

"Rise, rise, Miriam, what if any should see thee kneeling thus before me? The women would speak ill of thee. Go now. We are reconciled."

The afternoon wore on through the tasks of the day. She swept the floors. She arranged the few silken cushions which were left to her dowry, faded now and threadbare, like her dreams. Green like the new corn one of them had been; and blue, another, like her eyes in girlhood; and rose, and the violet of romance. So—! She baked the flat, oaten cakes for their evening meal and raked them out of the ashes at dusk. The boy had used to watch her when he was younger, and tell her sometimes of the great significances he saw in so little things.

The prophet John, he told her the other evening, ate only locusts and water. Who was his mother? Oh, fortunate woman! Had she hoped for so great a blessing, or had it come to her unwilling? She, Miriam, would not be unwilling, even were her son to go from her forever because of his mission. The prophet John was under pain of death. Even so would she have been willing to have her son a prophet, if he were to move Israel to repentance so that the covenant with the Lord might be fulfilled. It was not the covenant she doubted, nor the future greatness of her people, only her own share in it. In her disillusionment, it seemed almost blasphemous to think of her son as the Lord's chosen instrument. She feared the wrath of heaven that she should ever have dared to think it, and to rebel when she found it was not so. As she forced herself to fetch the water from the well,

the light of the setting sun, streaming down the rocky path, frightened her like a white-hot brand of iniquity. The townsfolk were right. She was mad and accursed.

Once she had almost lost him, her son. She trembled to recall it. Ah, how could she have thought that she would not care what would befall him, if only he were to save her people and the glory of her house? David was a great king before the Lord, but she was only a woman, who gave little sign of her royal descent. Nazareth was her birth-place and out of it she had never gone, except to Jerusalem every year for the Pasch and once into Egypt when Joseph had feared a return to the days of Antiochus—and once into Bethlehem.

It was at the time of the Pasch, when the boy was only twelve—perhaps. She could not remember. She could not be sure. They had gone up to Jerusalem according to custom, mingling with a loud-voiced gabbling crowd of wayfarers. There was much talk of politics, of the scandals among the Herods, of the new coins and their idolatrous stamping. It was debated whether a good Jew could make use of such money.

Miriam, rejoicing in the gathering of her people—like that—every year, felt her heart wrung by the thought that they were always a nation, always unique, always the Lord's chosen. She did not hate the Gentiles as the others did, nor even pity them. They were like ghosts that passed vaguely, or like men without sight in their eyes.

Now there was a young man, black-browed, bitter, shouting to a little knot around him,

“Jehovah has abandoned us and broken His covenant. Wherefore shall we keep it longer? Let us go. Let us sacrifice to the gods of our conquerors.

Mayhap they will help us also to conquer.”

Miriam burst in upon his discourse. Ah, if she had not been so heedless of the crowd, Nazareth would have thought her only sullen and unsocial, not mad! They would never have known the hope she treasured in her heart.

But she cried out, “Oh, my people! Heed him not! Full of lies he is, and of many deceits to bring about your destruction. It is we who have never kept the covenant of the Lord, we who must learn to obey Jehovah humbly, before he can entrust to us power and a high position. I know that even now the Messiah liveth. With mine own eyes have I seen him, and I know that he waits. Let us praise the Lord!”

In that very moment, she had felt the tug on her sleeve loosen. The boy was gone in the crowd. What countless hours of dread and despair followed the quick, icy pang of her loss! Would she feel like that now? Would the intolerable pain clutch at her again, if she were to lose him? Then she had believed him born for great things, to be the leader of his people. She had believed that he was lost, not only to her, but to her desolate nation. How long she had treasured that belief, turning it over and over in her mind, during a whole day's silence. The old priest in the temple had prophesied: the boy would be a great man in Israel; and her mother's pride softened the fierceness of her patriotism.

How young she had been to be so easily credulous! Yes, easily credulous. She had dreamed too often over her dream of the angel. So great a relief was it when they found him, listening with naïve precocity to the deliberations of the elders in the temple, that she felt the joy was well worth the loss. Not until her emotion had abated, did she re-

member his manner of answering, and feel uneasy at it.

"Son, why hast thou done so to us? For three days we have sought thee sorrowing."

And he, "Know you not that I must be about my Father's business?"

She sensed in him then something unprobed, unexplained, as though he were suddenly old, older than any living. It frightened her. She was uneasy lest he should not, after all, fulfill her hopes for him and for Israel. So many days she brooded on it, until his gentleness dispersed her anxieties.

She was wiser now—and old. She knew that he was not great, not heaven-sent; but she loved him. He was her son. How she had prayed to be worthy when she gave him suck! How she had sworn again and again to live only for him, born, as the old priest had said, for the salvation of many, and of his people, Israel! Ah, he, too, old man, was a fool, easily credulous. Those mystic, wondrous things—they were false, false. God was far away, and did not show Himself to women, neither Himself nor His angels. The boy was a carpenter. Soon he would leave her for good, and marry. A physical spasm of jealousy seized her at the thought. But—he was very handsome! She herself had been beautiful, oh, how beautiful! She gazed upon her hands. Shrivelled and yellow as they were, so was the rest of her once lovely body.

"Aie! Aie!" cried the dirty, half-naked little children in the square, as she emerged from the network of narrow, ill-smelling little lanes, heaped with refuse at every turning, and approached the well.

"Hail, hail, Mother of the Messiah, descendant of David, saviour of her people! Hail!"

They salaamed with great gravity.

Miriam's weather-darkened face grew darker, not in anger, but in pain. Perceiving it, the children renewed their taunts.

"Please, little ones!" she begged, awkwardly, being silent by nature and circumstance. "Why do you laugh at me? It is your race as well as mine that I mourn. Why, why do you laugh? Poor little ones, you do not know."

"Aie! Miriam, chief of Scribes! Hearken to the voice of her wisdom," they clamored.

"It is your race as well as mine that I mourn," mimicked one of the group, an urchin with snapping black eyes, who wore a dirty little rag across his shoulders in imitation of a skin.

"Why, why do you laugh?" continued another, who wore nothing at all.

"Poor big one! She does not know why we laugh."

Miriam's thin shoulders drooped. She was so accustomed to the jeers of children and parents that no sigh of complaint escaped her. She was too listless to sigh, only wondering passively why the children mistreated her, while loving her son so. They followed him about everywhere, adoringly. His strength pleased them, and his quickness at their games. People were strange, she decided, unaccountable even in childhood. They behaved so oddly.

She swung the heavy earthenware jar to her shoulder, forgetful of the now faltering mockery of the children. They had, she supposed, exhausted their witticisms. Her loneliness, her one or two bursts of emotion, supplied them with many.

The jar bruised her flesh. That surprised her, because it had never done so before. A strange, shivering presentiment which she had been keeping at bay

all the afternoon, was stealing over her. The sun had gone down so swiftly that it seemed to have fallen into a void, never to appear again. The sudden chill of evening, the quick silence that comes with the day's end, made her apprehensive. So she had felt when she had seen, or dreamed of, the angel. But that was good. This chill, this silence, this apprehension was like the heart of a great fear.

She hastened her steps. The menace hovered all about her. Just so had the downy wings of the angel overshadowed her with kindness. Only there had been no angel. It was a dream. This was no dream. It was real. She could not shake it off. It impregnated her, a creeping horror which she could not define. It was beyond definition, beyond all previous experience. That was the terrible thing, its indefinability, its lack of object. She hurried faster. The water spilled unheeded down her gown. Her veil slipped from her head. She did not adjust it.

"My son! My son! My son!" She muttered to herself. People, seeing her disordered condition, went home to tell their families that Miriam, wife of Joseph, had had another seizure. She did not notice them at all. A thong of her sandal became loosened, almost tripping her. She kicked the sandal off, and limped on without it. Terror was at her heels, terror was at her throat, as she came up the stony declivity before the house and saw no one at the door, no one on the roof.

Stumbling across the threshold, she stared about her wild-eyed; and a voice soothed her.

"Dear mother!"

She set the water-jar down carefully, before taking her son in her arms, and his face into her cupped hands. She

gazed intently at its outline, blurred by the short dark beard, and at the wide eyes, full of understanding. Her son, her first-born, her only son! Brushing a lock of the untidy thick hair from his brow, she laughed and cried hysterically.

"Oh, my son, my son!"

He looked at her sadly.

"Why wert thou uneasy, mother, concerning me?"

"Oh, but I was, I was!" she sobbed incoherently. "All day have I been thinking of thee, my troublesome big son. I do not know why I was afraid. The night-shadows were coming upon me, who am silly and weak and a woman. To-night, after supper, we will sit on the house-top together, and thou wilt tell me what thou hast done all this long day. Ah, when thou wert a baby, and so small, thou wert no trouble to thy mother. Thou didst play and romp all day in the sunshine at my feet. Oh, such a baby as thou wert! Never have I seen such a one. So beautiful, healthy and strong as a young ram, the horns of which have not yet budded."

She laughed happily.

"Where is Joseph?"

"He is in the inner room, Mother—" His voice changed. "I have something to tell thee."

The evil that had driven her up the hill to the house clutched at her again.

"Tell me quickly. What is it? Quick. I am afraid, my son. I am very much afraid."

"I am going away. I shall never come back to Nazareth again—not thus."

"Why, my son?" she asked piteously.

"Thou knowest."

Their eyes met. She could not read his, but they were kind and strong.

"Very well, my dear, dear son. But," she drew a long breath—"thou art all I have, dear. Dost know it?"

“I must go. I cannot choose. Dost thou not know, thou, my mother?”

Miriam knitted her brows in pain.

“I do not understand thee any more, my son. I think that thou hast a spirit I know not of. Where dost thou go? Tell me at least where thou goest?”

“To the desert,—and to John, to him who is called the Baptist, so that that which was foretold of me may be accomplished.”

Miriam’s head was bowed. When she raised her face a great gladness lighted it.

“Go, then, dear one! And the Lord’s blessing with thee! May He keep thee—” her voice broke— “safe.”

That night Miriam sat on the house-top alone, looking over the plain, and fancying that she could follow her son’s figure, as he went his way east to the Jordan.

“Aie! Aie!” cried a passing child, catching sight of the motionless figure silhouetted against the sky. “Hail, Miriam, mother of the Messiah!”

SELF

Adelaide Cozzens

A little while, the spirit of my life shall last,
 After I am gone,
 Like the thread of smoke
 When a candle is snuffed out;
 Or the wake of a ship that has passed.
 Yet—smoke that rises
 Shall fall again in tiny dust
 For breath of flowers—
 And waves there are in the sea of oblivion
 That toss the faded trail of ships that have gone by
 Across the unsailed courses of ships to come!
 —So ages and ages hence,
 Some tired soul may feel refreshed
 By thoughts that once were—me.



— DOROTHY BENSON —

INTERLUDE

Dorothy Benson

Oh, loneliness that comes at dusk
With darkening skies and rustling leaves
And lights lit, far apart,
And sunset glow on night-calmed seas,—
With might confessed you hold my naked heart.

The petty pride to ward off blows
That each day hostile brings,
The flickering hope or valiant lie
Lest any know the truth of things,—
'Tis good, unseen, to lay them by.

Oh, loneliness of dumb unquenched despair
Where human comfort cannot go
Of pain too dim for thought to heal,
Desire too new and strange to know,—
Life is pretense; only your power I feel.

EXPERIMENT

Katharine Macomber

"Jim, listen to this."

"What is it, my dear?" from Jim, trying to drink a cup of very hot coffee.

"Really it is too funny—I'll read you—from an editorial—'New York is one of the loneliest places in the world. No foreign field offers greater work than New York. What we need is some one who will bring us together. Each leads a lonely life save for a few friends, unknowing and unbeknown to the rest of the city. Every one is lonesome—'. Now isn't that delicious?" and pushing down the paper, Dorothy turned a fresh young face dimpling and smiling in the direction of her husband. Suddenly her face became serious. She frowned and bit her under lip.

"You know," she began before Jim had time to make a remark, "you know, Jim, that's true of West Newton. We're as cold in this town as a jug of frozen cream. We ought to be more friendly, especially to strangers. New England any way is frigid enough, but city suburban New England is impossible."

"Well, my dear, what are you going to do about it?" Jim by this time had half consumed a slice of toast, and was managing very well with the coffee, after an addition of cream.

"Jim, the ever practical," said Dorothy, pursing her lips in a sarcastic little smile.

"It is sometimes necessary. In the mean time, may I have a trifle more coffee? It is too cold. But tell me, Doro,—what *do* you propose to do about it?"

Dorothy filled the cup and passed it back in thoughtful silence.

"I know one thing, my dear—no one could be lonesome long with you around," Jim added.

Dorothy threw him a kiss, then sighed. "Jim you're such a love—do you ever suppose I'll be sorry I married you—you're—"

"Good heavens I hope not. What's the matter?"

"Nothing—It just popped into my head. You're so slow and steady, and I just leap into things, and bob around—and—" but Dorothy's words were muffled—then—"Stop Jim. Five in succession is the limit—but one more if you're good. And now let me give you one. Why do you have to go to work?"

"Bread and butter, dearest; and I have six minutes to catch the train."

Jim caught up his hat, and waving it ran out the door. "Good bye, and don't get lonesome," he called back.

Moodily Dorothy cleared the table, and brushed off the crumbs. "It is true," she said to herself, "even though Jim does laugh—" and then she drowned out her voice by the noise of the running water in the pantry.

* * * * *

Jim came home late that night, for it was the first of the month. Dorothy had not waited, and so when he came down stairs, his face shiny and glowing, there was only one place set, and a smiling wife sitting opposite, her elbows crossed on the white table cloth.

"I thought you'd never come," she said impatiently, "but it kept hot, wonderfully—not a thing spoiled."

"It looks simply marvellous," said Jim, lifting the various covers and

sniffing, "but tell me how's the girl been today, and did she work the Polly Anna stuff—Huh?"

"Oh Jim, you'd die—so funny—I get hiccoughs even thinking about it," and Dorothy's shoulders began to shake. "I wasn't going to tell you at first—but I simply must tell some one—and you'll know sooner or later—and besides you'll get a laugh—I hope," and Dorothy began to laugh again.

"My soul, what on earth is it?" Jim put his soup plate one side and looked up expectantly.

"Well you see it was this way," and Dorothy tilted her chair forward, and leaned her shoulders a little further over the table. She made a very pretty picture in a dark blue dinner dress with the white cloth as a contrast and the light shining on her shoulders and bringing out the gold of her hair. Jim would have like to have told her so, but he didn't dare interrupt, and so contented himself with another piece of egg plant.

"I took the car out to go shopping," continued Dorothy, "and was driving home by way of the boulevard, when suddenly I saw an old gentleman carrying an umbrella and a big bag—and right there I began thinking of that lonesome story. The poor old dear had missed the trolley I thought, and was a stranger, and had to walk goodness knows how far—so I stopped and asked if I could give him a lift. As soon as he was settled of course I should have asked him where he wanted to go, but I was so full of my new theory, and you know when I once get started—"

Jim nodded with an amused smile.

"—And so I rattled on without giving him a chance to say a word—about the article, and we were so cold on top, but everybody wanted to be friends under-

neath, and was really lonesome,—and that's how I had picked him up, a stranger. Here he tried to interrupt, but I ran right on, and said I wanted to be friendly, and show him that West Newton wasn't so snobbish as he might at first think—"

"But how," broke in Jim, "did you—"

"That's just it. I didn't. Didn't know a thing about him—but he looked nice, and it was a terrifically heavy suit case for I moved it over to the back seat. The bag gave me the idea he was just coming to West Newton and besides—I was so afraid he'd ask to be put down before I'd worked my experiment. So finally I asked if he wouldn't like to drive around West Newton a bit, and see what it looked like before we had to stop. That apparently touched him, for he bowed his head slightly, smiled and said he always had wanted to know exactly what West Newton was like. Seeing this was the first desire he had expressed, I felt I was getting somewhere at last. I drove up and down every street in town, pointing out all the landmarks, and telling him all the local gossip—"

"But, Doro—a stranger—"

"I know it, but he was so entertained. He laughed and understood just the way I felt about some things. We went by that big place of the Adams', and I told him all about the row between the old man and your father—over that corner lot of land where the two places joined—"

"Good Lord! Why bring in family affairs?" cut in Jim.

"Couldn't help it—and besides it was so absurd to squabble over who owned that fifteen foot strip—they each had enough other land. I know it was your father, dear," and Dorothy reached

over and patted Jim's hand. "but you must admit it was absurd—"

"Yes. I'll grant you that," said Jim nodding.

"Well, the old gentleman enjoyed it a lot. He was quite sympathetic with Mr. Adams at first—then it seemed to strike him as a joke, and he chuckled and asked more questions. He had awfully nice grey eyes, and if he had had all the beard trimmed off and about fifty years off his life, he would have been stunning.

"As it was I looked at my wrist watch, and saw one-thirty, and I felt as empty as nothing at all. We were rounding the corner of our place, and so I popped out, 'Won't you come to lunch?'—"

"Good heavens! And I bet you didn't even know what his name was?"

"Isn't that funny—great minds you know—but that's just what he said, 'My dear, you don't even know my name—but I am going to accept all the same, and get acquainted with my next door neighbor'. Well! I got limp—The car stopped in the middle of the driveway. 'Neighbor?' I gasped, 'why you're a total stranger here.' He answered in a quiet tone, so I realized that from the contrast I must have been shrieking, 'Yes, I *am* a stranger to you, but as a matter of fact I live in the house we have just passed. Let me introduce myself,—Mr. Adams—the old gentleman who quarreled with your father-in-law.'"

At this point Jim dropped his fork with a clatter.

"I couldn't move with the horror of it," went on Dorothy. "Here I'd been showing him all over West Newton where he had lived all his life, and I have lived here exactly five months and ten days—and then to tell him all about

himself, and he chuckling away on the next seat—and I said such awful things. I felt positively paralyzed. Then I heard him talking—'Well let's carry the vegetables and things you've bought, up to the house,' in the most matter of fact way. I then proceeded to apologize—in a flood. He patted my shoulder and said, 'My dear,' and beamed as if I'd been feeding him candy. I was so upset I had completely forgotten there wasn't a maid to welcome us with a neatly served meal, and so—"

"You didn't take Mr. Adams out into the kitchen, did you?" apprehended Jim, aghast.

"I certainly did, and an apron tied under his chin to boot—and we ate bread and milk and blue berries on the kitchen table too. We acted like two kids and talked!!—and then the whole situation would strike us funny all over again. My sides ached. It was five before he started to leave—and I hadn't stalled the car after all, but the gas had run out, and so my poor old gentleman with his bag and umbrella had to walk home just the same. We said good-bye standing on the corner lot, and he wants us both to come to Sunday dinner, for he wants to meet you all over again.—And now let's go into the next room. You're all through and Jane, who's here to wash the dishes, will clear off—"

"Really, Doro, I don't know what on earth I'm ever going to do with you," said Jim looking down at her with a puzzled air.

"Fudge" was Dorothy's rather inconsequent return, as she curled up on the couch in front of the fire, and patted the pillows next to her, invitingly. "—And you know," she went on, leaning her head on Jim's shoulder, "the queerest part of it all was—that he said he really *was* lonesome."

PRACTICAL UTOPIAS

Zena C. Freedman

Utopias! Dreams! Pleasant things to juggle with and talk about. Plato, More, Campanella, Bacon and others have written delightful Utopias. Such fiction! They make delightful reading. Campanella's "City of the Sun" is really charming. The funniest episode! Most curious ideas! Bacon's "New Atlantis" too. Whatever made those men write such fantastical unrealities? Nice to think about, but oh, so improbable.

Unrealities? No! Only something like beautifully chocolate-coated pills—painted to make things look exactly like what they are not. Indeed those men have engaged in the game of "opposites." How wonderful it would be to live in those Utopias where everything seems to be exactly the opposite to what we have. And those opposite things seem to be just what we want and are craving for too. Yet they seem so unattainable! Thus do we often regard those Utopias, especially students who must read these "amusing" books perforce for some course or other—be it Sociology, Economics, or English Literature. When, however, we truly stop to think, Utopias, when lowered gently to earth, seem not quite so fantastical and other-worldly. Why not have a Utopia here? There are some individuals who claim they can live—actually make realities—ninety percent. of their dreams. And some have done so. True, they must have certain qualifications—will and the power to fight for those ideals they deem most worth-while, once they have found them. A world Utopia or that of a state may be looked upon as the embodiment of the ideals—the dreams—of the world

or state. May not ninety percent. of the dreams be made actual realities? We are willing, no doubt, to allow ten percent. for a few slight imperfections, and blame it all upon that power beyond our control which has fortunately or unfortunately planted such varieties of human beings and placed so many obstacles in the path of human activity and progress.

The "raison d'être" of the Utopias is far from imaginary. Nor was it without definite aims that More, Bacon, and the other Utopians presented their dreams to the world. Those men prophetically knew that certain wise interpreters would present the true meaning of their dreams—and warn, advise, and act accordingly. Those all-embracing satires we call Utopias are nothing more than criticisms of economic, social, and political conditions, existing in great part to-day under different cloaks, comprising a system of civilization which secured the maximum amount of misery and suffering for all but a small percentage of human beings. There seem always to have been some dreamers, however, practical dreamers, fighting hard, striving to make real a part of their dreams. There have been economic reforms, political reforms, more widespread education, anything to alleviate some of the existing injustices and misery. The late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have made Utopians—practical Utopians—in large numbers.

Almost like a fad, that habit of dreaming spread like wildfire. For the masses in the different countries, first slaves, then serfs, then laborers, eeking

out their miserable existences—such as a present-day self-respecting dumb animal would scoff at—for those masses, the Utopian dreams became a living fire and spirit, awakening their deadened souls and intellects to new life and action. The goal was found. It was the ideal of life which must be actualized in the world—the elimination of deplorable conditions, and the substitution of conditions which will aid in the perfection of the human race—education, intellectual development, happiness for the large majority throughout the world. Under dream-inspired leaders wonders began to happen. Revolutions! A new fad. A good weapon for overcoming obstacles in the path of realization. Economic, industrial, social and political revolutions. All kinds! Man's very nature seemed to undergo a revolution—an intellectual revolution. Man suddenly discovered he had the great power of reason, and the right to use it. He did—with astonishing results. Indeed, as after every revolution, things were overdone. Men ran wild with the new freedom, and the world was swamped with systems of philosophy and sciences for which their creators are sometimes praised, sometimes cursed, as the case may be. So till this day conditions have been slightly improved. Humanity has become more enlightened and broadened, however questionable the statement may seem to some—and all through Utopias of one kind or another. As we look back we find that those dreamers like Plato, More, and the others coming after them, deemed rather wild mental speculators in their day, have proved quite logical, far-seeing, tangible stepping stones in the chain of progressive changes bringing us little by little (no matter in how

small a degree) to the ninety per cent realization of the Utopia of the world. 'Tis a rather long and weary road, but what a keen glow of pleasure the dreamer can feel in seeing the goal at the end approached degree by degree. But even the little genuine progress we have made has proved too much for large numbers of people whose dreams seem to be travelling backward instead of forward. Like people with weak mentalities, they are slow to grasp the meaning and significance of new things and so offer great resistance to the swift progress the higher mentalities might make. They keep the others back. And it is this mass of retarding individuals that makes the road to the Utopia harder and longer to travel. 'Tis truly unfortunate that all have not yet learned to dream. Some cannot even see things as they are. Politicians, for example, have not yet learned to remember that the laws they establish are to be applied to human beings. They too often forget the true purpose of law. Diplomatic etiquette must be observed at all costs. What if the individual inhabitants in a country are starving and dying, the "country" must be treated thus and so—diplomacy demands it. One has but to recall the policy of the allies towards Russia during the last few years to realize how little the human side is considered and taken into account. Yet Russia has taken the longest stride within these few years, toward attaining the goal of a Utopia. How sad that the makers and executives of law should so unwillingly consider human beings above law documents. What if by the new immigration law, a baby will not be admitted with the rest of the family because it happens to have been born in Turkey and the quota for that country has been filled? Such all-feeling administrators too! It is

nothing to deport a child of thirteen after she has landed here safely, because she had developed a slight infection, admitted to be easily curable. What difference if the child did have many relatives here to take care of her? She must be deported to wander alone somewhere in Europe.

The main hindrance to progress is that so far those at the backward end of the scale have been more powerful in keeping the masses there. But now the scale seems to be tipping more and more in the other direction.

Several Utopian schemes have been tried and have failed. The experiments have been too small and too isolated. The time was not yet ripe. In Russia to-day, for the first time in history, Utopian laws actually exist on a national scale. The nationalization of production, the ideal industrial conditions, provided for, the educational and general cultural laws passed are the most progressive laws in history. Whatever one's sentiments may be politically towards Russia, it must be admitted that were she in a condition to carry out all the laws, Russia would be the most enlightened country to-day. A Utopia would be well nigh realized. In one country at least the economic struggles would not be so great, and human capacities would be trained and utilized, not stifled and wasted. But, either because it does not see the light at all, or because it fears to face a new

system, the ever powerful backward force is using its power to thwart the realization of a Utopia in that state. The political dictators of the other countries (no matter what they may secretly think), keeping the rest of the political parasites under their thumbs, have done about all they could to cripple Russia; so that, under the torturing conditions it is now combatting, Russia can hardly keep body and soul together, much less live up to its ideals expressed in the laws. And this the rest of the world watches, criticizes, laughs at, and condemns. For this reason true progress is difficult, true human freedom hard to attain, and the process is exceedingly slow, seeming hopeless at times. Man has not yet learned to be farsighted, to realize that progressive changes are inevitable. Above all, man has not yet learned to recognize a certain goal he has been idealizing when it is reached. But there is hope. Century by century true dreamers increase. They will keep increasing, and it is not too rash a conclusion to say that, despite the unenlightened pigmy intellects incapable of vision at all, despite the obstacles they place in the path of progress, despite many deplorable conditions, we are travelling little by little toward a true civilization, not sabotaged barbarism, and we shall at some—at some rather distant—stage have a real Utopia on earth.

MARGARET FULLER—THREE CONCEPTIONS

Adelaide Cozzens

Even in the advanced present, there is, perhaps, no one more open to criticism than an eccentric woman who, either by accident or with malice aforethought, comes before the public. How much more was she the mark for jibing, ridicule, satire, and scorn, in the early part of the nineteenth century when the road that leads from Boston to Grub Street, Italy, revolution, and romance, was still an unblazed trail to her. America then was not accustomed to looking on while a woman stepped over the threshold of her home into a larger world. When appeared a woman who dared to hold an individual opinion concerning the status of her sex in society, Emerson, the loveable, smiled at her with amusement, Lowell gleefully played all the force of his wit and humor upon her, and Hawthorne, the reticent, turned her into such a wicked tragedy queen as his youthful imagination enabled him to conceive. Indeed, hardly a woman has been laughed at so much as Margaret Fuller. Pioneer feminist, advocate of women's rights, journalist, and investigator of charities,—these are the functions she performed and these the terms in which the world thinks of her. The nineteenth century seemed to ignore the gentler, more womanly side of her nature. Except for Hawthorne, who transformed her into an emotional heroine, she has been portrayed as the first "highbrow" with all the disagreeable associations that accrue to the word.

Hawthorne, no matter how he may deceive himself, nevertheless founded the character of Zenobia in "The Blythedale Romance" upon Margaret Fuller as

he knew her when they were at Brook Farm. Either consciously or unconsciously, he realized the possibilities of the romance in her that hardly another person suspected. He transformed her into a woman of mystery, beautiful, gay, charming. But, with his weakness for characters with a moral struggle, unsatisfied by her exotic nature, he gave her a Puritan conscience, and showed the conflict between her desire to win the love of Hollingsworth at any cost and her resolution to play fair with her rival, Priscilla.

Although there was nothing foreign or mysterious in Margaret Fuller, there are so many close analogies in character between the real woman and the literary figure that one seems to have inspired the other. Both Margaret Fuller and Zenobia were capable of strong feelings, but the love story of the woman who lived and breathed is more romantic than the novel.

Zenobia, like Margaret Fuller, was a believer in feminism; but while the real woman upheld her opinion all her life, the heroine evinced by drowning herself when she failed to inspire Hollingsworth with love that she considered her life a failure. By her tragic end, however, she did not put herself on record with the Juliets of literature, for, in her self-love overweighed her love for Hollingsworth. On the contrary, Margaret Fuller's death was the last sacrifice that her generous nature was called upon to make. After the ship which was bringing her, her husband, and her child home to America was wrecked, some of the sailors on board offered to try and save

her. Some of the crew managed to reach shore. Although the chances of life were small, they were such as many a person would have risked to escape drowning; but Margaret Fuller chose death with her husband rather than the possibility of life without him. Hers was a victory over life; Zenobia's end was a surrender.

Another similarity between them is the gift of mimicry and acting that they both possessed. Emerson says that Miss Fuller had the ability to impersonate and mimic to a degree that would have afforded her a living had she chosen to go upon the stage. In "The Blythedale Romance", one of the principle scenes is that in which Zenobia tells the story of "The Veiled Lady" with so much of the impersonator's art that she casts a spell over her audience. It is not hard to imagine that Hawthorne was present at many a similar entertainment at Brook Farm, the life of which community he has portrayed in the novel. For while Margaret Fuller was staying there, she often amused the other members with anecdotes, recitations, lines from great dramas, and talk that was full of wit.

She was always ready to talk, to express herself in one way or another. She delighted to argue, especially upon women's rights or German philosophy,—two subjects in which she was most interested, and made the topics of "conversations" in Boston. These were more like lectures than conversations, as she did all the talking. No matter, though, what was the nature of them, Zenobia, in one part of the novel, shows that she had intentions of delivering a series of lectures in Boston, also. It is at the moment when Cloverdale is leaving for town that he asks Zenobia if he may announce her plan of giving talks on women's rights. To this, Zenobia in a

downcast mood replies that "Women have no rights"; then contradicts herself immediately.

Zenobia also is made to display arrogance in her conversational ability by means of the dialogue. Her speeches are long. The tone of them is dictatorial with an attempt to reflect her bolder nature in a freer use of language than was at the command of most women in the eighteen-forties. The weight of the discourse hangs upon her speeches.

She is fond of telling Cloverdale, the character who relates the story, that his poetry is promising. This kind of remark must have been characteristic of Margaret Fuller as well as of the character that is based upon her, for Lowell, too, who has shown a different aspect of her as Miranda is his "Fable For Critics", says

"But here comes Miranda, Zeus, where shall I flee to?

She has such a penchant for bothering me too!

She tells me my efforts in verse are quite clever,

She's been travelling now, and will be worse than ever."

Lowell goes on to make fun of her lack of thorough knowledge. Hawthorne, likewise, allows Cloverdale to criticize Zenobia's learning, which is not so deep as she thinks it is, although Hawthorne has not put his accusations so amusingly as Lowell, who says in his inimitable way,

"She will take an old notion, and make it her own

By saying it o'er in her Sybilline tone,

Or persuade you 'tis something tremendously deep

By repeating it so as to put you to sleep."

Such is the attitude not only of Lowell but of many others toward Margaret Fuller's work, especially her translations of Goethe and the rest of the German romantic philosophers. They did

not realize that she craved love and beauty. It was Hawthorne who divined in a woman of Margaret Fuller's mould the longing for the beautiful things in life and the harmony of her temperament with those beliefs which were current in the Germany of Goethe, and who brought them out in Zenobia in her love of luxury and magnificence. With his artistic inability to refrain from the use of symbols, he has made the strange tropical flower that Zenobia wears in her hair the symbol of her spirit,—violent, passionate, beauty-loving, mysterious. He has portrayed her as a woman of the world with the poise that beauty, wealth, and quick intellect give her.

Lowell, on the other hand, has described her in a more casual tone than the thoughtful Hawthorne used. With his rollicking pen he traces the picture of a meddlesome old maid who bores everyone to death by her endless talk. She is one whom nobody would wish to meet at tea or sit next at dinner. For, aside from having to listen to old ideas reiterated in a disagreeable voice, one would never be allowed to get a word in edgeways. She is an intellectual snob, rabid on certain subjects, arrogant and opinionated in all questions, and alert to pounce upon a flaw in one's expression or inaccuracy in one's knowledge, while at the same time not infallible herself. But no one can put it in Lowell's style:

"Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving
Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,
A small flock of terrified victims and there,
With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air
And a tone which, at least to my fancy,
appears
Not so much to be entering as boxing your
ears,
Is unfolding a tale (of herself I surmise,
For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock's with
I's)."

Of course Lowell had a great antipathy for her which biassed his judgment. It was her unfortunate manner rather than the quality itself which gave people the impression of her vast conceit. Nevertheless, although his treatment of her was considered most ungallant, his opinion of her was that which many men held. Poor Margaret! there was little socially attractive about her to the "bachelors and dames" of Boston, Cambridge, and New York, yet she had hosts of friends who made it a household holiday when she came to visit and in whose homes she was always a loved and welcome guest. Among these, her air of "overweening self-esteem" was no barrier to affection. They, especially women, realized that shining in her like the flame of a lantern was the spirit of women's intellectual freedom. Ridiculous as she appeared to many, she had, nevertheless, the fanatical enthusiasm of the reformer without which no revolution in manners, customs, or governments ever takes place.

This faith in what she strove for is the key-note of Margaret Fuller's character. She was filled with the inspiration of her work to the exclusion of her womanliness, murmured the Victorian age; but as she has revealed herself in her letters, was there not hidden beneath her mysticism, her transcendentalism, her devotion to truth, a softer, more tender sweetness that she longed with a feeling all womanliness to express? To James Nathan, to whom she wrote with less restraint than she maintained toward anyone in the years while she was staying with the Greeley's in New York, she says,

"I hear you with awe assert power over me and feel it to be true. It causes awe, but not dread, such as I felt sometimes since at the approach of this mys-

terious power, for I feel deep confidence in my friend and know that he will lead me on in a spirit of holy love and that all I may learn of nature and the soul will be legitimate. The destiny of each human being is no doubt great and peculiar, however obscure its rudiments to our present sight, but there are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex. I feel chosen among women. I have deep mystic feelings in myself and intimations elsewhere. I could not, if I would, put into words these spirit facts, indeed they are but swelling germs as yet, and all I can do for them is to try to do nothing that might blight them."

This was written at a time in her life when she was intensely subjective. Her choice of words is that of a mature woman, but the inward conviction that is expressed through them might have come from a nature as naïve as that of Jeanne d'Arc when she first heard the mysterious "voices". Naïve and unstinted also was her generosity. All her life she gave of the fine fruits of her mind, of her heart, of her deep and broad sympathy, and of the small fund of money that she partly earned for herself. There are many letters to her nieces and nephews giving them advice about some problem on which they have consulted her. Her writing to friends who were ill while she was travelling in the west, a very unusual trip for a summer outing in the late forties, shows her thoughtfulness and her tender consideration for those who were suffering in the manner which she experienced only too often. She was subject to nervous headaches and pain that brought on periods of mental depression that only a character as strong as hers

could have withstood. In one letter written while she was staying with the Greeleys in New York, she speaks of lying awake all night in great pain, then getting up early in the morning to go into town for medicine, because "there was no one to fetch it for me." It would be hard to imagine her allowing another person in the same situation to do what she herself did. There would have been Margaret to wait upon the invalid.

With all the added expense of her ill health, she was ever ready to open her purse for any member of her family who needed to finish a college course, or take a vacation in the country, or study for a year or two. One of her letters to her mother while she herself was teaching and acting as head of a young ladies' academy in Providence contains her offer to give her share of the income from Mr. Fuller's estate to her sister with the excuse that she "can manage without it".

Although this gift is suggested tactfully, she had very little tact. She was over sensitive and often hurt. "Trifles", she said moved her to "joy or pain". This is rather surprising when one remembers that she had a reputation for satire which made people afraid of her, and to misconstrue her eccentricities. That she felt their disapproval is certain when such confidences as the following lines disclose are found,

"From so many beautiful dwellings, whose door stood hospitably open, myself must have turned away into the shivering, muddy street, because they would not let me in in my true dress and manner."

Despite her more sombre moods, she was philosophically optimistic. She believed that "although our lives are sad, heaven is bound to find for every noble and natural feeling its response and its

home at last." Fortified by this faith, she asks that life spare her no tests. She begs to be tried by the fires which purify the soul.

"Our Father! let not the heaviest showers be spared; let not the gardener forbear his knife till the fair, hopeful tree of existence be brought to its fullest blossom and fruit!"

This prayer reveals not only her noble aspirations, but her love of nature. Throughout her letters, there is constant mention of nature. Some of her descriptions of the country, the west especially, are full of poetic feeling. She experienced the eternal vastness of the prairies, their "luxury and repose" that the sight of highly cultivated country "could not give her." Nowhere does she fail to appreciate the beauty of nature. It never let her turn away unsolaced when she sought its soothing peace. Especially does she seem to enjoy the birds, for she mentions them often, as though they were signs of happiness or sorrow to her as they were to the ancient augurs. Her descriptions of moonlight show an emotional quality in her expression that rises almost to lyric beauty at times, but these overflowings are few and far between.

A pale forecast of the experiences of beauty, romance, and love that came to her in Rome are her early murmurings to James Nathan of moonlight, roses, and the music of his guitar. Although she was over thirty, she loved him with the romantic feeling of a schoolgirl. She longed for someone who would understand her. For all her brilliant career, she was lonely. In James Nathan, she found the companion upon whose sympathy she could rest her turbulent spirit, and to whom she could confide her little differences with Mrs. Greeley. In telling him about her hostess

and in her whimsical attitude toward Josey, the puppy that he left in her care, her letters reflect a spark of her humor, vivacity, and broad common sense that was her New England heritage.

"Josey is pretty well; I have given him up to the man again after taking care of him myself for some weeks. I had too much trouble, not with, but about him. He is now to be left, I don't know how. Mrs. Greeley has seemed more kindly to him of late. She has sometimes even fed him herself."

Josey, however, seems to be but one bone of contention between them. They disagreed upon many things, especially upon the table that Mrs. Greeley spread for her guest. Mr. Greeley said that, although Margaret Fuller never of course mentioned the subject, he divined the fact that she thought their table lacking in the rich food to which she was accustomed. Also Mr. Greeley disapproved of the way in which she worked. She wrote spasmodically. Whenever she was ill, it was impossible for her to sit up and hold a pen; while he, also delicate, always produced the same amount of material whether he were feeling well or hardly able to be about. Naturally he felt that if he could work under the strain of poor health, she also ought to be able to. One can fancy their dinner talk at times.

Whatever it may have been, Margaret probably did not often come off vanquished, for people were her game. She was far more interested in human nature than in books, so she probably knew just what to say to annoy her hostess,—and undoubtedly said it on certain occasions. But in spite of misunderstandings they were really warm friends, as she shows in a letter to the same Mr. Nathan:

"As to Mrs. Greeley, let me add, that

those clouds are slight, the effect often of undue heat from other causes and I doubt not will always yield soon to her great affection for both of us."

Even in the midst of her busy life, she found time to take care of the Greeleys' baby. She "talked to it" and played with it because of her interest in human beings. But when she wrote about her own child, it was with all the awe and fear of the youngest of mothers. She felt, as naturally as other women feel, that hers was an experience unique among women, that her son was far more a momentous event than other first babies. Being entrusted with him stirred great doubts in her soul:

"I play with him, my ever-growing mystery! but from the solemnity of the thought he brings is refuge only in God. Was I worthy to be parent of a soul, with its eternal, immense capacity for weal and woe? 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' comes so naturally to a mother's heart."

What could Emerson have said to this? He it was who accused her of not knowing any form of humility. Later she writes from Florence to a friend in Rome that she fears she is becoming stingy in her desire to use nothing for herself which might deprive "Nino" of something he would need in a few years. She says that she dresses, washes, sews for him, because she loves to do it. There is nothing of the feminist in these remarks, she is all feminine, all maternal, even sentimental about her motherhood.

With a gentle dignity that is entirely feminine, she describes her husband to her brother in America. Seen through her eyes, he appears to have some qualities like hers in spirit,—a boy of few affections, but those deep; yet always ready to help the humble, the suffering,

the lowly. She interprets him as one whose "affections are thoroughly carried out." Again she says,

"It would be difficult to help liking him, so sweet is his disposition, so disinterested without effort, so simply wise his daily conduct, so harmonious his whole nature. And he is a perfectly unconscious character, and never dreams that he does well—"

Her letters bidding good-bye to friends in Rome and announcing her home coming to friends in America are full of regret at leaving Italy and sprinkled with misgivings of the future, which fate did not allow to ripen into realities. It seems almost as though her mysticism gave her a foreboding of the disaster that ended her life; perhaps her anxiety was due only to her nervous temperament.

No matter! Her journey home seemed doomed from the outset. Tragic as the shipwreck appears in which she, with her husband and son, was drowned, she had gathered all that life held for her. She was spared the anti-climax of readjusting herself to America. In Italy, she had reached the height of her self-expression and service. She had found an outlet to her long-suppressed emotional nature. She went out while life was at high tide; her service to the women of the world was done. She was laughed at, caricatured, satirized, but through the disapproval and the ridicule her spirit shone out. It has lighted the way for the women who have followed where she was the first to walk. Although she was made fun of by her own age, she is the woman of the nineteenth century to whom all women, especially those who have received an intellectual training, owe a debt that increases as new fields of service open to them.

UNE CHAISE SUR LE BOULEVARD

Elizabeth M. Tuttle

Un chaud après-midi d'Août, j'étais assis à une table au Café de la Paix et je m'amusais à regarder les passants. Après quelques minutes, j'ai vu approcher deux jeunes filles. L'une était tout à fait Américaine, avec ses chaussures pointues et laides, et l'autre aurait passé pour une Française si elle n'avait pas porté des grosses lunettes en écaille. La plus âgée, Mary, en passant a remarqué, "Oh here we are at the famous 'Café de la Paix. Surely we can get some ice cream here!'"

L'autre n'était pas très enthousiaste mais elles se sont assises à une petite table à côté de moi et j'ai entendu la conversation suivante :

"Garçon, avez voo des fudge sundaes? Oh they don't call them that. What is the word? Oh I know. Avez voo du crème gellé?"

Le garçon avait l'air stupifié et enfin Mademoiselle a commencé de nouveau "Deux"

Le garçon: "Deux glacés, Madame? Quel parfum?"

"Why what does he mean? He is asking me what kind of perfume I want!"

Dick a éclaté de rire. "Ha! Ha! rose or violet, Midge? Don't you know *parfum* means flavor. What shall it be? Chocolate is the only one I can say in French so let's have that. Garçon, deux chocolats."

Mary: "Well I hope we get something good after all that trouble."

Dick: "Moi, aussi, mais j'ai peur! Did I ever tell you of our experience with sundaes in London? One day we had been sight-seeing until we were just

ready to drop when we passed a store with the sign 'Fresh Fruit Sundaes'. Our faces brightened and we thought: 'Well, here's our chance'. So we all marched in and ordered five sundaes and you couldn't guess what they brought us if you guessed from now until the end of the world. You give up? Nothing more or less than frozen custard with green gage plums and rhubarb! Can you beat that! We just gasped and swore that we would never again take a chance until we had struck the good old U. S. A. Can you blame us? And yet here I am at it again!"

Grâce à mes trois années d'Anglais au lycée, j'ai pu comprendre cette histoire et ce fut avec beaucoup de difficulté que je me suis retenu. Tout à l'heure le garçon est revenu avec deux timbales de glacé au chocolat, et les jeunes filles ont eu l'air d'en être très contentes.

Je m'intéressais tellement à ces jeunes filles et leur français que je me suis décidé à les suivre. Elles sont allées d'abord au Printemps et je n'oublierai jamais l'incident qui a prit place ensuite. L'interprète leur a demandé, "Qu'est-ce que Madame desire?" et elles ont répondu "Un chapeau."

"Le rayon de chapeaux est au troisième. Prenez l'ascenseur tout à fait au bout." Heureusement un Américain à côté a traduit ces indications et les deux jeunes filles riantes ont prit l'ascenseur. En arrivant au rayon des chapeaux une vendeuse leur demanda ce qu'elles désiraient. Et Dick a commencé avec beaucoup de difficulté:

"J'ai une robe pink—quel est le mot pour pink? une robe—oh well, pink, et je

veux un chapeau comme ça avec—avec—oh, you know the word; Mary, we learned it at school. Oh yes, I have it—avec une plume. Je ne veux pas un chapeau de paille (or is it en paille?) je ne veux pas un chapeau en paille mais en—en—felt. Well that's over! Do you suppose she understood a single word I said?"

La vendense qui est restée silencieuse pendant tout ce discours a répondu en parfait anglais: "Madame wishes a pink felt hat to match her pink dress. Step this way and I will show you what I have!"

Tous ses efforts pour rien! Dick se laissa tomber trop bouleversée pour s'intéresser plus au chapeau.

Le chapeau acheté, elles sont descendues au rez-de-chaussée. Tout à coup Mary a regardé sa montre. "Qu'il est tard, ma chérie, we must take a voiture so as to get back to the hotel in time."

"I never see a voiture without thinking of those boys in Jack's regiment at Tours. They went out one day and hired

an old voiture and just filled it up with boys. There were about eight of them in all, and when they got within a block of their destination, they all slipped out one by one. Just imagine the old cocher's state of mind when he discovered that he was driving an empty carriage!"

"Those boys certainly got away with a lot when they were in the army. Remember Jack's friend, Bob, who travelled all over Europe on some very official looking cigar coupons!"

"There's a taxi!"

Et les deux sont disparues aussi soudainement qu'elles étaient apparues mais j'ai réussi à saisir les mots adressés au cocher "16 Avenue Wagram." Ce fut peut-être une indiscretion de ma part de prendre un tel intérêt au deux jeunes filles Américaines, mais je n'ai jamais regretté mon acte. Et je peux raconter cette histoire maintenant que je suis le mari de la plus jeune, Dick, qui en ce moment parle parfaitement le français. Et quand je veux la taquiner, je n'ai qu'à lui parler de cet après-midi d'Août.

TO A FRIEND

Harriet Bergtold

It seems so hard that I must wish in vain
To know the heart of you—what it may hold
Beyond the promise of your smile. When rain
Driven in gusty furor, clean and cold,
Sings in the wind-warm dark a rough refrain,
You, out of all my friends, would be the one
With whom, in the storm's splendor, I would fain
Face the high wind wherever it might run.
And when the sky and hills are calling me,
On cloudless days, when nothing mars the blue,
And shy paths beckon me invitingly,
Then I would have but one companion—you.
Time is so swift—but numbered days remain,
And it seems hard that I must wish in vain!

THE LEGEND OF CLYTIE*

(From Greek Mythology)

Eleanor Chilton

You'll find, if you'll but ask them pleasantly—
The weaves, the ripples scudding on the beach,
The dropping sea-weed, even wise old crabs
That hunch themselves along the ocean floor
With slow, machine-like claws—they all will say,
And gravely reaffirm, that, on the whole,
A Water Nymph had better stay at home.

“For instance,” said a hoary crab to me,
When I once questioned him, “You take the case
Of Clytie, the daughter of Aquand,
The son of Neptune. There was a Water Nymph
Was happy as the sea was wide, until
She lost the love of soft and sea-dimmed light—
Of diving in the waves and doubling down
To peer up at the flattened swirl of hair
That followed her, and trailed the sun along
Upon its strands. She lost the joy of shells,
And ocean love for greenish, cooling things.
She had some queer hot fire in her blood
That drove her to the shore. And there she sat
Upon the warm, long grass, and raised her eyes
To where the early sky was opening arms
To fold the sun-god. Ah, poor Water Nymph,
Housed in the swirling greyness of the sea,
Touched by the loving cool of bright-wet arms —
Yet longing for earth-grasses, and hot flames,
Your riot of dry colours—when she saw
Phoebus Apollo gleaming in the sky,
Plunging his fire-hoofed horses on the clouds,
Tossing about his hair of liquid gold,
And scorching the earth with hot pride in his eyes—
—It was his eyes! I'm sure it was his eyes
That muted Clytie's sea-famous laugh.
She'd never seen blue eyes before—just grey,
And green, and shadow-mingling of the two,
All clear, and crystal-cold, as our eyes are
From looking straight through motion—and his eyes
Were strangely blue, and molten-soft, and proud,
And, loveliest thing of all, were far from her.

Ah, Clytie, poor little Clytie,
She sat there, motionless, although her eyes
Followed the god's slow flare among the clouds
Until he swept, with trailing robes of fire,

* The name is pronounced Cli' shi ee.

Behind the westward mountains. All the night
She waited, Clytie, with moveless hands,
And still hair falling dry from off her head
For covering, until the sun-god came
To track another day across the sky.
Nine days she sat, in growing white despair,
Eaten with longing (which we never know
In the sane, dreamy depths of water) thin
And wasted with desire—and with her eyes
She traced her dazzling lover. Oh, we called
And beckoned to her from the water's edge,
But all the signs we saw to show she heard,
Were strange sea-drops that rolled from out her eyes.

Loved he? The sun-god? Bless you, no. Not he!
He pitied her at last, and turned his eyes,
With all their furious loveliness, to where
She worshipped him—and she outspread her arms,
And laughed to feel his gaze. And swift her feet
Were withered into roots that dug the earth
And fastened there. Her body and her arms
Curled closer in themselves, and caught the green
From grass they died in, and her poor, white face
Smiled softly into petals, and she breathed
Her love for him in sweetness of a flower.
She's there yet. Yes, you'll see her on that slope
Just where the tree slants back, to let the god
Burn pity on her in the morning hours.
We miss her sorely. Yes, I think you'll find
A Water Nymph had better stay at home."



THE WINTERS TALE



LOIS BROWN

CRIGHTON MASTERS' FACE

Sarah M. Clarke

The large auditorium was dark except for the shaded lights on the long platform running across the front of the room. But to Dirk, vaguely dreaming, one face among those of the faculty seated upon the platform suddenly stood out, as sharply defined as though a searchlight had been trained upon it. Dirk stiffened to attention, eager to understand the meaning of the unexpected development. She stared at the features turned up toward hers. The face below seemed to lose that intense brilliance, and she saw only a dead-white blotch with the two black living things which were the eyes,—eyes which were fastened upon hers with the intensity of fire, and the tenacity of steel. The people about her seemed to recede into the dimness, and Dirk was conscious only of a great, dark void and at the other end of it, those eyes. For a long minute she sat thus, unable to break the spell that hung over her.

The lights flashed on, and she shivered. People seemed to bob up on every side. Everything became normal, but a misty sense of unreality stayed with her. When at last she dared look again at the platform, the identity of the owner of the eyes was revealed to her. But she needed no such verification of what her intuition had already told her. It was Crighton Masters, the most popular professor, the only professor, indeed, of any account at Avery Hall. Staring at her! Dirk slumped down into her seat in an attitude of incredulous satisfaction....

It was not a totally unforeseen occurrence. Once before Dirk had been at the monthly musical service, and had

seen Crighton Masters looking up at her gallery. She had come to that service accompanied by two older students, both of them very attractive, and she had casually assumed Masters to be interested in them. Dirk was essentially self-deprecatory. As a new-comer,—she was entering Avery in the third year of high school,—she had been given flash-light portraits of various celebrities. Craylie had mentioned Crighton Masters.

"Professor Masters," she whispered, "is in the Art department. He's a whiz. Conceited as the devil, funny as the deuce, and everybody is wild about him."

"How old is he?" Dirk had asked curiously. Masters was strikingly fine-looking. His was the kind of face that immediately appeals to the artist as the ideal model,—amazingly pure of outline, with each feature sharply chiselled. But most interesting to Dirk was the nobility of expression which seemed to indicate a wealth of reserve feeling, in a face which was at the same time unlined and youthful.

Craylie had giggled, "Oh, he's not so young as you'd think. He's been here seven or eight years, and he studied ages before that. He's thirty-five if he's a day." The conversation shifted, and Dirk had forgotten Crighton Masters. But once during the music when her eyes had rested upon him with honest indifference she half imagined that he was staring at her; then such a suggestion seemed absurd, and she assumed that really he had been watching Craylie.

The next day Craylie had taken her up to the studio where she was executing a flashy study in oils. Masters was not there and so Craylie, who knew him well, seized the opportunity to exhibit some of his work. Dirk, no novice in the realm of art, had been frankly derogatory. She held up one canvas after another, and studied them carefully.

"He's got an eye for line, and his composition is perfect," she said, referring to some illustrative groups, "but he lacks finish. His touch is a bit muddy." Craylie was disappointed.

"But don't you love his use of color?"

"No," said Dirk indifferently. "Some of his effects are lovely, of course, but his tones are either perfectly flat and characterless, or else bizarre. He seems absolutely inconsistent." She had dismissed the subject.

And now, two months later, she knew that it had not been Craylie at whom Masters had been staring. It was she—Helen Dirk.

In those two months her indifference had completely vanished. Dirk was intensely humiliated that she could succumb to such obvious charms. She above all things detested doing the usual; she always avoided the herd. But watching Crichton Masters from afar she had come gradually to worship him as blindly as the youngest prep. schooler. She was, she realized bitterly, doing exactly the same thing that twelve hundred Avery Hall girls were doing. But at least, she thought in her pride, she could conceal it.

Dirk resented her surrender the more because she felt that she was not to blame. She was, she believed, the unwilling victim of Master's mighty will. She had vaguely fancied that, from a distance, under a guise of perfect propriety, Professor Masters was striving to attract

her attention; that he was "willing" her to notice him, to adore. It was absurd, of course, but however absurd, the feeling grew to a conviction.

Dirk had steadfastly avoided meeting the man, or attempting to talk to him on any pretext. It would have been easy enough, too. At the convent where she had formerly been a student, Dirk's talent was considered great enough to warrant her having private lessons with the famous illustrator and portrait painter, Ten Eyck. When her family had determined to take her out of the convent, the artist had urged her not to take art courses while she was at Avery.

"You would just dilly-dally at it, and your work would be so far above the average that your head would be turned and you would get to be no good at all. Moreover you would get roped into all kinds of poster-work and stage-setting, and your technique would be ruined. Don't do it. Concentrate on the general, and, when that is done, you shall serve your art, and art alone." Dirk had hated giving it up. She felt that even puttering around with posters would be preferable to this complete divorcement from the thing she loved best. It would have been so easy to take up just an hour of art work. Crichton Masters was the head of the department, and Dirk felt instinctively that he would have assigned her to his own instruction. For a time the force of the two impulses combined had nearly broken down her endurance.

Now, at least, going to him was out of the question. To go now would clearly be saying—

"You were looking at me, and I saw you. You were telling me to come, and I've answered by coming. Now I'm here, why did you want me?" "Anyway," Dirk thought shrewdly, "if I

went he would be satisfied so long as he'd made me tag along just like all the other girls, and probably he'd turn me the coldest of cold shoulders." Again, she grew exasperated with herself and thought the whole affair the product of her overworked imagination. In fact, there wasn't any affair at all. Probably he hadn't even seen her, or if he had, he might not have recognized her twice in succession. Yet the two occasions at the music services plus all the other little incidents and half incidents that had made her think that he knew her, and that she piqued his attention, rose to mind. It was undoubtedly a fact, Dirk admitted to herself, that people, especially older people, did stare at her. She wasn't good-looking, not even "almost pretty," yet perhaps there was something about her that fooled them into thinking her interesting.

As for this evening—oh, there was no doubt of that. Crighton Masters had been staring at her, and moreover, had been seeing her.

Another month passed, and Dirk had to exert main force to keep from the art rooms. After all, what was Crighton Masters to her, and what could he ever be? Here her sense of justice forced her to admit that he might at least prove interesting; she believed that no human creature is fashioned so meanly that he can contribute nothing to the fund of experience. Now it seemed that her entire consciousness was occupied with Crighton Masters—Crighton Masters. Conversation became an effort, sociability impossible. She grew morose and solitary. Her friends puzzled and told her that she worked too hard. Dirk knew better. She worked barely enough to bluff. She might sit down with a book in front of her but in five—ten—perhaps she fought down the desire for

fifteen minutes—out came pencil and paper, and she would occupy the evening striving to reproduce the pure outlines, at once delicate and strong, which were all she knew of Crighton Masters.

Yet to know his face meant far more than it means with most people. Dirk had found some consolation for her art-stricken soul in the multifold exhibitions which were to be found in the great city across the river. At more than one of these, she had seen Masters from afar. Sometimes she had been placed so that she could watch him, and to follow the play of emotions across his face, to trace them from the paintings and sketches before him, was as absorbing an occupation as watching the path of the wind in a garden. The sincerity and fineness of those emotions, the genuine quality which characterized his taste outweighed in some measure the sureness of attitude and the complacency with which he accepted the tributes of admiration which were always his. Once she had discovered some things of his own at an exhibition. She stood before them lost in honest pleasure. What a difference it made in understanding a man's work, she thought, to understand the man himself! It seemed to her now that the inconsistencies of tone which had once seemed so flagrant a fault represented merely the honest inconsistencies that belong to the best of us,—“consistent inconsistencies” which gave individuality to his work. She felt that his work had actually developed in the months she had been at Avery. There had come a certain warm delicacy, a kind of wistful, fleeting idealism that had not been there before. These pictures appealed to Dirk as ineffably lovely; any man who could create thus, Dirk conceded, was divinely justified in self-appreciation.

“I don't mind if a man is conceited,”

she had gone so far as to admit to Craylie, "If he's got something to be conceited about."

There was no question in Dirk's mind now of Master's not having that elusive something. He would make a big splash in the great mud-puddle of life, she thought wistfully—a splash far greater than she could ever hope to achieve. And to think, she mourned inwardly, that she could never have even the privilege of seeing him at work, without demeaning herself too utterly. She was not exaggerating the affair. He did know her. He did stare at her. And what was worst, she knew intuitively that he knew she was aware of him, and of his staring. She had seen him smile contentedly. But no one should ever say of her, Helen Dirk, that she had come to heel like a dog.

Not one of her friends even guessed at her state of mind, or at least the real cause of her obvious unrest. She acquired the habit of going everywhere where there was the remotest chance of her seeing Masters. She discovered that when she could watch his face she was satisfied. But when she was so placed that his features were even partially concealed from her, she grew restless and miserable. Therefore she came to lectures and concerts late, so that she might guide her choice of seat from his. Oddly enough, Masters himself began coming later and later. Dirk wished she could believe that he was late for the same reason which actuated her, but cold common sense made her realize that it was far more likely that he grudged the time which, as a member of the faculty, he was forced to expend on these events.

It was on the occasion of a lecture by a popular commercial artist that Dirk came late enough to be forced to stand, but too soon to arrange her position with

regard to Masters. She found a place where she could lean against a pillar near the door. A little later a queer tingle through her blood apprised her that Masters had come in. He hesitated a moment in the doorway, then made his way to her pillar. The blood roared in her ears. Yet she did not move, and when he leaned on the other side of the support she achieved a casual preoccupied glance at him. They stood so through the entire lecture. After a while, Dirk's head cleared. Having him there, so near that she was conscious of every chuckle, every frown, every motion, she found her enjoyment of the lecture doubly intensified. It was almost as if he were interpreting the speaker for her, and adding his own personality to that of the lecturer's.

After it was over, Dirk, with an accession of shyness, started immediately to leave the hall. She had to pass Masters, and there came a blinding, faltering moment as he stepped out and barred her way. At this her heart seemed too big for her body, and every vestige of inner control left her. But Masters smiled easily down at her, and as suddenly she was quieted again, and filled with unbelievable happiness. His words were commonplace enough.

"You go to Art exhibits a lot, don't you?" Dirk's smile was only politely interested and slightly surprised.

"Do I?" she said. "Well, I suppose I have been a lot lately."

"I thought I'd seen you several times. At Knoedler's especially."

"Really?" smiled Dirk. "Of course I've seen you often, but—" She left her sentence in the air. He insisted on finishing it.

"But you expect to see me there—is that it? You're not even taking any courses in history of art in our depart-

ment, are you, Miss Dirk?" Dirk wondered if her joyful delight showed as plainly as it felt. How on earth did he know her name—unless he had been interested enough to find out?

"Why no, Professor Masters, I don't. I've studied a little, though, so I am fairly interested in that kind of thing. I have studied with Ten Eyck," she added. Master's eyes opened.

"Well, of course! No wonder you've left us alone. If you're good enough to get Ten Eyck to teach you, you probably think you're too good for us." The laugh and the indescribable expression of his face took the sting out of his words. Dirk grinned boyishly.

"Frankly, I did. But seriously, Professor Masters," and the sincerity in her tone was far more flattering than her words, "since I've seen some of your work, I'm not so sure. I really regret not having the chance to work under you more than I can say."

"You'd better come up and take some work in the department, just to keep in trim," he told her jovially. He had had the grace to blush at her praise. His sensitiveness was one of his greatest charms.

"I wish I could," she laughed. "But it's too late now, I'm afraid." Here, some of the few remaining stragglers of the crowd which had ebbed about them, intervened to speak to Masters, and separated them. Dirk took the opportunity to escape before she found herself breaking her promise to Ten Eyck. She smiled a farewell across the intruders, and Masters grimaced, in deprecation of her last remark. Once out of the room Dirk fled home. She was gleeful, exultant. It had been he who had succumbed—not she! He had been the one forced to find that first scanty pretext for conversation. And how his first

words had given him away! Not only did they prove that he had indeed been watching her, but they implied his knowledge of her victory and his defeat in the very fact that he did not make straightforward admission of his conduct, but made the attempt to seem casual. Dirk gloated again over his knowledge of her name. She went over every one of the few words that had passed between them, and weighed each for its worth. How glad she was that she had praised him so easily and so candidly. He would think that if she really adored him, her admiration was the last thing which she would admit. Her whole attitude had been transformed from one of self-disgust and humiliation to one of triumph and satisfaction. Oh, that one moment was worth the weeks of misery and restraint.

At last, after a week had gone by, he sent for her. She went up to the studio in a state of cold fear and hot anticipation. He was at work on a canvas when she came in, but put down his brushes and rose to meet her. His manner was at once official and cordial.

"Sit down, Miss Dirk. I brought you up here to ask a favor of you." Dirk's heart missed a beat. What was coming? However, his request was quite prosaic. "Some of my students in my Modern Illustrators' Course are making a study of Ten Eyck's work, and I wondered whether you would be willing to come in and talk about him sometime next week."

"Why—" Dirk protested. "I'd be scared down to the ground, but if you really think I'd be any good, I'd be glad to do what I can."

"Of course you'd be good," he smiled at her a little patronizingly. Then as the double meaning possible to his words struck them, they smiled more deeply.

It became an embarrassing smile, and Dirk turned away to look at his canvas. She stood staring at it a long time. Masters stared at her, an odd eager expression in his eyes.

All at once, without any warning, Dirk capitulated. She turned to Masters and said in a very business-like tone:

"Professor Masters, would you be willing to take me on as a private pupil?"

There was a dead silence in the room. Neither moved, but stood staring at the other. After several slow seconds, Masters spoke:

"Why, Miss Dirk, I don't see why not. Yes, I think so. Would you want to work in—" and they began a long technical discussion of media. They determined the details of the transaction, and it was settled that Dirk would come for her preliminary lesson the next morning. As a matter of form, she told him she would get a note from her father to give the matter more weight. She knew he would approve. Indeed, he had chafed against her giving up her lessons, and laid her latter day unrest to lack of occupation.

Dirk walked on air when she left the studio. She was conscious that in a sense she had made a false move, if her relations with Masters so far might be considered as a game of chess. But the genuine joy she felt in the prospect of working under Masters more than balanced any disgust in what she realized even then to have been her great capitulation.

Through her dreams that night, however, the eyes of Ten Eyck followed her reproachfully. The next morning she wrote to him, telling him how desperate she had become, how she could no longer resist the temptation to do progressive, supervised work. She felt better after

her confession was mailed, and went to her first lesson with Masters in high spirits.

Once there, a strange embarrassment encompassed her. She felt ill at ease at working before the eyes of the man who had aroused such unprecedented emotions in her. Since yesterday the joy at the thought of getting to work again had blotted out the more personal element, but with the gaze of those eyes upon her, before the slightly contemptuous smile that played about his lips, she grew shy. She worked badly, and when her lesson was over, left for a class in a great revulsion of feeling. Her spirits which had been as high as the skies, now sunk to an abyss of humiliation and hopelessness. Her next lesson occurred three days later. She did not see Masters in the interval, and when she entered the studio, she at once acknowledged a changed atmosphere. The warmth was gone. Only a slight veneer of cordiality covered the coolness beneath his smile. She stiffened. After all, she thought hotly, Ten Eyck was a far better artist than Masters was, or ever might be, and he had thought fit to commend her work. She'd show this conceited puppet. She pressed her lips tight and went to work. Absorbed, she nearly forgot Masters until once she glanced up, and found him watching her, intense interest in every line of his face. He caught her eyes upon him and smiled, life and warmth flashing at once across his features. His tone was full of pleasure and a new respect.

"Why, what's happened to you—almost over night? You didn't do anything like this last week."

Dirk flushed and grinned happily.

"I was too scared of you, I guess."

"Scared? Of me?" he laughed in delighted and boyish amazement. "What

rot! . . . Come, tell me how you worked out the grouping of those figures in here." Dirk was only too charmed to show him. It was one of Ten Eyck's pet practices, she explained, and showed him just how it was done.

That afternoon when she went home she found a scrawl from Ten Eyck.

"Helen, my dear child," he had written. "So the 'artistic urge' has proved too strong for you. But why study with Masters? Why not McGregor, or Heidenachter? Masters may be all right but his methods are as opposite from mine as the two poles are divergent from each other. His attitude is hardly one with which I agree. He has his following of course, and will have more, undoubtedly. But he's not the tutor for you, dear Helen. Leave him alone."

"If that had come yesterday," Dirk said to herself, "I would have done just that. But not today," and she laughed aloud. She did not, nevertheless, show the letter to her father.

So the lessons continued. Masters expounded at length his views upon art, and Dirk argued for the joy of being convinced. Sometimes she chuckled to herself at the thought of Ten Eyck's horror, should he learn of her astonishing defection.

One day, late in the year, she and Masters were both working in his studio at the school. The model had left and both were putting on finishing touches. Craylie wandered in to drag Dirk home. She looked first at one canvas, and then at the other and frowned.

"Well—for heaven's sake!" she spoke finally. "Aren't you two mixed up?" Dirk and Masters looked up inquiringly.

"Mixed up?"

"Yes. Your canvas, Dirk, looks just like the stuff Professor Masters used to turn out, and his looks like the kind of

thing you used to do." Dirk got up with an exclamation. Masters turned in his chair with a quizzical expression.

"Honestly, Craylie? Do you think I've really got Crichton's idea?" asked Dirk, charmed at the thought.

"And do you think I'm getting the Ten Eyck touch?" demanded Masters with scarcely concealed eagerness. Craylie passed judgment.

"I certainly do," she pronounced. "Come on away, Dirk, and stop admiring your masterly touch."

When Dirk reached home, what was her surprise when she discovered that Ten Eyck, with characteristic suddenness, had descended upon the household. Dirk flung herself upon him, and he embraced her tenderly. She could not contain her excitement for long, and soon burst forth with the incident of the afternoon.

Ten Eyck jumped up and startled them all by demanding her canvas. She displayed it.

"The damned cur!" Dirk jumped.

"Who?"

"Masters!"

"Why, he's not!" She denied indignantly. "He's perfectly splendid." Ten Eyck stared at her and then flung the canvas across the room.

"So he's done that to you, has he!" he exclaimed with a kind of deadly softness. Then his voice rose with passion. "And so Masters is getting the 'Ten Eyck touch, is he! Well, do you know why he wanted it? He came to me five years ago, and begged me on his knees to give him lessons. And I wouldn't do it. Do you know why? Because he's a cheat, and what we people know as a 'paint-brush bum.' He's got his taste, he's got his style, he's got his merits—I'll grant you that—and he'll make his mark—but not as one of my pupils!"

"If he thinks your style is what he wants—what's right—why not?" flared Dirk.

"Because my 'touch' is the outgrowth of my ideals; and his ideals and mine are, praise God, fundamentally opposed." Ten Eyck's voice grew almost to a roar. "Who but a cur would think of reducing a young girl to such a condition of calf-love that she would sell her soul for him—much less, the secrets of my art—*mine*—that I myself have taught her!" Dirk went white, but she said in a perfectly composed tone of gratitude,

"What utter rot! As if he couldn't get a dozen of your pupils to tell him your 'secrets'. Why would he choose a person like me, who doesn't know enough herself to even dream of teaching anyone else."

Ten Eyck's passion had dropped from him, and he sank wearily into a chair.

"Ah, but it isn't such 'rot' as you say, Helen, my dear child. You are the only pupil I have been persuaded to take for many years. All the others know, and understand. They have been warned, and have given me their word. As for yourself, your talent is greater than you realize, but more especially, you have picked up the bases of my art, and you have adapted them to yourself. Your work is still unformed, but you have in the highest degree a certain finish, the so-called 'Ten Eyck touch'."

"But how should Crighton know that?" Poor Dirk was bewildered.

"Because Sister Thérèse at the convent, who sent you to me, is his aunt, and she, like you, is in love with his handsome face. She has no understanding of the man himself. As for me, I did not command you to abstain from your lessons because I knew that nothing would make you desire to do the reverse

more quickly. And too, I thought you were different from other girls. I thought," Ten Eyck's voice dragged sorrowfully, "that you would resist. It is not, you understand, that he is bad, or immoral, in the accepted sense. But he is un-moral. He is a half-way artist. He is weak—slip-shod—shabby—content with the fair when he should strive like a mad-man for the infinitely perfect. He is not the man I wish to carry on my work; but he is vengeful, and now—and now, oh dear Helen, he has taken you, my best hope, from me."

They threshed the matter back and forth. Dirk strove to point out the Ten Eyck's injustice and flatly ridiculed his accusation. But at last, she surrendered in despair to the seemingly invincible arguments which Ten Eyck put forth.

The next morning she briefly related the affair to Masters; and informed him tersely that the lessons were over. She did not feel justified, she explained wearily, in risking her ideals of art under his tutelage. Masters regarded her with whimsical regret.

"I'm so sorry, Dirk. And I can never tell you how grateful I am to you. You've given me my big chance, whether you knew it or not. If I ever get anywhere it will be thanks to you." He took both her hands.

"We're still going to be friends, aren't we?" he asked, his handsome face troubled with anxiety as he saw her tired unresponsiveness.

"No," she said briefly, "I am going back to the convent. Good Lord, do you think I've no pride at all?" her voice blazed up with sullen anger. She started to leave the studio. As she reached the door Masters strode after her, and placed his hand over the knob. Dirk's flame of wrath had died, and her voice was colorless as she said,

"Please!" As Masters looked down at her, his eyes were very sober, but his tone was light as he spoke. He released the door knob.

"I'm not denying, Dirk, that I've made use of you since we've worked together, but for the rest—aren't you condemning me pretty easily? And on very thin evidence? After all, it's a matter of my word against Ten Eyck's." Dirk forced herself to raise her eyes, and gave him a hang-dog look of utter misery. Then she opened the door and went out. Crichton stood for a minute watching the door she had closed gently behind her.

"Oh, Dirk!" he murmured reproachfully. Then he shrugged his shoulders. Craylie came out of the inner office. Masters picked up the painting which had the 'Ten Eyck touch', and regarded it thoughtfully.

"That's the woman of it," he observed gloomily to Craylie. "Why couldn't she forget that clown Ten Eyck, and we could have gone on being charming friends. We were very congenial," he ruminated sadly. Then he grinned winningly at Craylie. "After all, the end justifies the means, and my art is my life, you know."

Yet it is said that Crichton Masters

has framed in his room the first real painting that Dirk ever did for him, and that in his watch he keeps a little snapshot he filched out of one of Craylie's books.

As for Dirk, she had three pictures at Knoedler's the other day. One critic wrote of her,

"Oddly enough, though Miss Dirk has long been a pupil of Ten Eyck's, she lacks the touch that so distinctively characterises that artist. It is especially noteworthy since Crichton Masters, who has a number of paintings in the same exhibit, though he has never studied with the master, possesses not only certain mannerisms of his style completely, but indeed, the whole aim and manner of the two seem in perfect unity and accord. Like Ten Eyck's, Master's touch seems to be the natural outgrowth of his personality. Perfect sincerity to the varying moods of a refreshingly inconsistent character is the keynote of Masters' work. It seems a rare coincidence that by far the best of Miss Dirk's exhibit may be said to be the portrait study, possessing unusual charm and elusive personality, a study said to have been reproduced from a sketch of Crichton Masters' face."

BEAUTY VEILED OR UNVEILED

Helen Dana Smith

Some summers ago President Hibben, in a Commencement address at Princeton, discussed the materialistic relapse among the youth of college after the idealism of the war. The address was very well received. My entire family was in raptures over it, and all the families around us were equally excited. Among other discouraging truths he discussed the girls of today. He referred to that worship of womankind which existed in the Renaissance and later middle ages, and stated that during all periods of high endeavor on the part of man there has been a co-existing idealization of woman. Women must be conceived of as mysterious divinities to furnish the impetus necessary for any real and sustained endeavor. Now, he said, women have chosen to step off the pedestal to assert that they are of the same stuff as men. There is no longer any mystery about them; "no secret beauty has remained, unveiled." What wonder, then, that college boys behave as they do?

It seems to be a matter of temperament. President Hibben and the families apparently preferred their beauty veiled. There are those of us, however, who believe that women as human beings are capable of inspiration apart from any glamour of mystery or reputation of purity, but the majority are against us and prefer to be inspired by mystery rather than by actuality.

I am possibly misrepresenting President Hibben in this. He may in other circumstances enjoy the rending of veils; but with regard to the modern girl he seemed to feel that when you remove the

veils there is very little beauty left. And, after all, there has recently been enough evidence for him to make out a good case.

Unveiled beauty has, in fact, very few adherents. I have even known people who are dubious of its existence. At any rate, they refuse to pull down their veils and look behind, because they are afraid in their hearts that there is nothing there, and the emptiness would be very terrible. While the veils are up, there is always a possibility of beauty's actual existence, and besides, veils themselves are very soft and grateful to the eye.

An evidence of the demand for veiled beauty is apparent in many modern verses. There seems to be a general feeling that a beautiful thing is much more beautiful if it can be seen only very dimly through a cloud of veils. Many of the earnest, but matter-of-fact, poetry readers find themselves wondering whether Brer Rabbit's remark: "Jes' kick up a dust an' go whar you please" has been taken as advice to poets. Perhaps,—remember I only say perhaps,—that is why Walt Whitman is not more appreciated by modern Americans. Throughout his poetry he seems to be doing one grand dance of the riven veils, and such an orgy of revelation is apt to be disconcerting.

The advocates of veiled beauty will object at a concert if you remark to them: "That was the same theme he used in the first movement." It gives them a sense of the framework; they feel the actual music, the structural thing itself, and they fear lest, analyzing it too closely, they may lose its magic. If you

tell them. "Beethoven wrote this when he was in love with Guilietta Giucardi," they are appreciative.

A discussion of veils is a very risky thing to undertake, because there are so many kinds of them, and you are almost sure to be misunderstood as talking about one kind when you mean to be talking about another. There are, of course, veils inevitable to our human understanding. It is impossible to deny the mystery of life, or to deny that in some of the most beautiful works of art the beauty is veiled,—hinted at rather than attained. Whether it is this veiled quality that is beautiful or whether it is the yearning to pierce the veils is a question which admits of much discussion. I am not attempting to put up a

case against veils. They are very useful. Even to those of us who like our beauty unveiled, who want as much of the Dionysiac facing of truth as we can endure, veils serve a purpose,—the same purpose that is served by dissonance in music. We owe them a vivifying of the sense of peace after pain. We appreciate beauty the more for having torn off veils to get at it.

But whether or not we decide anything about the legitimacy of either preference, it is nice to have another category to play with. The veiled vs. the unveiled is a convenient topic when you become wearied of dividing people into walruses vs. carpenters, jiggers vs. goos, or mollycoddles vs. redbloods.

LINES

Barbara McKay

When the moon looks over the hill's black shoulder
Out of the vast and silent sky
And the wind is gone, and the air grows colder,
The frosty-sandalled hours go by
Over the grass where the day's gold flowers
Blossom in silver dreams of dew
Down to the deep-hearted pine-dark forest
Under whose branches the night comes through.
Here on the edge of the moss-hushed shadow
Standing together, our hearts beat swift
Lest from a world in midnight hidden
The veil of stillness should quiver and lift.

WHAT MOTHER GOOSE FORGOT TO TELL

Margaret Storrs

Why, oh why, did the dish run away with the spoon? That is a question that puzzles me much. I always thought that dishes were sensible things, but this I agree, was absolutely inexcusable. I hate to judge too harshly, because there might have been some odd condition that I can not comprehend. Maybe it was "made in Germany" and so went mad and can't be held to account. Otherwise, it quite certainly seems a criminal offense.

For it surely was not an elopement. The idea of a dish loving a spoon is absurd. Spoons always seem quite thick headed and not at all of a thin graceful beauty. And then, it would have been altogether too cruel—spoons are so young and so innocent—except indeed the plump old soup spoons, and they are always spinsters and getting very stout. I am sure no dish could love a puffed up, empty headed spoon.

Of course, he may have kidnapped her—supposing that she was a mere infant—say a coffee spoon, or even better still, a tiny salt spoon. But this is hardly probable, for what reward could a dish want from the spoons—unless indeed it was quite up to its ears in pie or some such trouble, and it felt in the need of being dug out. But if the dish were so burdened, how could it have run away with anything?

There is one mere possibility. It might

have been that the dish was a kitchen one—thick and with blue onions on it—and in that case, it is plausible that it should run away with a fair member of the sterling stock, either for wealth or a social position. He could not aspire to the more beautiful members, the graceful forks, for there he would be sure to get caught. For even the delicate oyster fork has a fat old butter-knife husband, and all these knives have keen wits and sharp tempers, and all are influenced by their chief, the carving knife, and are blackly jealous of their forks' affection. So no dish, who valued his gilt, unless he were surely cracked, would dare to lay hands on a fork—especially when the same ends could be reached by inveigling a silly young spoon to become an old man's darling.

But when I come to think of it, I realize that I am stupid. Of course it was none of these reasons—I remember now more distinctly what the old goose lady told. At that time the cow was jumping over the moon. And I have heard that the cow was a calf and that the moon was a crescent that hung low in the heavens. In such an atmosphere of pale moonbeams and jumps, how could a handsome dish keep his heart from bounding as he led this very lady out for a little tender spooning in the twilight of a rhyme.



MARGARET STORRS

EAST SIDE SKETCHES

Frances Harmon

I

Imagine yourself a child in possession of parents who ignored you when you behaved, who slapped and stormed when you did not. If you can do this you have a fairly accurate understanding of child psychology on the East Side. Little wonder they steal. Little wonder they are vicious when they are grown. If Margaret laughs from mere exuberance of spirits she is cuffed as soundly as if she had purposely committed a misdemeanor. Love-starved little beggars for attention! It is surprising that they are not sullen and suspicious. But Providence sees that child nature is sunny and trusting no matter where it is found. Perhaps that law of balance which governs us is making itself felt when the offspring of such unfavorable surroundings are more lovely to look at, and more attractive in manner than most of their sophisticated cousins. Surely these children have none of that scornful superiority so disconcerting in the children of my friends.

One morning while I was walking down East Seventy-Sixth Street I saw a tremendously dirty little girl with long fluffy gold hair lightened by soft glints. She had such an adorably asking expression that I smiled at her in my most friendly manner. Unquestionably she took that as an overture of friendship. Running over to me, she slid one grimy little arm around my waist, asking to walk home with me. She was like a cinder sprinkled violet with her eyes as starry as if every morning of her short life she had waked up in a world full of flowers and birds. The dewy look of her

eyes each time she replied to some question of mine, the way she clung to me when she had to leave me, made me think a bit. When I went into the Welfare Office I asked why she had done it. "Just because no one ever smiles at her, probably" was the revealing reply.

On the older children hardening influences are setting their stamp, although the optimism of childhood still lingers. At one time I became the darling of an attachment of urchin boys whose ages ranged anywhere from nine to thirteen. They pursued me relentlessly each time I ventured out of the house. Impudent as a pixey and not unlike one in the other ways. George Weber used to prance around me. Did my clean white clothes remain in the original state? What a foolish question—a dozen grimy little hands were far too eager to fight for first place with "teacher." They are pathetic in their joy at any notice. Generally, however, they were true to the rule of the oppressed taking advantage of those who have been kindest to them every time an opportunity presents itself. They have learned to fawn, God alone knows how. Surely they do not have such niceties at home. They are far more accomplished in the art of flattery than those who have spent many years in its study, for all they say rings true. When a freckled faced Irish girl tells you that you are "the nicest teacher", it is very easy to believe that she means what she says. The chivalrous sex though less grammatical, are as great in their praise. One little fellow told me one day he didn't know what he would

do after "all the decent teachers went away."

It is hard to think of the ordinary child spending his time in the ways these children enjoy themselves. The last afternoon I spent in New York was a busy one for me. I left the office early in order to pack my belongings. But there were difficulties. Outside the settlement awaiting me stood my faithful body-guard. There was the usual scramble for possession of my hands. Then in more or less orderly array we moved toward the building where I had been living. My heart hardened. I simply could not allow these children to take up my time. So with some show of force I went into my apartment and locked the door, expecting the delegation to melt away within a few minutes. Nothing of the sort happened. There was an ominous silence for a short time—then the door bell began to clang. When I had endured that as long as I thought safe considering the close proximity of my brutally frank neighbors, I disconnected the bell. Vain pushings at the button ensued. Next through the crack "Teacher, when you coming out."

"Not for a long while!"

"Can't we come in, teacher?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm too busy."

"Aw, we wouldn't bother you none."

Silence. "Won't you let us in?"

"No."

"Aw, please."—and so on until in desperation I ignored their implorings. Eventually they ceased. I heard some whispered consolation followed by quiet. No doubt they had run down to the streets again finding little promise of further entertainment inside.

Two hours later I emerged from the

apartment. On the top step in front of me like a slum version of Raphael's cherubs sat my three most ardent attendants. Up they jumped, ready—yea clamoring to carry my bag, my magazine, to do anything "teacher" desired except leave her. The two hours of waiting on the hard cold stairs had been no punishment for them. Their spirits were undampened as they escorted me to my waiting taxi-cab.

My feelings were a sad mixture as I drove away—glad of having known them, glad at leaving them behind.

II

Probably if any of you proper New Yorkers ever notice Fritz it will be along the cold steel barrel of a large revolver with its unpleasant end toward you. They tell me he is carrying the weapon as an essential asset of his business equipment this winter. Under such circumstances you will naturally feel deferentially inclined to call him Mr. Morrow, or anything else he may desire. There is where the joke lies. If you would only call him Fritz—but you won't.

I didn't—not the first time I saw him. One of the younger workers at the House and I were on office duty one evening in July when he loomed up in the door-way, a tall over-grown boy of twenty-two or thereabouts with shoulders so broad that they touched the door on either side. His head looked like an aggravated bullet, I thought. There was the deep flush of full blooded health on his heavy jowls. As he stood there his great hands thrust deep in his pockets, his thick lipped mouth set sullenly, his very nose bespeaking defiance, I confess that great bulk planted between me and those stronger ones of my associates made me look nervously around for some way to leave. I need not have worried, however. He looked only at my companion.

"I want some pool chalk" he demanded—to put it mildly—none too gently.

The worker told him she was not in charge of the supplies for the boys' clubs.

"Well, Arnold ain't around. I've asked him for it a dozen times anyhow. We don't get any service in the place." Receiving no reply he blundered on. "I'd like to know what we pay dues for when nobody ever does anything for us."

The worker knew him; so she dared interpose in a meek tone. "You know you break more furniture in one evening than all the dues in the House would pay for in a month."

Scarcely disturbed, he bellowed "If they'd just put some one on with some brains once in a while we could get what we want when we want it."

We merely looked at him. Luckily he did not notice me or he might have been encouraged to say more. As it was he turned on his heel and thundered back to his chalkless pool game.

The next morning I mentioned Mr. Morrow to the head worker. "Oh, Fritz" she laughed, "Don't let him worry you. Fritz is only a bluff."

I waited expectantly for the story I felt was coming.

She was quite serious when she continued. "It's rather sad to think Fritz is only one of those colossal jokes nature plays once in a while. He has an older brother, Charlie, as fine a boy as we have ever had at the House. He never fails to be obliging and courteous; so I have always been fond of him. Although he is older, even five years ago Fritz was the larger of the two. I was afraid things were not as they should be at home. So I called on their mother one afternoon. She's a little woman. Imag-

ine her trying to manage an incorrigible seventeen-year-old giant like Fritz! I knew what had to be done and to get it over as quickly as possible, I called Charlie in here the next day—told him just how matters stood. 'Charlie' I said, 'You have got to give Fritz a licking or he will be beating your mother before long.' He looked down at his bony hands spread out on his knees. And I knew he was thinking of those hammer fists of Fritz's.

"'It's got to be done', I went on. After a few minutes he looked up with that fine light in his eyes that comes with a firm determination, clear bought. We don't see it often down here. When we do—well, it gives us old ones satisfaction.

"'Miss Blake,' he said, 'I'll do it.'"

"Extra work kept me in the office that evening. About nine o'clock I was startled by an apparition vaguely reminiscent of Charlie standing in the door there. He was covered with dust. His hair was torn. An eye was blackened. His clothing was pretty much the worse for rough handling. None of your high purpose in his eyes now. Their expression was indefinable. His lips were strained white against his teeth in a very agony of energy. 'I've done it, Miss Blake.'"

"He had. Fritz has never bullied his mother since. As a matter of fact I think I've bullied him," she laughed, "Would you like to hear about it?" Scarcely waiting my ready affirmative she went on. "I suspected Fritz was a coward when he let that small brother of his teach him such a lesson. Before long I had better proof. The majority of his 'gang' enlisted as soon as war began—but not Fritz. Every time I asked him what he was going to do, he looked me straight in the eyes and told me he

expected to go any day. I knew he didn't mean it—after he had told me the same story for months. Finally I asked point blank why he delayed enlisting when he professed a perfect readiness to fight. Well, he didn't know,—looked a bit disconcerted about it. I gave him the usual lecture on moral obligation. It quite overpowered him. Yes, if I went with him, he was willing to enlist immediately. We lost no time in starting. At the nearest recruiting office I waited in the outside room. I thought he deserved that much balm for his pride—if he had any. Before long he came out and told me I was wanted. His face was one broad grin from ear to ear. I should have suspected something but supposing I was to be questioned about him, I didn't. Imagine my surprise when at my entrance the recruiting officers first exchanged stupefied glances and then scarcely suppressed their obvious mirth. Fritz alone seemed perfectly at ease. Knowing nothing better to do I inquired why I was needed. Quite courteously the officer in charge assured me that I was not needed for anything. He looked accusingly at Fritz. Not realizing the dangerous ground I trod I demanded what he had done.

"Well you see, Miss Blake, I thought since you was so interested in the welfare of the country you might like to join up too, so I told 'em there was two of us." I admit it took all the poise I possessed and a good deal of bluffing on my part to get out of that office with even a show of dignity.

"I had accomplished my end nevertheless. Fritz went to war. No one can tell whether fortunately or unfortunately he never got near the front. He thundered about France in a motor truck for a year—except for frequent

stays in the guard house—and came back home no better than he went with an insatiable lust for adventure which driving a spring-water truck does not in the least satisfy. We shall see," she ended shaking her head in prophetic doubt.

III

"Oh, but Miss Glark, this is a terrible goil." Mrs. Hella spread her hands in an elaborate gesture characteristic of certain of her race. She paused long enough to let her dramatic eloquence take effect. "She don't come in till all hours of the night. I can't do nuthin' with her." Her hands dropped limply to her sides. But with renewed energy she continued almost immediately. "She don't never bring home no money,—not her! Spends it all for clothes, she does. Don't care nuthin' for her poor mother slavin' at home—not her!" Her anger was quite overpowering. Her withered, heavy featured face was vivid with fire. My reaction, I confess, was one of sympathy for the "terrible girl."

"She's got a fella and they stay out till all hours of the night. I told her if she wasn't a good goil I'd turn her out." Her small eyes glowed with outraged morality.

"I can't do nuthin' with her. She's too big to spank."

Quietly and soothingly Miss Clarke set about her work. Mrs. Hella went away mollified by a promise that a worker would talk with the daughter to see what could be done to mend her ways,—or her mother's. But this last idea was tactfully not mentioned to that irate lady.

A week later Mrs. Hella again honored us. She was greatly excited as she swept into the office, her long skirts swirling about her feet in a calico whirlpool. I waited for a harangue upon the wan-

dering daughter whom the worker had found none too tractable.

"Your daughter," began Miss Clarke.

But no—"My hen, Miss Glark, my hen," she panted as she dropped into the chair I pushed forward for her. We were surprised, but I, for one, was relieved at the turn of conversation.

"He took my hen". She rocked back and forth in a very agony of misery. "My gude little hen ow—". Her expression would have melted the stern resolve of Mephistophiles himself. "Aw he was such a gude little hen. He laid me an egg every day, and oh"—a long sigh—"how I need dat egg."

Again Miss Clarke tried to cut in. She was a little exasperated by this time. "Mrs. Hella, we have done—"

"Oh but, Miss Glark, he was such a gude little hen—so tame." And Miss Clarke gave up attempting to talk about the "terrible goil."

"He'd follow me round just like a little pet." Her moans were quite horrible to hear, unless one remembered their cause.

Having determined to do her part, Miss Clarke did not go merely half way. "What has happened to your hen?"

"De police come got him." Her expression was eloquent of anger. "He said I could never have no more hen in de house and, Miss Glark, he was no more dirty than a little boy. No, I put papers all over the kitchen floor and let him follow me. Oh how I need dat egg!—He'd follow me round like a little pet, he would. Eat right out a my hand". Tears gleamed in her rivet eyes. "And dat egg, Miss Glark, he laid an egg every day except"—Her color of last week came back upon her—"when dat turrible goil teases him. She pokes him here" she cried making suggestive jabs in the direction of Miss Clarke's

ribs—"and here." Her anger rose by the moment. "I told her I'd put her out if she wasn't a gude goil." Having paused for breath she hurried on. "He don't lay no egg the days she does dat. And look at me". How long her hands were! The gesture starting at her head swept down to her feet where her hands became limply quiet just clearing the floor. "Oh how I need dat egg."

"But Mrs. Hella how did you happen to let the policeman take your hen?" hurriedly put in Miss Clarke.

"What could I do? Can't he do everything?"

"Mrs. Hella, no policeman can come into your house and take away a hen that belongs to you."

"He was such a gude little hen. He was so tame. He'd sit right in the winda and eat out of my hand—and follow me everywhere. He was so fond of me. He wasn't no trouble to no body. I slept him in a wooden box on the window sill and day time he'd follow me around, so tame like. He was such a gude little hen!"

"I think we might get your hen back by going to court about it," hopefully suggested Miss Clarke.

Mrs. Hella's eyes opened wide. They seemed large in her extreme astonishment. "Miss Glark, I'm afraid from the judge." Her body withered like a dejected lettuce leaf.

"I don't like the idea of a policeman walking off with your hen."

Quaveringly—"You see, Miss Glark, he didn't just walk off with him—No."

We waited expectantly but she volunteered no more. "I thought you said he took it," pursued the worker.

"He was such a gude little hen—so white and nice."

"What did happen to the hen, Mrs. Hella, if the policeman didn't take it?"

"He won't know me no more, and he loved me so much. There's a yard of 'em out at my sister's and with all his friends he'll forget me. He was so tame. Never ate but just our leavins . . . How I need dat egg." Her misery became too deep for words.

"I don't believe anything can be done since the policeman did not take the hen—just told you to dispose of it. You have lived here long enough to know that you aren't allowed to keep hens in the tenements."

She nodded, mute at last. She sat silently rocking back and forth in her sorrow for a few minutes longer. Then tremulously she got to her feet and

muttering something about an egg, left us.

Miss Clarke laughed, "Don't look so worried, child. She will forget in no time." I was hardly convinced.

Two weeks later I was sent to ask Mrs. Hella if her daughter's habits had mended. She opened the door belligerently, but seeing who I was let me in gladly enough. There was no speaking of her daughter. Mrs. Hella had a pain in her back, "like needles." I must hear about it.

And over and under and around the one vacant chair in the room hopped a very lively little white hen.

CZIGANY

Helen Harvey

The rhythm of the wind is in their bodies.

The honey of the sun is in their voices,

The fire of the moon is in their eyes.

They say "Light the fire",

"I love you"

And "How do you do"

With a fiddle—

A fiddle that knows the long, legato music of the mountains

And bright, staccato star-talk;

Knows the single, winding melody of dusty roads

And the broad, cool forest-obligato.

The rush of black water is their anger,

Their hate is a white stiletto,

Their love is sudden scarlet,

Their love burns hot gold—

They shape it with long, thin knives.

Always they know each other

As the five-pointed stars

And the white powder-stars

Know each other:

Theirs is a pass-word unspoken—

Romany!

THE EMPTY CUP

Charlotte Dorian

It was late afternoon, and Miss Ardelia Wells had lighted a small fire to keep out the sound of the wind. Spring was on its way, but it was sometimes hard to remember that when March grew so vociferous, and the crackle of the kindling was still comforting. The blaze was reflected on the grey lustre tea set that stood on a low table before the fire. Miss Wells watched the flickering light appreciatively; the grey tea set was one of her few luxuries.

Curled up in an armchair on the other side of the fire, her guest leaned back and waited lazily for the conversation to reopen. She was young, and dark, and appeared well satisfied with herself and the world about her. It was her custom to run upstairs occasionally for a cup of tea and a brief chat with her mother's boarder; she liked to bask in the interest and admiration that Miss Wells accorded her. To her hostess, these visits were of much greater significance. Carmen Riville, with her laughter, her beaux and most of her air of knowing all of life, seemed to embody all that she had missed. Now that she had reached a sane thirty-eight, and no longer cherished hopes of mysterious, romantic adventures, she liked to watch Carmen bringing true her half-forgotten day-dreams. Most young people annoyed her; they were so flippant, so careless with the chances life gave them. But Carmen had just the features and coloring she had longed for, went to the kind of parties she had never known, made just the gay remarks that she had practised in private and never dared to make. Then there were the occasional

confidences that slipped out so deliciously, and gave her little, unexpected thrills. She wondered, hovering over the teacups, whether there might not be one today.

"Aren't you very dressy this afternoon?" she began—this, she knew, would lead to something. Carmen instantly bubbled over.

"It's a brand-new man," she announced, "Just met him last night, and he insisted on taking me out tonight. I don't usually let them come so soon after I meet them; it's a bad plan, you know—gives them too much confidence. But this time I just couldn't resist. George is fascinating."

Miss Wells temporarily forgot George's fascination in her surprise at the informality.

"You call him by his first name already?"

"Well, you see, he insisted on knowing my first name, and then wouldn't call me by anything else—said Carmen suited me so well, because I looked just like a gypsy. I wore that red dress, you know."

Carmen always respected Miss Wells' conventionality. She was aware, without definitely thinking it, that this concession increased the admiration with which Miss Wells regarded her. Besides, old maids were always a bit odd in this respect.

The blame for their informality being satisfactorily shifted to George, Carmen could return to a description of his merits. His other name was Doncourt; he was tall, as blond as she was dark, a wonderful dancer, and had a good posi-

tion in a real estate office down town. Tonight, she added between bites of cookie, they were going to the theater; that was the reason for the dress.

Miss Wells gave unfailing satisfaction as an audience. She showed an eager interest in George, whom she assumed to be an exceptional young man. She was reminded, fleetingly, of a tall, blond boy of her high school days, whom she had admired, but never spoken to. She expressed approval of the dress chosen for the evening.

Then came, suddenly, the hoped-for confidence. "He is exactly the type of man," said Carmen, putting down her cup emphatically, "that I always thought I should like to marry."

Miss Wells started slightly, and her imagination went racing. Suppose Carmen *should* marry him—Then there might be a wedding here, in this very house, and she could go to it. She might even help to decorate the rooms. But here the girl stopped her by rising to leave, promising as she went, to "run up soon, and tell her all about it."

Left alone, Miss Wells went back to her reverie. Carmen was a dear girl, so pretty, so happy. She was different from most of these modern girls, with their careless ways, their saucy speech; yet she was the most popular of them all. It was strange that with so much attention, she should know so unerringly the type of man she wanted to marry. She herself had known, too; hers had been dark, with flashing eyes, and a debonair manner—something of a novel hero, but that was the only material from which she could build. Brought up alone by a frail mother, she had found no opportunity to meet young men. She had only sat at home, colorless and quiet, and watched things go by, until now, at thirty-eight, she had

never learned to play, but got her pleasures vicariously by seeing Carmen laugh her way through every kind of gaiety. Once—it was just after her mother's funeral—she had ventured to express her left-out feeling to the minister.

"My life," she had said, "has been like an empty cup—not one that is empty because its contents have been drunk; but one that stands on the plate rail, never used, but just collecting dust."

The minister had looked shocked, and murmured something about taking what Providence sent us, and she had said no more. She thought of it now, however, and looked at the grey lustre cups; that was how she would have liked to be—delicately beautiful, full to the brim of life, and then drained empty. That was the kind of emptiness that was worth while.

Carmen kept her promise a few days later; she ran humming up the stairs to display a new evening dress. She and George were going to a dance at the Ambassador Hotel; George looked simply stunning in a dress suit; wasn't the changeable pink and yellow taffeta becoming to her? Miss Wells stroked the puffy folds of silk, and admired everything indiscriminately. Carmen rattled on: George had taken her to the best show in town, the other night; she was having a lovely time with him, but she was going to the next dance with Duncan Lyle; she didn't want George to think she was *always* free to go with him. Miss Wells was puzzled. Her imagination had never stretched to the idea of using one man as a foil for another; it was the sort of thing the flip-pant type of society girl did. She wished Carmen wouldn't. Carmen laughed.

"But you see, Miss Ardelia," she explained, "that will keep up George's interest."

"But is it fair to Duncan? And George's interest is keeping itself up anyway."

"Yes, I know, but—" Carmen was not used to reasoning about these things; not to older people, at least. "Well, it will make George more enthusiastic. And it won't hurt Duncan—it will keep him interested too."

Miss Wells shook her head. It was quite beyond her grasp that Carmen should want the attention of both, when George was admittedly the type she would like to marry. But the girl did look sweet and pretty; she wished she could see her at the dance.

Carmen appeared at her room less frequently for some time after that. She seemed to be always out, sometimes with Duncan, or Walter, or Tom, young men she had known for years, but most often it was with George. Miss Wells grew to know the sound of the motor of his car, and would peer from behind her curtains to watch them go out together. George was to her a romantic figure; she imagined him in all sorts of environments—at work in his office, or reading at home, or in the becoming dress suit, at a dance. It almost seemed as though he were dancing attendance on her, instead of on Carmen, and at times she did vaguely identify herself with the girl. Carmen so fully represented all that she had missed that it was easy to imagine herself into Carmen's place. Once, on one of her infrequent trips down town, she passed George, and felt a delightful thrill of excitement. It was only just in time that she realized that he did not know her, and saved herself from speaking to him.

It was early in September when Car-

men burst into her room one morning to display a new diamond ring, and announce excitedly, "George and I are going to be married!"

"When? When? Oh, how wonderful!" Miss Wells, flushed and animated at Carmen had never seen her, wanted all the details immediately. This was a dream coming true at last. All the things that she had wanted, Carmen would have, and would tell her about, and it would be almost as though she were living through them herself. This was so much, much better than reading them out of books. Eagerly, she joined in plans, offered timid advice, tried to help. The wedding was to be the following spring—it would take that long to get ready, and besides, Carmen added, there was no hurry; she had her whole life to be married in.

This was a jarring note, and as such, was quickly dismissed by Miss Wells. It was easy to forget, for Carmen followed it by a request to be allowed to bring George to tea. The older woman's admiring sympathy had pleased her; she wanted to show George off. Miss Wells almost gasped at the thought; Romance was coming close indeed. She felt afraid, as though the miracle must vanish if it came so near.

George came; he and Carmen sat in armchairs and chattered, while Miss Wells, busy over the grey lustre cups, watched them and hummed a happy little tune to herself. He was all that Carmen had said he was, tall, good-looking, and deferential. And best of all, he liked the cookies that she had made downstairs, in Mrs. Riville's kitchen. He ate five of them, with boyish apologies for his appetite; Miss Wells wondered whether he had noticed the slight unsteadiness of her hand when she passed them to him. At least he

could not know, she reflected, that she was pretending that this was her man; Carmen fell short as a substitute here; she could not make cookies, and the making of them was an inherent part of the Romance.

It was not long after this wonderful afternoon, that she again passed George down town, and he saw her and spoke. Miss Wells flushed and nodded; she wanted to stop and chat, but dared not. But it was something that he remembered her. It gave her a more intimate part in their affairs, and made easier the pretence that she was more than an outsider looking on at them.

But her joy in this meeting did not last long. The next afternoon, looking out of her window at the falling leaves, she saw Carmen getting into a car with a man, and it was not George, but Duncan Lyle. They must have quarreled, she concluded instantly, and worried about it all that night. She did not see Carmen for several days, and could not learn whether the engagement had been broken. The subject was on her mind constantly; she was unhappy, as though she herself had quarreled, and grew nervous and agitated—so much so that, in dusting, she dropped one of the grey teacups, and broke it to pieces.

When Carmen did run up for a brief chat, Miss Wells saw that she still wore the diamond ring. She mentioned, hesitatingly, seeing the girl go out with Duncan, and Carmen laughed.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I did go out with him one afternoon. I wanted to see if it would make George jealous, and it did. We had a fight about it. But it's all right now."

This, somehow, was not entirely satisfactory; Miss Wells still felt disturbed, although she could not quite decide why. It did not seem right to stir up unpleas-

antness needlessly; yet she could recall any number of book heroines who had set tests for their lovers. That, of course, was all that Carmen was doing.

If that was Carmen's object, it was not a simple test that she was setting—not, at least, from Miss Wells' point of view. Twice within the next month she went out with Duncan Lyle, and once with a strange young man whom Miss Wells had never seen before. Doubts of all kinds assailed her; she even wondered whether George could have been unkind, and driven the girl to seek gentler company. There was something wrong this time, she knew; she could feel it in the atmosphere.

Her fears were justified. When Carmen again came to share the warmth of the crackling fire and a cup of tea, the ring was gone. Catching Miss Wells' worried, unhappy glance, she flushed, looked uncomfortable, and burst into explanation:

"Oh, I had to break it off with George. He was nice, of course, and quite the best dancer I know, but I couldn't *stand* going with just one man all the time. Honestly, Miss Ardelia, you don't know how dreadful it was. And he kept trying to get me to put the wedding ahead. I still go out with him, but I can't be engaged to him if he's going to act like that all the time."

Miss Ardelia listened, silent, her eyes on the grey lustre cups. She scarcely thought of the broken engagement, or even of George, the personified hero of her romance that had never come. She was thinking how flippant the modern young people were, how careless of the chances life flung in their path so prodigally; and of how her own life was like an empty cup that stood on a plate rail, gathering dust.

TO ARTHUR RACKHAM

Barbara McKay

O painter of brown trees against gray skies,
Of bramble, briar, and of gnarled oak
Whence peer slim dryads with their brook-brown eyes—
Where gather hosts of swift shy woodland folk,—
Painter of girls with tangled, wind-blown hair,
Of goblins perched on many a twisted root,
Of solemn owls that through the shadows stare,
And stealthy cats all velvet-still of foot!
Are you not brother to the laughing fawn
Who through the forest skips the livelong day?
Have you not seen, upon some dewy lawn,
The fairy ring where elfin dancers sway?
Or do you spread fleet wings of thought, and span
The world of happy dreams with Peter Pan?

QUATRAINS

(Arranged from *Lamb's Essay on New Year's Eve.*)

Harriet Bergtold

I care not to be carried with the tide
That smoothly bears Life to eternity—
Reluctant at the course of destiny,
On the green earth I would forever bide.

I love the sweet security of streets,—
The stretch of rural landscape far and near;
I would set up my tabernacle here
Rather than probe where Death with Living meets.

I am content to stand still at the age
To which I am arrived, I and my friends;
Nor that vague something Youth and Fortune lends
Do I desire as a heritage.

The sun, the sky, the breeze, the lonely walk—
And summer holidays, and fields of green;
The food of life—the tasted and the seen;
Candle-light, glasses, jests, the fire-side talk.

Do all these things go out when Life is done?
Can a ghost laugh, or shake his bony sides?
When winter comes a fear of Death presides
That is dispelled by genial Autumn sun.

NOBISCUM AD PARNASSVM



It is not very long since the *American Intercollegiate Magazine* made its first bow to the literary public; for so young a competitor for Parnassus, the May Intercollegiate shows a fair degree of promise. The paper has a laudable aim—to bring together the work of undergraduates of different colleges, and not only to give these writers of the coming generation a hearing but to offer them a means of self-improvement through comparative study of their immediate contemporaries. The importance of an opportunity for such comparison can hardly be over-estimated; it is a stimulus to future endeavor as well as a mirror for present faults.

“Aulis to deucomene” we have noted in the April issue of the *Byrn Mawr Lantern*. Although this poem is long, it is in no degree careless in execution. The lyric parts, perhaps, have more distinction than the narrative passages. The close of the song is charming:

“Only this hour
Have we each other—
Soon must we part
With death for a lover.”

The poem shows considerable skill in craftsmanship. “The Price” and “A Spring Day” are much in the same view, ecstatic, and not too original. “One Locomotive” is scarcely intelligible. “Midnight Wind” attains quite a gusty movement; the second stanza is

weirder and more unified in tone than the first. “Four Oriental Musings” seem to have been written in the Occident. “Love’s Own Daughter” is musical and pretty.

“The Return” is rhythmical and in expression carefully condensed and polished. Thought there is, but not of the most distinctly progressive. The verse “For death at worst is but an uncouth Christ”

and that following it, might offend the taste of readers far from conservative.

“Echo’s Plea to Narcissus” is graceful and delightfully spontaneous without being marred by the imperfections of a rough draft. “The Visitor” shows unusual maturity in handling of cadences and word-values. The situation is implied just deftly enough to leave the reader wondering.

“Poppies” is the only prose of this issue. As a minor technical criticism, it may be suggested that the one paragraph be broken up. The author is unusually successful in bringing out the beauty of sound and in building up rhythm. To gain the latter end she employs balance—a device dangerous for the tyro but very effective when manipulated as well as this writer manipulates it. “Poppies” is, perhaps, a little too sweet, and depends too much on the sparkle of colorful words instead of on the flame of the deeper emotion, but it is

memorable enough to bring down the curtain with applause.

The *Packer Current Item* is a breezy paper, just on the safe side of diffuseness from too brief and scattered puffs.

"Intensive Travelling" is a leisurely sketch with a moral. Incidentally it brings home the truth that grows more bitter with fresh experience, that life in a city can be lonely. "In Many a Corner" is a story of sacrifice. The characters are distinct, but the author leaves us in doubt of the exact impression he desires to create. Are we to suppose that Elsie knew Lew might have loved her and consciously gave him up to her sister, or that Lew never cared for Elsie? The answer to this question must make a difference in the reader's estimate of the story. "Grandma and Uncle Ebbie" is a very clever sketch that winds up with a really surprising surprise. Archie's "Complaint" is not exactly original.

Of the poetry, "To a Stormy Night" is the most successful of the serious pieces. The play reviews are incisive and up-to-date. The illustrations are good, and the cut for "Local Gossip" could not be bettered.

We are interested to note that the Packer students are instituting a Workshop system of play production modelled on that of Smith College; we heartily wish them success.

Somehow the May number of the *Dartmouth Bema* always makes us long for a wicker chair on the side porch, and a picture hat. Curious things, longings. After a dizzying survey of the chequered cover, we greet the frontispiece with a smile of recognition—our own fountain, looking a trifle wintry.

"Uncoated Pills" opens the number with good humored criticisms—not such

bitter pills after all. "Baseball to Date" introduces us to a capable athletic critic; and we are relieved to hear the rights of the matter about the "Green Freshmen." We have spent a profitable hour arithms the *Bema's*. "Transvaluation of Values." We note the exuberant pessimism of the professorial mind in the fact that only one of the faculty withholds the 25 of utter condemnation, as compared with four soft-hearted undergraduates. The "Appreciation of William K. Stuart" is sincere and straightforward. "Translations," which are polished with considerable care, are ingratiating for the moment at least.

The illustrations of the *Bema* are proof positive of the patience and talent of the Art Staff. The photographs are clear and mounted well. The drawings are excellent in themselves and in their adaptation to the use to which they are put.

The fiction of the number is pleasing in the ornamental effect of clear black type ranged in well-proportioned columns on glazed paper. We find difficulty in discovering any further recommendation for the story entitled "Babe" It is not, we concede, so flimsy and sentimental as "One Kiss," but it reaches no unusual artistic heights. We do not ask for stories modelled on "Rosamund and the Purple Jar," but in the *Bema* we think we have a right to expect work that need not be called superficial or mawkish.

Emphatically from Lake Cayuga comes the *Wells College Chronicle*. The poem addressed to the Lake is successful of its type. The third stanza of "A Triad" is charming. "The Outlaw," though stiff in contrast to half a dozen familiar poems on the same subject, has much to commend it; it is sure and vivid.

"The Dance of Death" is an amusing sketch consistently carried out. In theme, though not in atmosphere, it reminds us of Hans Christian Anderson. "Individualism in Ibsen and Materlinck" is a rather cursory study of a subject that might be pursued further with profit. "Mr. Samuel Squiggs, Philosopher," would be more effective if it were written in some decided style. The title and the first sentence arouse hopes of a reincarnation of Sam Weller; the second sentence suggests the genial narrator of "The Little White Bird." The sketch finally disappoints us by fading out after advancing faint hints of O. Henry and Charles Lamb.

The effect of the *March Chronicle* as a whole is a little disjointed, from the presence of so many short and unrelated bits of essay, poetry, and comment. A great many fields of interest are touched in this issue, and touched with so much promise that it seems a pity that some of them are not developed more completely.

A Play of Man Ancient and Modern

In "The Hairy Ape," Eugene O'Neill has continued his tradition of departing from the commonplace in drama. He takes us with the nether realm of stokeholds and furnace rooms. Aboard an ocean liner, he shows us the soul of a hulking firemen whose creed is brute strength. The inarticulate male, as primitive as man in the stone age, is made the hero of a modern play.

The drama that is spun around such a character is woven of the language of the docks, the setting of sordid places, and the acting of gross artists. So closely is the play made to follow the original text of the life it translates that the audience must strive to overcome a repugnance to the setting and language

before they can appreciate the ideal interpretation that O'Neill has given them.

In "Yank" he has portrayed an ignorant, illiterate man who fears neither God, man, nor devil. To him, the world runs by steel, but it is he, and such as he, alone who turn steel to motive power by fire. Therefore his work is primary in running the universe. He "belongs," as he often expresses it, with the elements. Strength, then is his religion. It is the power that, until his self-confidence is suddenly shaken, has bent the world to his will.

The iconoclast is a young girl, who, when she sees Yank in a fit of rage swearing at the second mate, screams "Oh, the filthy brute!" and faints. After she has been led away, his companions tell him that she looked at him as though he were not man but a hairy ape. To Yank, who had unconsciously felt a spiritual reaction to her presence, the idea that she despised him is degrading. By her criticism, he feels that he has been insulted, so he plans to revenge himself upon her, upon society, finally upon man in general, but he finds that society keeps her out of his reach, that man in society is unimpressionable, and that casts him out.

He turns then to the beasts. So that he may see what a hairy ape looks like and consequently realize the depths of the insult which was inflicted upon him, he goes to the zoo. His attempt to talk to the gorilla is pathetic. Thinking that the brute's rumbling gibberings mean that he has found a sympathetic friend Yank opens the cage and shakes hands with the beast. The creature, however, instead of warmly receiving the man's advances, shows his brutal nature by strangling the man who "belongs" no more with the beasts than with his fellows.

When the curtain falls, one has been transported from the stokehold of a liner to the world of its deck, to the interior of a jail, to the bureau of a labor union, and finally to the zoo. These are new points to visit in the theatre, while following a new type of hero. With more effective staging in the future for such scenes as this type of drama requires, it remains to be seen whether America will accept it, or cry for her more common sugar-coated comedies and manufactured romances. Will she be far-seeing enough to realize that plays like "The Hairy Ape" are not at the end of the path, but on the way toward the development of the art of the American drama?

A. J. C.

Memoirs of A Midget

(WALTER DE LA MARE)

The subject of Mr. de la Mare's novel is the tiniest of the tiny. Physically the Midget is, as she says, "one of the smaller works of God." So small is she that her head is on a level with the flowers as she walks along and when a cat jumps at her he knocks her over. The Midget also says of herself, "Smallest of bubbles I might be tossing on the great waters, but I reflected the universe." In reading the book one doesn't think of the Midget as "one of the smaller works of God" as much as of a bubble reflecting the universe. To view the world through her eyes is like gazing through the wrong end of a telescope. All the objects are there; the outlines are clear; but things seem far away, unreal as though they belonged to a different world. At times the Midget is exceedingly human and seems like one of ourselves; becomes a part of common-sized humanity. This illustration does not last, however, and then we have the Midget, the curious, aloof figure; an elf or sprite detached from the world and surveying it from

her position on the petals of a flower with keen, understanding eyes and a slightly ironical smile. The Midget's world is a world of beauty and her spirit is as large as the universe itself. She expresses this most perfectly when she says, "In some of my happiest moments my inward self seems to be as remote from my body as the Moon is from Greenland; and at others,—even though that body weighs me down to the earth like a stone—it is as if memory and consciousness stretched away into the ages far beyond my green and dwindling Barrow on Chizzel Hill, and had shaken to the solitary night cry of Creation, 'Let there be Light.' "

The other characters in the book have as decidedly definite personalities as the Midget herself. There is Mrs. Botawater, the lovable, kind, but somewhat grim and inarticulate landlady, who is worthy of Dickens himself. Mr. Bates, the carpenter, makes one appearance, but one is enough, for he immortalizes himself with the sentence "Well Miss, what I say is, a job's a job and if it is a job, is a job that should be made a job of." There is Fanny Botawater whom we despise from the start; but with the Midget we feel her fascination, particularly the fascination of her eyes, which, to use the Midget's description, are "unnaturally light in color."

The book is exquisitely written. Sentences and whole paragraphs make you catch your breath and turn back to re-read them. The dialogues are keen and glittering and the letters of Fanny to her Midgetiva can have few equals anywhere. The grandeur of the book and of the Midget herself lies in the fact that it is the result of a marvelous creative imagination, an imagination that has caught the beauty of the world and reflected it in the soul of the Midget.

Lost Valley

(KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD)

Charmingly written, quaintly original, with passages of sheer beauty, "Lost Valley" is a welcome antidote to modern fiction. It is a relief to hear that people in spite of odds can be persevering, honorable, devoted, and faithful to an ideal; that every town is not a sordid "Main Street," and that beauty does exist in the world. "Lost Valley" is original. Its characters are unusual and its plot is quite out of the ordinary, though at the same time its people live and events are vividly real.

Hidden away in New England hills was Lost Valley, a lonely, beautiful place, the home of Madge Lockerby, who was devoting her rich youth to the care of her insane grandmother and her half-witted sister, Lola. Her monotonous life was brightened, momentarily, by the visit of a young artist who had come to paint the valley. But soon it was terribly saddened. Lola ran away in pursuit of an organ grinder's monkey, and for a year Madge hunted for her, to find her at last, dying. Lola had killed herself in trying to save the monkey's life.

Madge reluctantly returned to Lost Valley. She knew her duty lay there but she preferred New York. Her home had changed irrevocably. Her grandmother had died and her uncle, who from the first had opposed her search for Lola, refused to let her live on the old farm. She stayed near by, however, waiting. Her uncle was old and he might need her soon. Meanwhile she studied Latin, taught school and became acquainted with adverbs. A summer passed and her uncle fell sick. Madge went to him, but he did not forgive her until the day before he committed suicide. A week later, Madge suddenly

discovered herself an heiress. Her life was now her own. She was free to do as she wished. What a problem that was! She must be very careful as to her decisions. She was thinking matters over in her favorite nook by a pool in the woods, and was deciding on settlement work in Boston, when Desmond Reilley, a New York friend of hers, found her there alone. A week later they were married.

M. F. G.

The Soul of a Child

EDWIN BJORKMAN

"And the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children."

If Edwin Björkman's purpose in "The Soul of a Child" is to prove the truth of the quotation, he has succeeded. Not that the parents of Keith Wellander are sinful. They are in fact, conventional, law abiding citizens of Stockholm. But Mr. Björkman shows clearly the influence of environment in shaping the mind and character of a small boy, and the importance of the parents as factors of that environment.

The story of Keith Wellander is not a story, but a book of vivid pictures, each one of which, although lacking in action, is alive with the significance of educational progress. The picture of the four-room apartment, situated on a lane whose "population is held inferior to that of the streets in social rank,—yet is unwilling to be classed with the manual toilers," stands out with clearness of detail, yet as a symbol, forms the background for the book. In that background, sometimes indistinct, yet always present, is the figure of the mother. Resentful of social distinctions yet scrupulous of them, with an exaggerated sense of the value of "book education" and fear of the unfamiliar, and

above all, a tender wistfulness to retain the boy's love, she is the restraining influence, and as such, the predominating influence in Keith's life. Only less in importance is the father, stern, taciturn, with a human understanding hidden beneath strict, impartial discipline. He is a man who on Christmas day can give his son a trough as a reminder of table manners and at the same time, a longed-for castle. These are the figures in the background of the pictures of Keith at play or Keith at school where his intelligently curious mind, eager to learn, "absorbed the matter at hand in the way he breathed."

The pictures themselves are done in a straightforward manner, without superfluous color or extravagant detail to detract from the essential features of each, and this undoubtedly is important in producing the impression of vividness and familiar simplicity.

Crome Yellow

ALDONS HUXLEY

If, as recent reviews promulgate, the British readers of novels are intent upon economy in literature of a type that tells much in a few vivid words, then, provided that my interpretation of it be correct, Aldons Huxley's first novel must be supplanting the family Bible in English homes. "Provided", I say, because it is no doubt inevitable that as many readers as "Crome Yellow" has, so many interpretations will it have. There are those who consider the book one of the mere aberrancies of a philosophic poet's mind, and it is true that its apparent lack of plan and plot and its many long digressions on comparatively irrelevant matter, including historical and philosophical discussions and stories of individual merit, leave this impression of vagrancy. Unity, however, is discover-

able. Very nearly everything is shown through the mind and eyes, or heard by the ears, or spoken by the mouth—and, I presume I may as well add, to complete the category,—smelled by the nose—of Denis Stone. Through him, the book is unified. But it is not through the character Denis that Huxley furthers this *architectonic* quality by means of satire. Denis's view is not satirical; he is generally tolerant of others. Yet—and this is my interpretation of "Crome Yellow"—the book is almost a complete satire on English society as represented by its varied character, excellently differentiated and depicted. The satire enters subtly, pervadingly, enveloping even Denis.

The characters are not types, for all their purpose of representing types, but they contain sufficient of the type element to be recognizable as follows:

Denis Stone, who is twenty-three, and agonizingly conscious of the fact, is the sincere young *litteratus* and pseudo-philosopher who takes himself and all life too seriously; he has the poet's inability to recognize practical advantages, of which fact he himself is conscious, but cannot remedy. He explains his philosophy? temperament? to Anne: "You were born a pagan; I am trying to make myself one. I can take nothing for granted, I can enjoy nothing as it comes along. Beauty, pleasure, art, women—I have to invent an excuse for everything that's delightful. Otherwise, I can't enjoy it with an easy conscience. I make up a little story about beauty and pretend that it has something to do with truth"—Denis has two moments of determining to be otherwise—to be a "man of action": in the first chapter, when the action is in his approach of the station guard, where it does not produce a ripple, and collapses, punctured;

and in the last chapter when, at Mary's instigation, he is again a man of action—and regrets it. "If only I'd let things drift," he wishes, just before he climbs into the "hearse" which is to bear him forth from a desirable Crome to a hot and undesirable London. (The conclusion is beautifully ironic).

Anne is a rather typical modern girl, better-bred than most, with a face of doll-like prettiness like a "lazy mash of wax", with a listless grace and a trace of malicious amusement in her smile. Her idea of Denis is of "sweet and amusing boy", which, contrasted with his inarticulate love for her, enhances his ironic treatment.

Mary Bracegirdle is distinctly satirized as the well-educated young woman who yet lacks a fundamental intelligence—to whom the moon is "gibbous", and who, in keeping with the moon-like innocence of her pink face in its "bell of elastic gold hair" clipped like a page's, is gullible and trusting and mentally very dull.

Seogan is the gnostic man of facts and ideas, historical and philosophical, who imposes them on everyone with whom he comes in contact. It is mainly to his credit that we must lay the digressive but intrinsically interesting monologues in which the book abounds.

Gornbould is the passionate and fiery artist contrasting the dull smouldering of Denis' temperament. His artist's insincerity, carrying him vacillating cubism, formalized nature, the painting of his own thoughts extematized in geometrical forms, and the painting of "prodigious realism with prodigious simplification"—carries the author's satirical meaning.

Ivor is the type of engaging young man with tremendous versatility and charm, whose path is strewn with

amorous successes and broken hearts, and to whom all women are the same, the only requirement being that they are women. He completes the satirization of Mary's character, whose heart is one of the many.

Priscilla Wimbush, hostess of the Crome houseparty, is briefly described as a woman with a deep voice, greenish eyes, lofty and elaborate coiffure of an improbable shade of orange—(her first appearance is in purple silk with a high collar and a row of pearls)—whose whole activity is confined to cultivating an ill-defined malady, casting horoscope of racing horses and football teams, and betting according to the dictates of the castings. She talks in capitals, swishes as she walks, and preserves especial predilection for:

Mr. Barbecue-Smith, who writes about the *Conduct of Life* in the Sunday papers, and who, Denis reflects, might even be the author of "What a Young Girl Ought to Know." He discusses Optimism and Pessimism in abstract terminology. He boasts of his ability to write 3,800 words in two and a half hours. He confides to Denis the "secret of his success": "The secret of writing is Inspiration. Everyone has it . . . Get it to *function*." (He admits that it comes to him regularly.) "Let your Subconscious work for you; turn on the Niagara of the Infinite."

Henry Wimbush is the serene and unemotional land-holding Englishman whose ancestors' lives, peculiarities and bequeathings are his monomania. The "History of Crome," which he is writing, furnishes the charming stories incorporated in "Crome Yellow."

Mr. and Mrs. Bodiham, the rector and his wife, represent the typical Victorianism with its hissing "Disgusting!" at

the sight of young ladies in one-piece bathing-suits.

Mrs. Budge—"a black silk balloon towing a black-and-white striped parachute" is the good-natured old provincial person who loves to see the young folks having a good time. That part of her history with which we are made acquainted has to do with the number of peaches which Mrs. Budge ate during each day of the war, in order to collect peach-stones for the government.

Jenny Mullion remains—she who "sits apart in the secret tower of her deafness," and is disquieting in her enigmatic remoteness. But it is she who, by especial dispensation perceives other people as they really are, and sketches them accordingly in the red note book which proves a disturbing revelation to Denis. It is Jenny who furthers the satiric tone of the story.

Story, did I say? But "Crome Yellow" is not a story, as stories go; it is more nearly just delightful writing on strangely juxtaposed themes, with the

one or two unifying threads which have been mentioned. It caters to no popular idea of the modern novel; it is hardly a *novel*, unless it is to be judged by standards foreign to the critic's catechism. Its style is unimpeachable; it possesses powerful potentialities of characterization and setting, with very possible situations in embryo, but it has no plot and no climatic sequence except in the ironical twist to Denis's career which concludes the book. It is prolific in interesting detail, however; not a paragraph, in fact, is uninteresting—and thus, if it is to be judged by its own standards, it might not seem exorbitant praise to call "Crome Yellow" a perfect gem of its own many-faceted kind. And especially in the rôle of a first novel, is it worth while. Mr. Huxley may well and profitably leave the realm of poetry forever and confine himself to prose, and—it may be suggested—renounce especially his faculty for poetic titles. Wherein is the enigma of "Crome Yellow" answered?



THE PADDED STALL



DEAR CONSUELO MONTGOMERY,

I am wondering if your opinions about *Monthly* haven't changed a little since seeing that last issue in which your refreshingly frank and unvarnished criticism appeared. Mine have at any rate. And the May issue seems to have had a revolutionary effect on a good many other opinions besides mine. I have heard the following remarks floating about campus: "Have you seen the *new Monthly*!" "Have you seen the new print and new cover that makes it look three times better than before?"—and "Just the two cuts in this issue make such a difference!" and so on.

Furthermore, friend Consuelo, at the risk of disturbing the sacred group of "three pieces of work worth considering seriously" which you mention having found in *Monthly* in two years, I consider it my duty to venture the following. I have heard more than one undergraduate, including a member of Manuscript, (who not only really writes well herself, but is not on the *Monthly* Board) succinctly state that they considered two or three pieces in this *one single number* of the *Monthly* quite clever and even interesting. Not content with uttering this strange and radical statement, I must add another, and share your opinion that many of the *Monthly's* contributions have been deplorably pale, ineffective or burlesque. But in two years I have detected more than three works of merit. Incidentally, so did Professor Mary Augusta Jordan, lately of the Department of English. I know that she detected more than three, because she read 'em in thirt' before they were published in *Monthly*, with comments!

It is well enough to say airily, "Oh, suppress the *Monthly* entirely, it's dead!" But suppose the publication develops signs or life! There are a few, myself included—misguided, perhaps,

all of us!—who really think it is looking alive and almost ready to begin to kick.

I believe that the sentiment of the College, if we should stop sometime just long enough to really think the matter over, would not be in favor of doing away with *Monthly*. Why be bound by mere tradition, you say? Well, can a college of the size and importance of Smith afford to drop the only magazine of an even pretentiously literary nature that it has? I—(being conservative and hide-bound)—do not think it can. And I am optimistic—hopelessly so, if you will. I refuse to believe that Smith is more dumb in a literary sense than any of her sister colleges, or that out of 2000 undergraduates she can produce no budding authors whose work merits publication and interest in *Monthly* on the part of those who read it. I fancy you saying them, "But the other college magazines are mostly just as bad!" Do you advocate abolishing women's colleges' literary magazines entirely?

May I remind you, my dear Consuelo, that what you and many of us say of *Monthly* is what numerous critics say of many current magazines, which have kept on notwithstanding and occasionally produced something useful and worth-while.

I have only cited these few rays of hope bursting through the enshrouding gloom of *Monthly's* prospects as depicted by you to suggest that your advice to the newly-elected board to immediately lie down and die in its tracks before anything more happens—or is submitted—is not only just a trifle unconstructive, but seems about the last thing in the world that the Board intends doing. May I remind you that most of us aren't Van Dykes or Thomas Hardys or de La Mares; and that the *Monthly* is only a workshop after all. Yet we

ourselves groan and grieve over the finished products that our neighbor has not produced.

I think the editorial in the May number is about the most sensible, graphic and to-the-point periodic essay I have yet seen. Naturally, as it says, the board can't do it all. It is the college who writes or who doesn't. It is my private personal opinion that the *Monthly* needs more advertising. Hasn't it had more the last month, than in some time?

Consuelo, I see a ray of hope—two, three, four, several. I refuse to strangle the new board in its cradle and cut off the *Monthly* in what should be its prime of life.

Yours,

OLIVIA OPTIMIST.

Now this is most encouraging indeed. There is nothing like warm appreciation to make us cry "Excelsior!" and dash for the peaks of glory. But our ambitions receive a stupendous blow when we read:

You ask me what I thought of you and made me promise to write out my opinion for you. To be stuck in your old Padded Cell, I suppose. Very well. You brought it on yourself.

I may object to your putting my writing into the Padded Stall, (you see I really do know the name of it) but even so I think that that is the only one of your features which deserves any commendation at all. At least it is interesting; that is more than can be said for the rest of the paper. Some of the changes have no apparent excuse for being. Just what is the idea of having two columns, anyway? It's dangerous; it brings you into comparison with the *Weekly*. And why print the poems in small type? To be sure, they don't deserve larger, but it is unkind to point this out to the undiscerning public. Besides, you ought to print the prose in small type, too, if you don't want to show your preferences too clearly. Honesty may be a good policy, but frank indication of opinion brings editorial boards into bad repute.

Apparently the best thing would be not to print anything. Of course this would break a tradition, but you have broken so many that one or two more wouldn't matter. The loss of this one would at least be an advantage in some respects, while you have introduced only one improvement, and that a minor one—the style of type you use for little title-headings. The rest of your changes accomplish nothing except

to attract unfavorable criticisms. You try to turn a literary (?) magazine into an art journal, and print a meaningless picture and an unnecessary one. You introduce cuts and a striking cover, thereby putting the *Monthly* into the class with any prep school paper, self-advertising, with nothing to offer but a gaudy front. Is this what you are going to give us as a substitute for the old *Monthly*? That may have been unsatisfactory; I admit that it was unsatisfactory; but at least it was dignified and didn't cavort and prance nimbly about at the editorial whim.

Of course I realize that the rest of us have nothing to say. It is no longer the *College* paper, only the *Smith Monthly*, and "Smith" can mean almost anything, and is usually, outside of these immediate circles used as the type-name of a very ordinary person, lacking individuality, and differing not a bit from his neighbors. If your magazine keeps on as you have begun, you have curtailed its title in a very appropriate manner.

X. X.

Well, XX, how glad we are to have pleased you with our selection of shaded type. The advent of a discerning critic like yourself is an event almost as important as that of the genuine "constructive criticism" of which we hear so much and see so little. But what is this if not that?

Why can't *Monthly* put out a magazine similar to the *Tale*, *Graphic*, or the *Red and Blue* from Penn? These are not burlesque publications,—glance over the table of contents and you will discover that the magazine is backed by college spirit. Its contents include editorials, a serious article on political affairs, very little poetry, doings around college, such as discussions on Junior week, exams, etc., and many illustrations. There's no reason in the world for *Monthly* to be a literary (?) magazine alone—it has been far from literary in the past year. What it needs is *pep* in the nth degree.

True, and the *Monthly* now makes no pretense of being a purely literary magazine. Illustrations we have, editorials we have, "a serious article on political affairs" would be an excellent addition.

As to comments on doings around college, although their inclusion would add local appeal, there is danger in limiting the magazine to one locality, even though that locality be Smith College. Besides, the field of daily college happenings is well covered by the *Weekly*. As we see it, the *Weekly* is to inform the college about what is going on in college; the *Monthly* represents the thought of Smith to the world outside as well. That is the reason for keeping its field as broad as possible.

The next bit of our month's correspondence seemed to us to deserve a title, so, with all apologies to its author, we have called it:

Avaunt, Base Earth, and Let Us Soar

It is the common belief that if people wish to write well, they must limit their scope to the life they know through actual living and the people whose counterparts they have met. Even you, sweet editor, have said so. I love you tenderly, but I disagree with your policy.

Of course, the safest way to write intelligibly is to keep Pegasus securely tethered to the stable door and the Muses cooped in one's own kitchen. There is no excuse for producing vague soul-portraits and impressionisms under such circumstances; one writes in simple, direct diction of the little happenings of everyday, weaving them together with natural art, and at length produces a human masterpiece—"Why will not people write of what they themselves have experienced?" Simply because the actual experience is usually so much outweighed and outclassed by the imaginative. To me, and I think to many others, my pen offers a way of escape from the unpleasant details of living, not a means to rehash those details on paper. The world of fancy is often much more real than that bounded by "three squares per" and eight hours of wholesome sleep. I'm tired of hearing the eternal cry for realistic stuff based on actual observation, which is often not true realism at all. Far more vivid are many incidents that I have read than most that I have lived, and I can imagine situations far more life-like than any of my life has been, paradox though that may

be. How tired the college writers are of having the everlasting panacea "Write only what you *know*" poured into them on all occasions! It is not only useless; it is detrimental. No doubt much of the sorry "realistic" writing nowadays results from efforts to play safe and reproduce in its darkest colors the atmosphere in which one has passed one's youth.

The only maxim which I think can always be followed is "Write only of what *is* your life." This would do away with secondhand ideas and decadencies without limiting the setting to the front lawn and the garden plot. It is too easily assumed that we lead only the existence that we obviously lead, and that our thoughts for writing must spring from such shallow soil. What folly! You disappoint me by falling into it.

K.

And you are disappointing us badly. K., by the betrayal of the fact that you have not read a certain excellent bit of writing in the May number. For enlightenment we refer you to lines 37 and 38 on page 302 of that issue.

Continuing to delve into the mail bag (and isn't it delightful to see how much fuller it is this month?) we bring forth a second:

DEAR CONSUELO.

Of course your drastic remedy makes the literati bristle! You stoically advise the *Monthly* to

"play the man, stand up and end you,
When your sickness is your soul",

but how do you know that the disease is chronic, granting that the *Monthly* has its lapses, and not a series of children's diseases—mumps or whooping-cough that will disappear when full adolescence is reached? Do your suicidal suggestions reply, "Better close the college at the same time which, from its two thousand members, cannot gleam enough creative production and impetus to support a literary magazine!"

Personally, I have found the *Monthly* readable for four years, but perhaps that is due to the spirit in which I pick it up. A college monthly should, to my mind, be a sort of workshop where the passing events of the day or the flights of our too mundane imaginations are molded into some form of art—a trite enough

statement,—but if looked upon from this angle its failures and shortcomings are as interesting as its less frequent successes. However, those who read for amusement alone miss the finish and flare that is found in the commercial short story. The professional stroke, no matter how weak the material and event, is always to be found in the latter, while in our publication the sophomoric and amateurish element is always creeping in.

Practically speaking, why not curtail the pseudo-whimsical work; the very sleepy little boys and Davids and Peters—(bless Barrie and curse his imitators!) Let's have a normal Penrod, a 'bloody' Stalky, a healthy Huck or Tom! Are there no more small boys of the apple-cheeked and apple-eating variety or are they all of the Fauntleroy and "Child in the House" type? So few of us have ever known a real poet and yet they are forever cropping up in stories like the old Greek chorus. As to the poemettes, Consuelo, shake! There is too much of the "thumb-nail sketch of the star in the puddle"; also there is a metaphysical vagueness in the antipodal type of verse. It suffers in general from plain bonelessness!

And as to a remedy—well, its the same old cry: let's have stories about the known and the felt. Writers do not have to look up bizarre subjects to have the "wheels catch fire". They need not necessarily confine themselves to local color but they must give us *color*—reds and blues must indeed be reds and blues!"

Consuelo, you were a little out of luck, I'm afraid because you probably did not know about the new policy when you wrote. This new policy I feel convinced won't 'make writers of us all' but will discover the "mute, inglorious Miltons" and will induce those to speak out who can!

POLLYCASSANDRA.

Two more letters remain for us, the first beginning pointedly:

May is a month of surprises and new innovations. Even the *Monthly*, a decrepit old lady, blossomed forth in a brand new gown of mottled gray material. Perhaps it was because of her fashionable appearance that one was led to expect too much of her.

Even shaded type cannot lend charm to lines as trite as

"April needs water-freed, new grass, bright wings

And men and women loving splendid things."

or

"O heart, I can not guide thee straight enough!

Nor make thee mastered by a knowing mind!"

So many Aprils have needed "water freed" and so many people have experienced difficulty in guiding their hearts. Why on earth must college poetesses be everlastingly introspective? If their minds were worth looking into, it might be worth while. But if these bits are indexes, the soil from which they come must be very barren indeed.

Of course the *Monthly* cannot confine itself to prose, but if poetry there must be, why the facetious bits about moons and rustic lovers? Radiators and grass cops will be preferable subjects, or at least more vital ones. As long as we cannot attain the heights of Shelley and Keats, let us at least have verse which is significant of our college life and experience.

Though we must confess that a "Roundelay of the Radiator" would not seem a great improvement upon the songs of souls, we welcome frank opinion concretely illustrated, with suggestions for the future.

It seems most appropriate that the final criticism should hit middle C, including as it does both pleasant praise and gentle blame. We were especially cheered by the singularly affectionate opening:

MY LOVE—

I was overjoyed, as ever, at receiving my copy of your dear paper, but upon examining it I was for a moment at a loss as to how I should express myself. Although I am still in some measure doubtful of my own opinion yet am I hastening to relieve the anxiety with which I know you await a statement of my sentiments, not indeed as evidence of profound judgment, but as a token of my friendly interest toward you.

I rejoice in observing the zeal and enthusiasm with which you embark upon your enterprises. The *Monthly* is indeed fortunate in having at its head so energetic a person as you, who will, aflame with ardor, lend all your efforts toward the betterment of the magazine.

But while I praise your interest, which I hope will be as long-lived as it is profound, I deprecate your youth and lack of experience.

We of the old school, my dear, are, I know, inclined to acquire fixed habits, but a moderate amount of conservatism cannot but be beneficial. A trustworthy guide to be followed, worthy standards to be upheld, a firm foundation on which to build, all these are to be found in the conventions. With the rashness of untried enthusiasm you have cast away all that has made the *Monthly* what it has been. You have introduced foreign material, so that we who are accustomed to praise the *Monthly* find incongruities among the old familiar features; you have abandoned the sedate yet cheerful cover of past days for a more bold—shall I say flaunting?—design; you have adopted an arrangement of point and form of type more suitable to a commercial magazine conducted for financial gain than to a paper expressing the sentiment and satisfying the intellectual needs of a select group of well-bred gentlemen.

Do not misunderstand me, my dear. I do not wish to censure you in too harsh a manner. I have the utmost confidence in your energy and ability. Nevertheless I feel that yours is na-

ture which requires restraint rather than urging; and I am sure that your innate good sense will prevent your receiving any pique from my words. I shall watch your progress with great interest, and I earnestly hope that neither your own eager spirit, the flattery and the unconsidered praises of your friends, nor any desire to suppress and humiliate your enemies, will carry you too far.

Believe me always your friend, and know that your success and happiness are the most strongest desire and the most sincere hope of

YOUR OWN L—.

As a relief from so much heavy reading we have next a pleasant few moments with our younger poets, followed by a brief, and colorful sketch in prose. There is a danger, we fear, that the Stall will come to be considered a mere den of clashing critics. We should remember that it is also the haunt of Calliope in her lighter moods.

PARADOX

I say I love you more than life
And all my heart accords it true;
Yet, since you're all of life to me
How can I love you more than you?

Anon.

SUMMER

KATHARINE MACOMBER

I was sitting by the fountain
On a hot damp summer's day
And I chanced to see a robin
Hop now this, now that, way.

I watched the petals falling
They would touch and float away;
I dreamed that I was sailing.
It was very hot that day.

DESPAIR

HELEN T. JOHNSON

Weakly I stagger
From the portentuous building with a dome
Where, nightly, shivering girls, lightly clad, are forced,
Souls in torment.
To aimlessly observe motions of the stars
Whose motion they can not see and may not learn.
Here a High Priestess has just, with scathing voice,
Laid bare my flapper intellect
Awful words, beaten into my brain,
Flit about like rats in a trap:
Almuncantor, node, apogee,
Aurora, equinox,
Isotasy, albedo, statellite,
Nutation, umbra, penumbra, and
Triangulation:
As I think bands of lurid spectra revolve about me,
Some with dark lines some with bright, like little snakes,
Why does Saturn retrograde?
Ah! Why?
Let me fling myself from the roof!

The Kimona

ELEANOR DEEGAN

It was colored violet, the shade of one of those violets which grow by the roadside, struggling with the cruel rays of the sun. And over its faintly colored surface trailed the stems, the leaves, all the foliage of a tropical garden that bloomed with luxuriant growth of the white greenery, somewhat dimming the glory of the soft, retiring buds and flowers. And here and there rested on leaves and stems, but never on the blossoms themselves, pure white moths. Or were they butterflies? Who knows? Some say they are doves, baby ones that have not grown to the breadth and height of the mother dove. Yet there they flit, or rather sit, these butterfly-birds, spreading their pure white wings against the retiring violet of the background, a sublime creation indeed.

Now, just to show you that the austere *Monthly* board is really quite delightfully human after all we include the following playlet by some of our number. It seems to us that we are doing a very brave thing in throwing the "cold, clear light of reality" thus upon the happenings of the sanctum.

As We Are

Time—May —, 1922

Place—*Monthly* room.

Scene—See for yourself!

(*A voice, attempting to render "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."* Enter the owner of the voice. Examines notes which she finds on the table. To do so, she seats herself in the armchair of the Chief Editor, where she remains, humming, for some time.

Enter the Editorial One. The Vociferous one hastily vacates the chair.)

Ed.—Has the meeting assembled yet, my love?

Voc.—I've been trying to assemble for fifteen minutes.

(*This is probably an exaggeration. We have noted her presence in the room only for three minutes.*)

Ed.—(*Seating herself*). Have you read all the stuff?

Voc.—I couldn't find it.

Ed.—(*Displaying Mss.*) Oh, of course, I had it with me.

Voc.—Gee, that's a lot! What luck!

Ed.—Not so fast, my love. It's all lower-class stuff.

Voc.—Well, what's the odds? Oh, it's supposed to be Senior Number.

Ed.—Just so, my own. And we haven't any Senior stuff.

Voc.—None at all?

Ed.—(*Producing small piece of paper.*) Just this.

Voc.—How coy! Listen to this—(*Reads.*)

Pastoral Thoughts Sitting on the Front Porch on a Summer Evening.

A star shot!

A Loon called—

The night's hot.

Is the hay hauled?

Ophelia Smith 1922. Who is she?

Ed.—Don't you remember? She gave us two sonnets last year.

Voc.—When she took 19. Where's the rest of the board?

Ed.—I don't know. What do you think of that poem?

Voc.—Well, now, Parker!

Ed.—Don't you think it has atmosphere, my love?

Voc.—Urugh!

Ed.—I wonder—But here comes some one else; let's see what she says.

(*Enter the Poetic One, confidently apologetic.*)

Po.—I'm sorry. I couldn't get here

any sooner. I was playing hockey and couldn't tear myself away. Is there any poetry? Oh there's some!

Voc.—I'm reading this now.

Po.—Well, you'll let me take it, won't you dear? Because I can only stay a minute; I'm going to tea and I have to make myself all pretty first.

Voc.—All right.

ED.—(*To the Poetic One.*) Here, my love, see what you think about this.

(*They consult in low voices. The Vociferous One wanders about the room.*)

VOCIFEROUS ONE—(*Shouting out of the window.*) Hoo-hoo! Got anything to eat?—*Monthly* meeting!—Yes, it's lots of work!

ED.—My love, I have something for you.—My love!

Voc.—(*Seating herself on arm of the Editorial One's chair.*) Which love? You ought to number us—Love one, Love two, and so forth.

ED.—(*Patiently.*) Yes, I really ought to.

Voc.—You said you were going to cut that when you cut your hair, anyway.

ED.—Oh, yes so I did—But the affectionate habits of years, you know—My own! Do you realize that all the stuff must be at the printers' by tomorrow?

Voc.—(*Standing.*) Good-night! And we haven't got a thing!

Po.—Oh, Parker, I have a poem here from a little freshman I know. She's so nice, and I think we ought to encourage her.

Voc.—(*Leaning on the Poetic One's chair.*) Is she cleanly young or has she a throbbing soul?

Po.—No, but really she's a timid little thing, and so interested in the *Monthly*, you know, and just adores poetry. And really her stuff is good. Don't you think we might print it?

ED.—But, my love, you forget that this is Senior number.

Po.—Does that make any difference? We can put it in anonymously.

ED.—Would that encourage her? She must be a noble soul. Most of us write to see our names in print.

Po.—Do most of you?

Voc.—That's why I do. Why do you?

Po.—But that isn't the only reason you write, my dear. Don't you ever feel something within you that *must* come out, so that you've simply *got* to write something?

Voc.—No. I never write except when I have to for class.

ED.—(*Calling them back to the matter in hand.*) Sweet people, what do you think of this? How about having a picture of Mr. Withington as a frontispiece next time?

Voc.—Huh?

Po.—A photograph?

ED.—No, I was thinking of a portrait. Jane my love, you know Ermina Stimson, don't you? Would you ask her if she could do one for us?

Voc.—Yes, but I don't see the point.

ED.—He's been feeling left out lately.

Voc.—All right, I'll ask her for a cartoon of him.

ED.—Be sensible, my love. You'll see about it, won't you?

Voc.—Oh, all right. But she makes lovely cartoons!

Po.—Better write that down, Janey dear. You have a habit of forgetting, you know.

Voc.—Yes, I know. (*Searches in pocket for pencil and brings out two notes.*) Say, here are two notes I found when I came in. One, (*Reads.*) Dear *Monthly*, I waited an hour for you and you never came. When can I have my manuscript?

ED.—Office hours from four to six on Fridays.

VOC.—Two. (*Reads.*) Parker, old dear, Here is something I dashed off last night. I know it isn't any good, but if *Monthly* cares to use this feeble effort—

The Inevitable

My soul is a tight-rope dancer

Tittering across the abyss—

PO.—Is that word tittering? It can't be.

VOC.—No, it's *teetering*. I beg your pardon. Why can't people write plainly?

My soul is a tight rope dancer

Teetering across the abyss

Poised on a cobweb cord.

Love is a dizzying word,

But to your kiss

My soul, though it fall, must answer.

(*Sarcastically.*) Comments now in order.

PO.—You never approve of anything, do you, dear?

VOC.—Well, do *you* approve of *this*?

PO.—At least it's as good as that sketch of Mary Ann's that was in the last number, and you liked that.

VOC.—Well, if you'd come to a meeting occasionally, we'd probably put out a better paper.

PO.—At least I came today—

VOC.—M-m-yes.

PO.—But I really must go now, I think.

ED.—So soon?

PO.—Yes, I really must, dear. But if you have any new material I'll run over to your room and look it over.

ED.—But my *love*! It goes down to the printer to-morrow.

PO.—Janey'll see to that, won't you, Jane? Bye-bye, dears. (*Exit.*)

VOC.—She's going to a tea! Alice, do you hear? She's going to a tea! I can't stand it any longer—I *must* have food!

ED.—But, *beloved*!

VOC.—Yes, I know! I'll get lots of stuff for you, even if I have to write it myself and pretend I'm '22. But I've got to get something to eat now.

(*Exit the Vociferous One. The Editorial One looks up to heaven, shrugs philosophically, writes "No" across the Mss. and leaves the room to its traditions and its stuffed owl.*)

Oh Muse, where is thy mystery?

Let the Stall be closed with the following sincere verse, which we fear may be peculiarly appropriate.

TO AN AUTHOR

MILDRED PURDY

The book slips from my grasp and closing falls.

'Tis then I seek to picture for myself,

The Loathed one who dared to give it birth.

What stunted mind or Evil-serving slave,

Could e'er find joy in twisting human souls,

To shapes so horrible, so weak, so bent?

"An Artist true," this man has once been called.

If this be "Art," and he "An Artist true",

Then all the World is sham and counts for nought,

And all of "Truth" is merely meaningless,

And "Art" has come to less than crumbling dust!



Sketch of the Connecticut Valley

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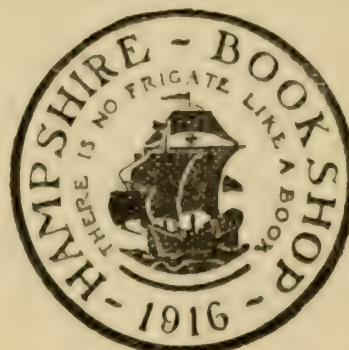
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